

LETTERS *and* PASSAGES

RESTORED

From the Original Manuscripts

OF THE

History of CLARISSA.

To which is subjoined,

A Collection of such of the Moral and Instructive SENTIMENTS, CAUTIONS, APHORISMS, REFLECTIONS and OBSERVATIONS contained in the History, as are presumed to be of general Use and Service.

Digested under Proper HEADS.

Published for the Sake of doing Justice to the Purchasers of the Two FIRST EDITIONS of that Work.

L O N D O N:

Printed for S. Richardson :

And Sold by JOHN OSBORN, in *Pater-noster Row*;

By ANDREW MILLAR, over-against *Catbarine-street* in the *Strand*;

By J. and J. RIVINGTON, in *St. Paul's Church-yard*;

And by J. LEAKE, at *Bath*.

M. DCC. LI.

LETTERS AND PAMPHLETS

REGISTERED

FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS

OF THE

HISTORY OF CHARLES

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A Collection of such of the most and the
most interesting, CAUTIONS,
ANONIMOUS, REFLECTIONS and O-
thers, as are in the History, as
the present, Life and Service,
IN ADDITION
to the original



Published for the sale of books and justice to the
Purchasers of the First Edition
of that Work.

Between two young Ladies of rank
and family, and a young man of rank
and family, who were all three
of the name of FORDON: which story
is printed for E. Richardson; and also
And sold by John Oakes, in Pall-mall Lane;
By Andrew Millar, in Strand; and by J. and J. Knapton, in St. Paul's Church-yard;
And by J. L. in Pall-mall.

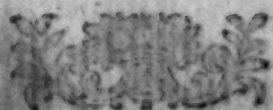
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S O N I T

To the Author of CLARISSA

Maiden of the heart! whose name is still
The close recesses of the soul can find
Can some, perhaps, and every the mind
Now meet with pity, now with regret, still
The moral page while virtuous precepts fill
With strength, with beauty, and all contain'd
To lead our Youth to Good, and guard from ill.

O long enjoy what thou art well well known
The grateful tribute of each honest heart
Sincere, not necessary'd in the way of men
At each distant look, and every pen
And Nature, unobscured by art
Ours and appears the name of thy part





S O N N E T

To the AUTHOR of *CLARISSA*.

O Master of the heart! whose magic skill
The close recesses of the Soul can find,
Can rouse, becalm, and terrify the mind,
Now melt with pity, now with anguish thrill;

Thy moral page while virtuous precepts fill,
Warm from the heart, to mend the Age design'd,
Wit, strength, truth, decency, are all combin'd
To lead our Youth to Good, and guard from Ill.

O long enjoy what thou so well hast won,
The grateful tribute of each honest heart,
Sincere, nor hackney'd in the ways of men;
At each distressful stroke their true tears run;
And Nature, unsophisticate by Art,
Owns and applauds the labors of thy pen.





P R E F A C E

T O T H E

THIRD EDITION in Eight Volumes in
Twelves; and to the FOURTH EDITION
in Octavo.



THE following History is given in a Series
of Letters written principally in a double
yet separate Correspondence ;

Between two young Ladies of virtue
and honour, bearing an inviolable friendship for each
other, and writing not merely for amusement, but
upon the most *interesting* subjects ; in which every
private family, more or less, may find itself con-
cerned : And,

Between two Gentlemen of free lives ; one of
them glorying in his talents for Stratagem and Inven-
tion, and communicating to the other, in confidence,
A all

all the secret purposes of an intriguing head and resolute heart.

But here it will be proper to observe, for the sake of such as may apprehend hurt to the morals of Youth, from the more freely written Letters, that the Gentlemen, tho' professed Libertines as to the Female Sex, and making it one of their wicked maxims, to keep no faith with any of the Individuals of it, who are thrown into their power, are not, however, either Infidels or Scoffers; nor yet such as think themselves freed from the observance of those other moral duties which bind man to man.

On the contrary, it will be found, in the progress of the Work, that they very often make such reflections upon each other, and each upon himself, and his own actions, as reasonable beings *must* make, who disbelieve not a Future State of Rewards and Punishments, and who one day propose to reform—One of them actually reforming, and by that means giving an opportunity to censure the freedoms which fall from the gayer pen and lighter heart of the other.

And yet that other, altho' in unbofoming himself to a select friend, he discover wickedness enough to intitle him to a general detestation, preserves a decency, as well in his images, as in his language, which is not always to be found in the works of some of the most celebrated modern Writers, whose subjects and characters have less warranted the liberties they have taken.

In the Letters of the two young Ladies, it is presumed will be found not only the highest exercise of a reasonable and *practicable* Friendship, between minds endowed with the noblest principles of Virtue and Religion,

ligion, but occasionally interspersed, such Delicacy of Sentiments, particularly with regard to the other Sex; such instances of Impartiality, each freely, as a fundamental principle of their friendship, blaming, praising, and setting right the other, as are strongly to be recommended to the observation of the younger part (more especially) of the Female Readers.

The principal of these two young Ladies is proposed as an Exemplar to her Sex. Nor is it any objection to her being so, that she is not in all respects a perfect character. It was not only natural, but it was necessary, that she should have some faults, were it only to shew the Reader, how laudably she could mistrust and blame herself, and carry to her own heart, divested of self-partiality, the censure which arose from her own convictions, and that even to the acquittal of those, because revered characters, whom no one else would acquit, and to whose much greater faults her errors were owing, and not to a weak or reproachable heart. As far as is consistent with human frailty, and as far as she could be perfect, considering the people she had to deal with, and those with whom she was inseparably connected, she is perfect. To have been impeccable, must have left nothing for the Divine Grace and a Purified State to do, and carried our idea of her from woman to angel. As such is she often esteemed by the man whose heart was so corrupt, that he could hardly believe human Nature capable of the purity, which, on every trial or temptation, shone out in hers.

Besides the four principal persons, several others are introduced, whose Letters are characteristic: And it is presumed that there will be found in some of them, but more especially in those of the chief character among the men, and the second character among the women, such strokes of Gaiety, Fancy, and Humour,

as will entertain and divert ; and at the same time both warn and instruct.

All the Letters are written while the hearts of the writers must be supposed to be wholly engaged in their subjects (the events at the time generally dubious) : So that they abound not only with critical Situations, but with what may be called *instantaneous* Descriptions and Reflections (proper to be brought home to the breast of the youthful Reader) ; as also with affecting Conversations ; many of them written in the dialogue or dramatic way.

“ *Much more* lively and affecting, says one of the principal characters, must be the Style of those who write in the height of a *present* distress ; the mind tortured by the pangs of uncertainty (the Events then hidden in the womb of Fate) ; *than* the dry, narrative, unanimated Style of a Person relating difficulties and dangers surmounted, can be ; the relater perfectly at ease ; and if himself unmoved by his own Story, not likely greatly to affect the Heart of the Reader.”

What will be found to be more particularly aimed at in the following Work, is—To warn the Inconsiderate and Thoughtless of the one Sex, against the base arts and designs of specious Contrivers of the other—To caution Parents against the undue exercise of their natural authority over their Children in the great article of Marriage—To warn Children against preferring a Man of Pleasure to a Man of Probity, upon that dangerous but too commonly-received notion, *That a Reformed Rake makes the best Husband*.—But above all, To investigate the highest and most important Doctrines not only of Morality, but of Christianity, by shewing them thrown into action in the conduct of the

worthy

P R E F A C E.

worthy characters ; while the unworthy, who set those Doctrines at defiance, are condignly, and, as may be said, consequentially, punished.

From what has been said, considerate Readers will not enter upon the perusal of the Piece before them, as if it were designed *only* to divert and amuse. It will probably be thought tedious to all such as *dip* into it, expecting a *light Novel*, or *transitory Romance* ; and look upon Story in it (interesting as that is generally allowed to be) as its *sole end*, rather than as a vehicle to the Instruction.

Fault having been found, particularly by elderly Readers, and by some who have weak Eyes, with the Smallness of the Type, on which some Parts of the Three last Volumes were printed (which was done in order to bring the Work, that had extended to an undesirable Length, into as small a Compass as possible) the present Edition is uniformly printed on the larger-sized Letter of the three made use of before. But the doing this, together with the Additions above-mentioned, has unavoidably run the Seven Volumes into Eight.

The Work having been originally published at three different times ; and a greater distance than was intended having passed between the first publication and the second ; a Preface was thought proper to be affixed to the third and fourth Volumes ; being the second publication. A very learned and eminent Hand was so kind as to favour the Editor, at his request, with one. But the occasion of inserting it being *temporary*, and the Editor having been left at liberty to do with it as he pleased, it was omitted in the Second Edition, when the whole Work came to be printed together ; as was, for the same reason, the Preface to the first Volume ;
and

and a short Advertisement to the Reader inserted instead of both. That Advertisement being also temporary, the present Address to the Reader is substituted in its place.

In the Second Edition an ample *Table of Contents* to the *whole* Work was prefixed to the first Volume: But that having in some measure anticipated the Catastrophe, and been thought to detain the Reader too long from entering upon the History, it has been judged advisable to *add* (and that rather than *prefix*) to *each* Volume its *particular* Contents; which will serve not only as an Index, but as a brief Recapitulation of the most material passages contained in it; and which will enable the Reader to connect in his mind the perused volume with that which follows; and more clearly shew the characters and views of the particular correspondents.

An ingenious Gentleman having made a Collection of many of the Moral and Instructive Sentiments in this History, and presented it to the Editor, he thought the design and usefulness of the Work could not be more strikingly exhibited, than by inserting it (greatly enlarged) at the end of the last Volume. The Reader will accordingly find it there, digested under proper Heads, with References to the Pages where each Caution, Aphorism, Reflection, or Observation, is to be found, either wrought into the *practice* of the respective correspondents, or recommended by them as useful *theory* to the Youth of both Sexes (a).

* There was a kind of Necessity to omit in this Volume, which contains the Restored Passages and Letters, the References to the particular Pages; as there were two Editions to be referred to, had they been inserted; which would have only served to puzzle and perplex the Reader: And it is humbly presumed, that the Sentiments or Maxims are, generally, of such Importance, as to be found not unworthy of the Observation of the youthful Reader, altho' they were not to have the close Relation which they *have*, to the History of CLARISSA.

Different

PREFACE.

viii

Different Persons, as might be expected, have been of different opinions, in relation to the conduct of the Heroine in particular Situations; and several worthy persons have objected to the general Catastrophe, and other parts of the History. Whatever is thought material of these shall be taken notice of by way of POSTSCRIPT, at the conclusion of the History; for this Work being addressed to the Public as a History of *Life and Manners*, those parts of it which are proposed to carry with them the force of an Example, ought to be as unobjectible as is consistent with the *design of the whole*, and with *human nature*.



ADDENDA

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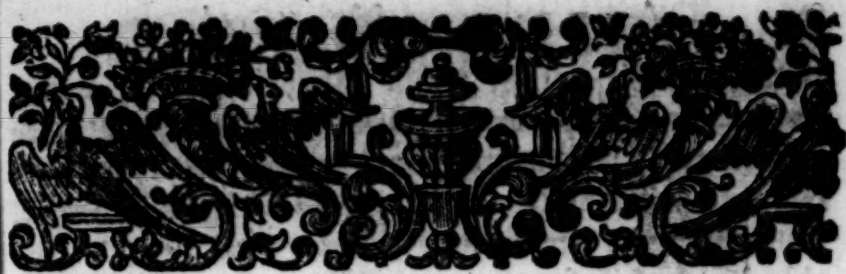
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A D D E N D A

TO THE

FIRST and SECOND EDITIONS

OF

C L A R I S S A.

Vol. ii. Edit. i. p. 179. l. 7. after the words condemning myself, insert,



UT least of all (*a*) can I bear that you should reflect upon my Mother. What, my dear, if her meekness should not be rewarded? Is the want of reward, or the want even of a grateful acknowledgement, a reason for us to dispense with what we think our duty? They were my Father's lively spirits that first made him an interest in her gentle bosom. They were the same spirits turned inward, as I have heretofore observed (*b*), that made him so impatient when the cruel malady seized him. He always loved my Mother: And would not LOVE and PITY *excuseably*, nay *laudably*, make a good Wife (who was an hourly

(*a*) This passage is inserted in Vol. i. p. 179, 180. of the 2d Edit.

(*b*) See Edit. i. p. 31, 32. Edit. ii. p. 31.

witness of his pangs, when labouring under a paroxysm, and his paroxysms becoming more and more frequent, as well as more and more severe) give up her own will, her own likings, to oblige a Husband, thus afflicted, whose love for *her* was unquestionable?—And if so, was it not too natural [Human nature is not perfect, my dear] that the Husband thus humoured by the Wife should be unable to bear controul from any-body else? much less contradiction from his children?

If then you would avoid my highest displeasure, you must spare my Mother: And, surely, you will allow me, with her, to pity, as well as to love and honour my Father.

I have no friend but you to whom I can appeal, to whom I dare complain. Unhappily circumstanced as I am, it is but too probable that I *shall* complain, because it is but too probable that I shall have more and more cause given me *for* complaint. But be it your part, if I do, to sooth my angry passions, and to soften my resentments; and this the rather, as you know what an influence your advice has upon me; and as you *must* also know, that the freedoms you take with my friends can have no other tendency but to weaken the sense of my duty to them, without answering any good end to myself.

I cannot help owning, &c.

Vol. i. Edit. i. p. 295. l. 9. from the bottom, and Edit. ii. p. 297. l. 11. from the bottom, after proposal in writing, dele the next paragraph, and read,

My dear Brother,

I Hope I have made such proposals to my Sister, as will be accepted. I am sure they will, if you please to give them your sanction. Let me beg of you, for God's sake, that you will. I think myself very unhappy in having incurred your displeasure. No Sister can love a Brother better than I love you. Pray

do

History of CLARISSA. 23

do not put the worst, but the best constructions upon my proposals, when you have them reported to you. Indeed I mean the best. I have no subterfuges, no arts, no intentions, but to keep to the letter of them. You shall yourself draw up every-thing into writing, as strong as you can, and I will sign it: And what the *Law* will not do to enforce it, my *Resolution* and my *Will* shall: So that I shall be worth no body's address that has not my Papa's consent: Nor shall any person, nor any consideration, induce me to revoke it. You can do more than any-body to reconcile my Parents and Uncles to me. Let me owe this desirable favour to your brotherly interposition, and you will for ever oblige

Your afflicted Sister,

CL. HARLOWE.

And how do you think, &c.

Vol. i. Edit. i. p. 296. l. 7. from the bottom; and Edit. ii. p. 298. l. 9. from the bottom, after the world's end, insert,

Nevertheless, that you may not think that I stand in the way of a Reconciliation on such fine terms as these, I will be your messenger this once, and hear what my Papa will say to it; altho' before-hand I can tell you, these proposals will not answer the principal end.

So down she went. But, it seems, my Aunt Hervey and my Uncle Harlowe were gone away: And as they have all engaged to act in concert, messengers were dispatched to my Uncle and Aunt to desire them to be there to breakfast in the morning.

Monday Night, 11 o'Clock.

I AM afraid I shall not be thought worthy—

Just as I began to fear I should not be thought worthy of an Answer, Betty wrapped at my door, and said, If I were not in bed, she had a Letter for me. I had but just done writing the above dialogue, and

4 ADDENDA, &c. to the

stept to the door with the pen in my hand—Always writing, Miss! said the bold wench: It is admirable how you can get away what you write—But the Fairies, they say, are always at hand to help Lovers.—She retired in so much haste, that had I been disposed, I could not take the notice of this insolence which it deserved.

I inclose my Brother's Letter. He was resolved to let me see, that I should have nothing to expect from his kindness. But surely he will not be permitted to carry every point. The assembling of my friends to-morrow is a good sign: And I will hope something from that, and from proposals so reasonable. And now I will try if any repose will fall to my lot for the remainder of this night.

To Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[Inclosed in the preceding.]

YOUR proposals will be considered by your Father and Mother, and all your Friends, to-morrow morning. What trouble does your shameful forwardness give us all! I wonder you have, &c.

Vol. i. Edit. i. p. 298. l. 7. and Edit. ii. p. 300. l. 4.
after airs accordingly, insert,

Nevertheless, as I said above, I will hope better things from those who have not the interest my Brother has to keep open these unhappy differences.

Tuesday, March 21.

WOULD you not have thought, my dear Miss Howe, as well as I, that my proposal must have been accepted? And that my Brother, by the last article of his unbrotherly Letter (where he threatened to go to Scotland if it should be hearkened to) was of opinion that it *would*?

For my part, after I had read the unkind Letter

over

over and over, I concluded, upon the whole, that a Reconciliation upon terms so disadvantageous to myself, as hardly any other person in my case, I dare say, would have proposed, must be the result of this morning's conference. And in that belief I had begun to give myself new trouble in thinking (this difficulty over) how I should be able to pacify Lovelace on that part of my engagement, by which I undertook to break off all correspondence with him, unless my friends should be brought by the interposition of his powerful friends, and any offers they might make (which it was rather *his* part to suggest, than *mine* to intimate) to change their minds.

Thus was I employed, not very agreeably, you may believe, because of the vehemence of the tempers I had to conflict with; when breakfasting-time approached, and my judges began to arrive.

And oh! how my heart fluttered on hearing the chariot of the one, and then of the other, rattle thro' the court-yard, and the hollow-sounding footstep giving notice of each person's stepping out, to take his place on the awful bench which my fancy had formed for them and my other judges!

That, thought I, is my Aunt Hervey's! That my Uncle Harlowe's! Now comes my Uncle Antony! And my imagination made a fourth chariot for the odious Solmes, altho' it happened that he was not there.

And now, thought I, are they all assembled: And now my Brother calls upon my Sister to make *her* report! Now the hard-hearted Bella interlards her speech with invective! Now has she concluded her report! Now they debate upon it!—Now does my Brother flame! Now threaten to go to Scotland! Now is he chidden, and now soothed!

And then I ran thro' the whole conference in my imagination, forming speeches for this person and that, *pro* and *con*. till all concluded, as I flattered myself, in an acceptance of my conditions, and in giving di-

rections to have an instrument drawn to tie me up to my good behaviour: While I supposed all agreed to give Solmes a Wife every way more worthy of him, and with *her* the promise of my Grandfather's Estate, in case of my forfeiture, or dying unmarried, on the righteous condition he proposes to entitle himself to it with me.

And now, thought I, am I to be ordered down to recognize my own proposals. And how shall I look upon my awful judges? How shall I stand the questions of some, the set furliness of others, the returning love of one or two? How shall I be affected!

Then I wept: Then I dried my eyes: Then I practised at my glass for a look more chearful than my heart.

And now [as any-thing stirred] is my Sister coming to declare the issue of all: Tears gushing again, my heart fluttering as a bird against its wires; drying my eyes again and again to no purpose.

And thus, my Nancy (excuse the fanciful prolixity) was I employed, and such were my thoughts and imaginations, when I found a very different result from the hopeful conference.

For about Ten o'clock up came my Sister, with an air of cruel triumph, waving her hand with a light flourish—

Obedience without reserve is required of you, Clary. My Papa is justly incensed, that you should *presume* to dispute his will, and to make conditions with him. He knows what is best for you: And as you own matters are gone a great way between this hated Lovelace and you, they will believe nothing you say; except you will give the *only* instance, that will put them out of doubt of the sincerity of your promises.

What, child, are you surprised?—Cannot you speak?—Then, it seems, you had expected a different issue, had you?—Strange that you could!—With all your acknowledgements and confessions, so creditable to your noted *prudence*!—

I was indeed speechless for some time: My eyes were even fixed, and ceased to flow. But, upon the hard-hearted Bella's proceeding with her airs of insult, Indeed I *was* mistaken, said I; Indeed I was!—For in you, Bella, I expected, I hoped for, a Sister——

What! interrupted she, with all your mannerly flings, and your despising airs, did you expect, that I was capable of telling stories for you?—Did you think, that when I was asked my own opinion of the sincerity of your declarations, I could not tell them, *how far matters had gone between you and your Fellow?*—When the intention is to bend that stubborn will of yours to your duty, do you think I would deceive them?—Do you think I would encourage them to call you down, to contradict all that I should have *invented* in your favour?

Well, well, Bella; I am the less obliged to you; that's all. I was willing to think, that I had still a Brother and Sister. But I find I am mistaken.

Pretty Mopsa-eyed soul, was her expression!—And was it willing to think it had still a *Brother* and *Sister*? And why don't you go on, Clary? [mocking my half-weeping accent] I thought too I had a *Father* and *Mother*, *two Uncles*, and an *Aunt*: But I am *mistaken*, that's all—Come, Clary, say this, and it will in part be true, because you have thrown off their authority, and because you respect one vile wretch more than them all.

How have I deserved this at your hands, Sister?—But I will only say, I pity you.

And with that disdainful air too, Clary!—None of that bridled neck! None of your scornful pity, Girl! I beseech you!

This sort of behaviour is natural to you, surely, Bella!—What *new* talents does it discover in you!—But proceed—If it be a pleasure to you, proceed, Bella. And since I must not pity *you*, I will pity *myself*: For nobody else will.

Because you don't, said she—

Hush, Bella, interrupting her, *Because I don't deserve it*—I know you were going to say so. I will say as you say in every-thing; and that's the way to please you.

Then say, Lovelace is a villain.

So I will, when I think him so.

Then you don't think him so?

Indeed I don't. *You* did not always, Bella.

And what, Clary, mean you by that? [bristling up to me]—Tell me what you mean by that reflection?

Tell me why you call it a reflection?—What did I say?

Thou art a provoking creature—But what say you to two or three duels of that wretch's?

I can't tell what to say, unless I knew the occasions.

Do you justify duelling at all?

I do not: Neither can I help his duelling.

Will you go down, and humble that stubborn spirit of yours to your Mamma?

I said nothing.

Shall I conduct your Ladyship down? [offering to take my declined hand].

What! not vouchsafe to answer me?

I turned from her in silence.

What! turn your back upon me too!—Shall I bring up your Mamma to you, Love? [following me, and taking my struggling hand]. What! not speak yet! Come, my sullen, silent dear, speak one word to me—You must say *two* very soon to Mr. Solmes, I can tell you that.

Then [gushing out into tears, which I could not hold in longer] they shall be the last words I will ever speak.

Well, well [insultingly wiping my averted face with her handkerchief, while her other hand held mine, in a ridiculing tone] I am glad any-thing will make thee speak: Then you think you may be brought

brought to speak the *two* words—Only they are to be the last!—How like a gentle *Lovyer* from its tender bleeding heart was that!

Ridiculous Bella!

Saucy Clary! [changing her sneering tone to an imperious one]. But do you think you can humble yourself to go down to your Mamma?

I am tired with such stuff as this. Tell me, Bella, if my Mamma will condescend to see me?

Yes, if you can be dutiful at last.

I can. I will.

But what call you dutiful?

To give up my own *inclinations*—That's something more for you to tell of—in obedience to my Parents commands; and to beg I may not be made miserable with a man that is fitter for *any-body* than for me.

For *me*, do you mean, Clary?

Why not? since you have put the question. You have a better opinion of him than I have. My friends, I hope, would not think him too good for *me*, and not good *enough* for *you*—But cannot you tell me, Bella, what is to become of me, without insulting over me thus?—If I must be thus treated, remember, that if I am guilty of any rashness, the usage I meet with will justify it.

So, Clary, you are contriving an *excuse*, I find, for somewhat that we have not doubted has been in your head a great while.

If it were so, you seem resolved, for *your* part, and so does my Brother for *his*, that I shall not want one.—But indeed, Bella, I can bear no longer this repetition of the worst part of yesterday's conversation. I desire I may throw myself at my Father's and Mother's feet, and hear from them what their sentence is. I shall at least avoid, by that means, the unsisterly insults I meet with from you.

Hey-day! What! is this you? Is it you, my meek Sister Clary?

Yes, it is I, Bella ; and I will claim the protection due to a child of the family, or to know why I am to be thus treated, when I offer only to preserve to myself the Liberty of *refusal*, which belongs to my Sex ; and, to please my Parents, would give up my *choice*. I have contented myself till now to take *second-hand* messengers, and *first-hand* insults : You are but my Sister : My Brother is not my Sovereign. And while I have a Father and Mother living, I will not be thus treated by a Brother and Sister, and their servants, all setting upon me, as it should seem, to make me desperate, and to do a rash thing.—I will know, in short, Sister Bella, *why* I am to be constrained thus ? —What is intended by it ?—And whether I am to be considered as a *child* or a *slave* ?

She stood aghast all this time, partly with real, partly with affected surprize.

And is it *you* ? Is it *indeed* you ?—Well, Clary, you amaze me ! But since you are so desirous to refer yourself to your Father and Mother, I will go down, and tell them what you say. Your friends are not yet gone, I believe : They shall assemble again ; and then you may come down, and plead your own cause in person.

Let me then. But let my *Brother* and *you* be absent. You have made yourselves too much *parties* against me, to sit as my judges. And I desire to have none of yours or his interpositions. I am sure you could not have represented what I proposed fairly : I am *sure* you could not. Nor is it possible you should be *commissioned* to treat me thus.

Well, well, I'll call up my Brother to you.—I will indeed.—He shall justify himself, as well as me.

I desire not to see my Brother, except he will come *as* a Brother, laying aside the authority he has unjustly assumed over me.

And so, Clary, it is nothing to him, or to me, is it ? that our Sister shall disgrace her whole family ?

As

As how, Bella, disgrace it?—The man whom you thus freely treat, is a man of birth and fortune : He is a man of parts, and nobly allied.—He was once thought worthy of you ; and I wish to Heaven you had had him. I am sure it was not my fault you had not, altho' you treat me thus !

This set her into a flame : I wish I had forborn it. O how the poor Bella raved ! I thought she would have beat me once or twice : And she vowed, her fingers itched to do so—But I was not worth her anger : Yet she flamed on.

We were heard to be high.—And Betty came up from my Mother to command my Sister to attend her.—She went down accordingly, threatening me with letting every one know what a violent creature I had shewn myself to be.

Tuesday Noon, March 21.

I HAVE as yet heard no more of my Sister : And I have not courage enough to insist upon throwing myself at the feet of my Father and Mother, as I thought in my heat of temper I should be able to do. And I am now grown as calm as ever ; and were Bella to come up again, as fit to be played upon as before.

I am indeed sorry that I sent her from me in such disorder. But my Papa's Letter threatening me with my Uncle Antony's house and chapel, terrifies me strangely ; and by their silence I am afraid some new storm is gathering.

But what shall I do with this Lovelace ? I have just now by the unsuspected hole in the wall (*that I told you of in my Letter by Hannah*) got a Letter from him—So uneasy is he for fear I should be prevailed upon in Solmes's favour ; so full of menaces, if I am ; so resenting the usage I receive (for, how I cannot tell ; but he has undoubtedly intelligence of all that is done in the family) ; such protestations of inviolable

faith and honour ; such vows of reformation ; such pressing arguments to escape from this disgraceful confinement—O my Nancy, what shall I do with this Lovelace?—

Vol. ii. Edit. i. p. 13. l. 20. after absurdities call for, insert,

You (a) chide me, my dear (b), for my freedoms with Relations still nearer and dearer to you, than either Uncles or Brother or Sister. You had better have permitted me (uncorrected) to have taken my own way. Do not those freedoms naturally arise from the subject before us? And from *whom* arises that subject, I pray you? Can you for one quarter of an hour put yourself in my place, or in the place of those who are still more indifferent to the case than I can be—If you *can*—But altho' I have you not often at advantage, I will not push you.

Permit me, however, to subjoin, That well may your Father love your Mother, as you say he does. A Wife who has no Will but his! But were there not, think you, some struggles between them at first, gout out of the question?—Your Mother, when a maiden, had, as I have heard (and it is very likely) a good share of those lively spirits which she liked in your Father. She has none of them now. How came they to be dissipated?—Ah! my dear!—She has been too long resident in Trophonius's Cave, I doubt (c).

Let me add, &c.

Vol. ii. Edit. i. p. 21. l. 7. on the words into my Mamma's, add the following Note :

Perhaps (d) it will be unnecessary to remind the Reader, that altho' Mr. Lovelace proposes (as above)

(a) This passage is inserted, Vol. ii. Edit. ii. p. 13, 14.

(b) See before, p. 1, 2.

(c) Spectator, Vol. viii. No. 599.

(d) This Note is inserted in Vol. ii. p. 21, of the 2d Edition.

to Miss Howe, that her fair friend should have recourse to the protection of Mrs. Howe, if farther driven; yet he had artfully taken care, by means of his agent in the Harlowe-family, not only to inflame the family against her, but to deprive her of Mrs. Howe's, and of every other protection, being from the first resolved to reduce her to an absolute dependence upon himself. See Vol. i. Letter xxxi.

Vol. ii. Edit. i. p. 118. l. 17. and Edit. ii. p. 116. l. 2. after is my anguish, insert,

O my beloved creature!—But are not your very excuses confessions of excuses inexcusable? I know not what I write!—*That* servant in your way (a)! By the great God of heaven, that servant *was not, dared not, could not* be in your way!—Curse upon the cool caution that is pleaded to deprive me of an expectation so transporting!

And are things, &c.

Vol. ii. Edit. i. p. 129. l. 8, 9. and Edit. ii. p. 126. l. 18, 19. after look sorrowful, insert the following Letters:

MR. HICKMAN, To Mrs. HOWE.

Madam,

Wednesday, Mar. 29.

IT is with infinite regret that I think myself obliged, by pen and ink, to repeat my apprehensions, that it is impossible for me ever to obtain a share in the Affections of your beloved Daughter. O that it were not too evident to every one, as well as to myself, even to our very servants, that my Love for her, and my Affiduities, expose me rather to her Scorn [Forgive me, Madam, the hard word!] than to the treatment due to a man whose proposals have met with your approbation, and who loves her above all the women in the world!

Well

(a) See Vol. ii. Edit. i. p. 115. and Edit. ii. p. 113.

Well might the merit of my passion be doubted, if, like Mr. Solmes to the truly admirable Miss Clarissa Harlowe, I could continue my addresses to Miss Howe's distaste. Yet what will not the discontinuance cost me!

Give me leave, nevertheless, dearest, worthiest Lady, to repeat, what I told you, on Monday night, at Mrs. Larkins's, with a heart even bursting with grief, That I wanted not the treatment of that day to convince me, that I am not, nor ever can be, the object of Miss Howe's voluntary favour. What hopes can there be, that a Lady will ever esteem, as a Husband, the man, whom, as a Lover, she despises? Will not every act of obligingness from such a one, be construed an unmanly tameness of spirit, and entitle him the more to her disdain?—My heart is full: Forgive me if I say, that Miss Howe's treatment of me does no credit either to her education, or fine sense.

Since then it is too evident, that she cannot esteem me; and since, as I have heard it justly observed by the excellent Miss Clarissa Harlowe, that Love is not a voluntary passion; would it not be ungenerous to subject the dear Daughter to the displeasure of a Mother so justly fond of her; and you, Madam, while you are so good as to interest yourself in my favour, to uneasiness? And why, were I to be even sure, at last, of succeeding by means of your kind partiality to me, should I wish to make the Best-beloved of my soul unhappy; since mutual must be our happiness, or misery for life the consequence to both?

My best wishes will for ever attend the dear, the ever-dear Lady! May her Nuptials be happy! They must be so, if she marry the man she can honour with her Love. Yet I will say, that whoever be the happy, the thrice happy man, he never can love her with a passion more ardent and more sincere than mine.

Accept,

Accept, dear Madam, of my most grateful thanks for a distinction that has been the only support of my presumption in the address I am obliged, as utterly hopeless, to discontinue. A distinction, on which (and not on my own merits) I had entirely relied; but which, I find, can avail me nothing. To the last hour of my life, it will give me pleasure to think, that had your favour, your recommendation, been of sufficient weight to conquer what seems to be an invincible Aversion, I had been the happiest of men.

I am, dear Madam, with inviolable respect,

Your ever-obliged and faithful

humble Servant,

CHARLES HICKMAN,

Mrs. HOWE, To CHARLES HICKMAN, Esq;

Thursday, March 30.

I Cannot but say, Mr. Hickman, but you have cause to be dissatisfied—to be out of humour—to be displeased—with Nancy—But, upon my word; But indeed—What shall I say?—Yet this I will say, that you *good* young gentlemen know nothing at all of our Sex. Shall I tell you—But why should I? And yet I will say, That if Nancy did not think well of you in the main, she is too generous to treat you so freely as she does.—Don't you think she has courage enough to tell me, She would not see you, and to refuse at any time seeing you, as she knows on what account you come, if she had not something in her head favourable to you?—Fie! that I am forced to say thus much in writing, when I have hinted it to you twenty and twenty times by word of mouth!

But if you are so indifferent, Mr. Hickman—If you think you can part with her for her skittish tricks—If my interest in your favour—Why, Mr. Hickman, I must tell you, that my Nancy is worth bearing with. If she be *foolish*—what is that owing to?

Is

Is it not to her *Wit*? Let me tell you, Sir, you cannot have the convenience without the inconvenience. What workman loves not a sharp tool to work with? But is there not more danger from a sharp tool, than from a blunt one? And what workman will throw away a sharp tool, because it may cut his fingers? Wit may be likened to a sharp tool. And there is something very pretty in Wit, let me tell you. Often and often have I been forced to smile at her arch turns upon me, when I could have beat her for them. And, pray, don't I bear a great deal from her?—And why? Because I love her. And would you not wish me to judge of your Love for her by my own? And would not you bear with her?—Don't you love her (what tho' with another sort of Love?) as well as I do? I do assure you, Sir, that if I thought you did not—Well, but it is plain that you don't!—And is it plain that you don't?—Well, then, you must do as you think best.

Well might the merit of your passion be doubted, you say, if like Mr. Solmes—Fiddle-faddle!—Why, you are a captious man, I think!—Has Nancy been so plain in her repulses of you as Miss Clary Harlowe has been to Mr. Solmes?—Does Nancy love any man better than you, altho' she may not shew so much Love to you as you wish for!—If she did, let me tell you, she would have let us all hear of it.—What idle comparisons then!

But it may be you are tired out. It may be you have seen somebody else—It may be you would wish to change Mistresses with that gay wretch Mr. Lovelace. It may be too, that, in that case, Nancy would not be sorry to change Lovers—The *truly admirable* Miss Clarissa Harlowe! And the *excellent* Miss Clarissa Harlowe!—Good-lack!—But take care, Mr. Hickman, that you do not praise any woman living, let her be as admirable and as excellent as she will, above your own Mistress. No polite man will do that, surely.

And

And take care too, that you do not make her or me think you are in earnest in your anger—Just tho' it may be, as anger only—I would not for a thousand pounds, that Nancy should know that you can so easily part with her, if you have the Love for her which you declare you have. Be sure, if you are not absolutely determined, that you do not so much as whisper the contents of this your Letter to your own heart, as I may say.

Her treatment of you, you say, does no credit either to her education, or fine sense. Very home put, truly! Nevertheless, so say I. But is not hers the disgrace, more than yours? I can assure you, that every-body blames her for it. And *why* do they blame her?—Why? Because they think you merit better treatment at her hands: And is not this to your credit? Who but pities *you*, and blames *her*? Do the servants, who, as you observe, see her skittish airs, disrespect you for them? Do they not, at such times, look concerned for you? Are they not then doubly officious in their respects and services to you?—I have observed with pleasure, that they are.

But you are afraid you shall be thought tame, perhaps, when married. That you shall not be thought *manly* enough, I warrant!—And this was poor Mr. Howe's fear. And many a tug did this lordly fear cost us both, God knows!—Many more than needed, I am sure!—And more than ought to have been, had he known how to *bear and forbear*; as is the duty of those who pretend to have most sense—And, pray, which would you have to have most sense, the woman or the man?

Well, Sir, and now what remains, if you really love Nancy so well as you say you do?—Why, I leave that to you. You may, if you please, come to breakfast with me in the morning. But with no *full heart*, nor resenting looks, I advise you; except you can brave it out. That have I, when provoked, done
many

many a time with my *Husband*; but never did I get any-thing by it with my *Daughter*: Much less will you. Of which, for your observation, I thought fit to advertise you. As from

Your Friend,

ANNABELLA HOWE.

Vol. ii. Edit. i. p. 149. l. 6. on the words could be gathered, add the following Note:

It will be seen (a) in Vol. i. Letter xxxiv. that Mr. Lovelace's motive for sparing his Rosebud was twofold. First, Because his Pride was gratified by the Grand-mother's desiring him to spare her Grand-daughter. Many a pretty Rogue, says he, had I spared, whom I did not spare, had my Power been acknowledged, and my Mercy in time implored. But the Debellare Superbos should be my motto, were I to have a new one.

His other motive will be explained in the following passage, in the same Letter. I never was so honest, for so long together, says he, since my matriculation. It behoves me so to be. Some way or other my recess [at this little Inn] may be found out; and it will then be thought that my Rosebud has attracted me. A report in my favour from simplicities so amiable, may establish me, &c.

Accordingly, as the Reader will hereafter see, Mr. Lovelace finds by the Effects, his expectations from the contrivance he set on foot by means of his agent Joseph Leman (who plays, as above, upon Betty Barnes) fully answered, tho' he could not know what passed on the occasion between the two Ladies.

This explanation is the more necessary to be given, as several of our Readers (thro' want of due attention) have attributed to Mr. Lovelace, on his behaviour to his Rosebud, a greater merit than was due to him; and moreover imagined, that it was improbable, that a man, who

(a) This Note is inserted Vol. ii. p. 146. of the 2d Edition.

who was capable of acting so generously (as they supposed) in this instance, should be guilty of any atrocious villainy. Not considering, that Love, Pride, and Revenge, as he owns in Vol. i. Letter xxxi. were ingredients of equal force in his composition; and that Resistance was a stimulus to him.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 40. l. 3, 4. on the words to take it, add the following Note:

Clarissa (a) has been censured as behaving to Mr. Lovelace, in their first conversation at St. Albans, and afterwards, with too much reserve, and even with haughtiness. Surely those who have thought her to blame on this account, have not paid a due attention to the Story. How early, as above; and in what immediately follows, does he remind her of the terms of distance which she prescribed to him, before she was in his power, in hopes to leave a door open for the reconciliation with her friends which her heart was set upon! And how artfully does he (unrequired) promise to observe the conditions, which she in her present circumstances and situation (in pursuance of Miss Howe's advice) would gladly have dispensed with!—To say nothing of the resentment which she was under a necessity to shew, at the manner of his getting her away, in order to justify to him the sincerity of her refusal to go off with him. See, in her subsequent Letter to Miss Howe, her own sense upon this subject.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 63. dele l. 1, 2. and read,

Bless me (b)!—how impatient she is!—How she thunders at the door!—This moment, Madam!—How came I to double-lock myself in!—What have I done with the key?—Duce take the key!—Dear Madam! You flutter one so!

(a) This Note is inserted Vol. iii. p. 39. of the 2d Edition.

(b) This Passage is inserted Vol. iii. p. 62. of the 2d Edition.

You



You may believe, my dear, that I took care of my Papers before I opened the door. We have had a charming dialogue.—She flung from me in a passion.—
—So what's now to be done?—Sent for down in, &c.

*Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 86. l. 10. from the bottom; and
— Edit. ii. p. 86. l. 15. from the bottom; after my
own laying, insert,*

And who knows what opportunities a man in love may give against himself? In changing a coat or waist-coat, something might be forgotten. I once suffered that way. Then for the Sex's curiosity, it is but remembering, in order to guard against it, that the name of their common Mother was Eve.

Another thing remember, &c.

*Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 87. l. 25, 26. after swallow praise,
insert,*

Did I not (a) once, in the streets of London, see a well-dressed handsome girl laugh, bridle, and visibly enjoy the praises of a footy dog, a chimney-sweeper; who, with his empty sack cross his shoulder, after giving her the way, stopt, and held up his brush and shovel in admiration of her?—Egad, girl, thought I, I despise thee as Lovelace: But were I the chimney-sweeper, and could only contrive to get into thy presence, my life to thy virtue, I would have thee.

So pleased was I, &c.

*Vol. iii. Edit. i. and ii. p. 97. begin Mr. Lovelace's
Letter thus:*

Thursday, Apr. 13.

WHY, Jack, thou needst not make such a *wonderment*, as the girls say, if I should have taken large strides already towards reformation: For dost thou

(a) This passage is inserted Vol. iii. p. 87. of the 2d Edition.

thou not see, that while I have been so assiduously, night and day, pursuing this single charmer, I have infinitely less to answer for, than otherwise I should have had? Let me see, how many days and nights?—Forty, I believe, after open trenches, spent in the sap only, and never a mine sprung yet!

By a moderate computation, a dozen kites might have fallen, while I have been only trying to ensnare this single lark: Nor yet do I see when I shall be able to bring her to my lure: More innocent days yet therefore!—But reformation for my stalking-horse, I hope, will be a sure, tho' a slow method to effect all my purposes.

Then, Jack, *thou* wilt have a merit too in engaging my pen, since thy time would be otherwise worse employed: And, after all, who knows but by creating new habits, at the expence of the old, a real reformation may be brought about? I have promised it; and I believe there is a pleasure to be found in being good, reversing that of Nat. Lee's madmen,

—*Which none but good men know.*

By all this, seest thou-not, how greatly preferable it is, on twenty accounts, to pursue a difficult, rather than an easy chace? I have a desire to inculcate this pleasure upon thee, and to teach thee to fly at nobler game than daws, crows, and wigeons: I have a mind to shew thee from time to time, in the course of the correspondence thou hast so earnestly wished me to begin on this illustrious occasion, that these exalted Ladies may be abased, and to obviate one of the objections that thou madest to me, when we were last together, that the pleasure which attends these nobler aims, remunerates not the pains they bring with them; since, like a paltry fellow as thou wert, thou assertedst, that all women are alike.

Thou knowest nothing, Jack, of the delicacies of intrigue: Nothing of the glory of outwitting the
Witty

Witty and the Watchful: Of the joys that fill the mind of the inventive or contriving genius, ruminating which to use of the different webs that offer to him for the entanglement of a haughty charmer, who in her day has given him unnumbered torments.—

Thou, Jack, who, like a dog at his ease, contentest thyself to growl over a bone thrown out to thee, dost not know the joys of the chace, and in pursuing a winding game: These I will endeavour to rouse thee to, and thou wilt have reason doubly and trebly to thank me, as well because of thy present delight, as with regard to thy prospects beyond the moon.

To this place I had written, purely to amuse myself, before I was admitted to my charmer. But now I have to tell thee, that I was quite right in my conjecture, that she would set up for herself, and dismiss me: For she has declared in so many words, that such was her resolution: And why? Because, to be plain with me, the more she saw of *me*, and of *my ways*, the less she liked of either.

This cut me to the heart!—I did not cry indeed!—Had I been a *woman*, I should tho'; and that most plentifully: But I pulled out a white cambrick handkerchief: *That* I could command, but not my *tears*.

She finds fault with my protestations; with my professions; with my vows: I cannot curse a servant, the only privilege a master is known by, but I am supposed to be a trooper (*a*)—I must not say, By my Soul; nor, As I hope to be saved. Why, Jack, how particular this is! Would she not have me think, I have a precious soul, as well as she?—If she thinks my salvation hopeless, what a *devil*—(another exceptionable word!) does she propose to reform me for?—So I have not an ardent expression left me.

* * * *

WHAT can be done, &c.

Vol.

(*a*) See Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 47. Edit. ii. p. 46.

*Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 97. l. 4. from the bottom, and
Edit. ii. p. 97. l. ult. after her own heart, insert,*

Well, Jack, thou see'st it is high time to change my measures. I must run into the *Pious* a little faster than I had designed.

What a sad thing would it be, were I, after all, to lose her person, as well as her opinion! The only time that further acquaintance, and no blow struck, nor suspicion given, ever lessened me in a Lady's favour! A cursed mortification!—'Tis certain I can have no pretence for holding her, if she will go.—No such thing as force to be used, or so much as hinted at: Lord send us safe at London!—That's all I have for it now: And yet it must be the least part of my speech.

But why will, &c.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 100. l. 26. on the words know my exultation, add the following Note:

Mr. Lovelace (a) might have spared his caution on this occasion, since many of the Sex [We mention it with regret] who on the first publication had read thus far, and even to the Lady's first escape, have been readier to censure her for over-niceness, as we have observed in a former Note, p. 19. of these Addenda, than him for artifices and exultations not less cruel and ungrateful, than ungenerous and unmanly.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 103. l. 14. on the words make me unhappy, add the following Note:

The particular attention (b) of such of the Fair Sex as are more apt to read for the sake of amusement, than instruction, is requested to this Letter of Mr. Lovelace.

(a) This Note is inserted Vol. iii. p. 100. of the 2d Edition.

(b) This Note is inserted Vol. iii. p. 103. of the 2d Edition.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 141. l. 8. and Edit. ii. p. 140.

l. 24. after what I did, dele the two following lines, and insert,

Had I owned, that I was over-reached, and forced away against my intention, might they not, as a proof of the truth of my assertion, have insisted upon my immediate return to them? And if I did *not* return, would they not have reason to suppose, that I had *now* altered my mind (if such *were* my mind) or had not the *power* to return?—Then were I to have gone back, must it not have been upon their own terms? *No conditioning with a Father!* is a maxim with my Father, and with my Uncles. If I would have gone, Mr. Lovelace would have opposed it. So I must have been under his controul, or have run away *from* him, as it is supposed I did to him from Harlowe-Place. In what a giddy light would this have made me appear!—Had he constrained me, could I have appealed to my friends for *their* protection, without risking the very consequences, to prevent which (setting up myself presumptuously, as a middle person between flaming spirits) I have run into such terrible inconveniencies?

But, after all, must it not give me great anguish of mind, to be forced to sanctify, as I may say, by my seeming *after*-approbation, a measure I was so artfully tricked into, and which I was so much resolved not to take?

How one evil brings on another, is sorrowfully witnessed to, by

Your ever-obliged, &c.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. and ii. p. 156, 157. after the date Sunday Morning, dele the seven following paragraphs, and read,

AH! this man, my dear! We have had warmer dialogues than ever yet we have had. At fair argument,

ment, I find I need not fear him (a): But he is such a wild, such an ungovernable creature [*He reformed!*] that I am half-afraid of him.

He again, on my declaring myself uneasy at his stay with me here, proposed that I would put myself into Lady Betty's protection; assuring me that he thought he could not leave me at Mrs. Sorlings's, with safety to myself. And upon my declining to do that, for the reasons I gave you in my last (b), he urged me to make a demand of my Estate.

He knew it, I told him, to be my resolution not to litigate with my Father.

Nor would he put me upon it, he replied, but as the *last* thing. But if my spirit would not permit me to be *obliged*, as I called it, to any-body; and yet if my relations would refuse me my own; he knew not how I could keep up that spirit, without being put to inconveniencies, which would give him infinite concern—Unless—unless—unless, he said, hesitating, as if afraid to speak out—Unless I would take the only method I *could* take, to obtain the possession of *my* own.

What is *that*, Sir?

Sure the man saw by my looks, when he came with his creeping *Unless's*, that I guessed what he meant.

Ah! Madam, can you be at a loss to know what that method is?—They will not dispute with a *man* that right which they would contest with *you*.

Why said he with a *man*, instead of with *him*? Yet he looked as if he wanted to be encouraged to say more.

So, Sir, you would have me employ a Lawyer, would you, notwithstanding what I have ever declared, as to litigating with my Papa?

(a) See this confirmed by Mr. Lovelace, Vol. iii. Edit. i. and ii. p. 77.

(b) Ibid. p. 152.

No, I would not, my dearest Creature, snatching my hand, and pressing it with his lips—except you would make *me* the Lawyer.

Had he said *me* at first, I should have been above the affectation of mentioning a Lawyer.

I blushed. The man pursued not the subject so ardently, but that it was more easy as well as more natural to avoid it, than to fall into it.

Would to Heaven he might, without offending!—But I *so* over-awed him!—[*Over-awed him—Your (a) notion, my dear!*] And so the over-awed, bashful man went off from the subject, repeating his proposal, that I would demand my own Estate, or impower some man of the Law to demand it, if I *would not* [he put in] impower a happier man to demand it. But it could not be amiss, he thought, to acquaint my two Trustees, that I intended to assume it.

I should know better what to do, I told him, when he was at a distance from me, and *known* to be so. I suppose, Sir, that if my Father propose my return, and engage never to mention Solmes to me, nor any other man, but by *my consent*, and I agree upon that condition to think no more of *you*, you will acquiesce.

I was willing to try whether he had the regard to *all* my previous declarations, which he pretended to have to *some* of them.

He was struck all of a heap.

What say you, Mr. Lovelace? You know, all you mean is for my good. Surely I am my own mistress: Surely I need not ask your leave to make what terms I please for myself, *so long as I break none with you?*

He hemm'd twice or thrice.—Why, Madam, Why, Madam, I cannot say—Then pausing—and rising from his seat, with petulance: I see plainly enough, said he, the reason why none of my proposals can be accepted: At *last* I am to be a sacrifice to your Reconciliation with your implacable family.

It

(a) See Vol. iii. Edit. i. and ii. p. 113. 115.

It has always been your respectful way, Mr. Lovelace, to treat my family in this free manner. But pray, Sir, when you call *others* implacable, see that you deserve not the same censure *yourself*.

He must needs say, there was no love lost between some of my family and him; but he had not deserved of *them* what they had of *him*.

Yourself being judge, I suppose, Sir?

All the world, you yourself, Madam, being judge.

Then, Sir, let me tell you, had you been less upon your defiance, they would not have been irritated so much against you. But nobody ever heard, that avowed despite to the Relations of a person was a proper courtship either to that person, or to her friends.

Well, Madam, all that I know, is, that their malice against me is such, that, if you determine to sacrifice *me*, you may be reconciled when you please.

And all that I know, Sir, is, that if I do give my Father the power of a negative, and he will be contented with *that*, it will be but my *duty* to give it him; and if I preserve one to myself, I shall break thro' no obligation to *you*.

Your duty to your capricious *Brother*, not to your *Father*, you mean, Madam.

If the dispute lay between my Brother and me at *first*, surely, Sir, a Father may chuse which party he will take.

He *may*, Madam—But that exempts him not from blame for all that, if he take the wrong—

Different people will judge differently, Mr. Lovelace, of the right and the wrong. *You* judge as you please. Shall not others as *they* please! And *who* has a right to controul a Father's judgment in his own family, and in relation to his own child?

I know, Madam, there is no arguing with you. But nevertheless I had hoped to have made myself some little merit with you, so as that I might not

have been the *preliminary sacrifice* to a Reconciliation.

Your hopes, Sir, had been better grounded, if you had had my consent to my abandoning of my Father's house—

Always, Madam, and for ever, to be reminded of the choice you would have made of that damn'd Solmes—rather than—

Not so hasty! Not so rash, Mr. Lovelace! I am convinced, that there was no intention to marry me to that Solmes on Wednesday.

So I am told they now give out, in order to justify themselves at your expence. Every-body living, Madam, is obliged to you for your kind thoughts, but I.

Excuse me, *good* Mr. Lovelace [waving my hand, and bowing] that I am willing to think the best of my Father.

Charming Creature! said he, with what a bewitching air is that said!—And with a vehemence in his manner, would have snatched my hand. But I withdrew it, being much offended with him.

I think, Madam, my sufferings for your sake might have entitl'd me to some favour.

My sufferings, Sir, for *your* impetuous temper, set against *your* sufferings for *my* sake, I humbly conceive, leave me very little your debtor.

Lord! Madam, [assuming a drolling air] What have *you* suffered!—Nothing but what you can easily forgive. You have been *only* made a prisoner in your Father's house, by the way of doing credit to your judgment!—You have *only* had an innocent and faithful servant turned out of your service, because you loved her—You have *only* had your Sister's confident servant set over you, with leave to teaze and affront you!—

Very well, Sir!

You have *only* had an insolent Brother take upon him

him to treat you like a slave, and as insolent a Sister to undermine you in every-body's favour, on pretence to keep you out of hands, which, if as vile as they vilely report, are not, however, half so vile and cruel as their own!

Go on, Sir, if you please!

You have *only* been persecuted, in order to oblige you to have a sordid fellow, whom you have professed to hate, and whom every-body despises! The Licence has been *only* got! The Parson has *only* been held in readiness! The day, a near, a *very* near day, has been *only* fixed! And you were *only* to be searched for your correspondencies, and still closer confined, till the day came, in order to deprive you of all means of escaping the snare laid for you!—But all This you can forgive! You can wish you had stood all This; inevitable as the compulsion must have been!—And the man who at the hazard of his life, has delivered you from all these mortifications, is the only person you *cannot* forgive!

Can't you go on, Sir? You see I have patience to hear you. Can't you go on, Sir?

I can, Madam, with *my* sufferings: Which I confess ought not to be mentioned, were I at last to be rewarded in the manner I hoped.

Your sufferings then, if you please, Sir?

—Affrontingly forbidden your Father's house, after encouragement given, without any reasons they knew not before, to justify the prohibition: Forced upon a rencounter I wished to avoid, the first I ever, so provoked, wished to avoid: And that, because the wretch was your Brother!

Wretch, Sir!—And my Brother!—This could be from no man breathing, but from him before me!

Pardon me, Madam!—But oh! how unworthy to be your Brother!—The quarrel grafted upon an old one, when at College; he universally known to be the aggressor; and revived for views equally sordid,

and injurious both to yourself and me—Giving life to him, who would have taken away mine!

Your *generosity* THIS, Sir; not your sufferings: A little more of your *sufferings*, if you please!—I hope you do not repent, that you did not murder my Brother!

My private life hunted into! My morals decried! Some of the accusers not unfaulty!

That's an aspersion, Sir!

Spies set upon my conduct! One hired to bribe my own servant's fidelity; perhaps to have poisoned me at last, if the honest fellow had not—

Facts, Mr. Lovelace!—Do you want facts in the display of your sufferings?—None of your *Perhaps*'s, I beseech you!

Menaces every day, and defiance, put into every one's mouth against me! Forced to creep about in disguises—and to watch *all hours*—

And in *all weathers*, I suppose, Sir—That I remember was once your grievance!—*In all weathers*, Sir (a)! And all these hardships arising from yourself, not imposed by me.

—Like a thief, or an eves-dropper, proceeded he: And yet neither by birth nor alliances unworthy of *their* relation, whatever I may be and am of their admirable Daughter: Of whom they, every one of them, are at least *as* unworthy!—These, Madam, I call sufferings: *Justly* call so; if at last I am to be sacrificed to an imperfect Reconciliation—*Imperfect*, I say: For can you expect to live so much as *tolerably*, under the same roof, after all that is passed, with that Brother and Sister?

O Sir, Sir! What sufferings have yours been! And all for my sake, I warrant!—I can never reward you for them!—Never think of me more, I beseech you—How can you have patience with me?—Nothing has been owing to your own behaviour, I presume:
Nothing

(a) See Vol. iii. Edit. i. and ii. p. 38. 41.

Nothing to your defiance for defiance: Nothing to your resolution declared more than once, that you *would* be related to a family, which, nevertheless, you would not stoop to ask a Relation of: Nothing, in short, to courses which every-body blamed you for, you not thinking it worth your while to justify yourself. Had I not thought you used in an ungentlemanly manner, as I have heretofore told you, you had not had my notice by pen and ink (*a*). That notice gave you a supposed security, and you generously defied my friends the more for it: And this brought upon me (perhaps not undeservedly) my Father's displeasure; without which my Brother's private pique, and selfish views, would have wanted a foundation to build upon: So that all that followed of my treatment, and your redundant *Only's*, I might thank you for principally, as you may yourself for all your *sufferings*, your *mighty* sufferings!—And if, voluble Sir, you have founded any merit upon them, be so good as to revoke it: And look upon *me*, with my forfeited reputation, as the only sufferer—For what—Pray hear me out, Sir, [for he was going to speak] have you suffered in, but your pride? Your reputation *could not* suffer: *That* it was beneath you to be solicitous about. And had you not been an unmanageable man, I should not have been driven to the extremity I now every hour, as the hour passes, deplore—With this additional reflection upon myself, that I ought not to have *begun*, or, having begun, not *continued* a correspondence with one, who thought it not worth his while to clear his own character for *my sake*, or to submit to my Father for *his own*, in a point wherein every Father ought to have an option.—

Darkness, light; Light, darkness; by my Soul!—Just as you please to have it. O Charmer of my heart! snatching my hand, and pressing it between both his, to his lips, in a strange wild way, Take me,

C 4

take

(*a*) See Vol. iii. Edit. i. and ii. p. 40.

take me to yourself: Mould me as you please: I am wax in your hands: Give me your own impressi^on; and seal me for ever yours—We were born for each other!—You to make me happy, and save a soul—I am all error, all crime. I see what I ought to have done. But do you think, Madam, I can willingly consent to be sacrificed to a partial Reconciliation, in which I shall be so great, so irreparable a sufferer?—Any-thing but *that*—Include me in your terms: Prescribe to me: Promise for me as you please—Put a halter about my neck, and lead me by it, upon condition of forgiveness on that disgraceful penance, and of a prostration as servile, to your Father's presence (your Brother absent); and I will beg his consent at his feet, and bear any-thing but spurning from him, because he is your Father. But to give you up upon *cold* conditions, D—n me (said the shocking wretch) if I either will, or can!

These were his words, as near as I can remember them; for his behaviour was so strangely wild and fervent, that I was perfectly frightened. I thought he would have devoured my hand. I wished myself a thousand miles distant from him.

I told him, I by no means approved of his violent temper: He was too boisterous a man for my liking. I saw *now*, by the conversation that had passed, what was his boasted regard to my *Injunctions*; and should take my measures accordingly, as he should *soon* find. And with a half-frighted earnestness I desired him to withdraw, and leave me to myself.

He obeyed; and that with extreme complaisance in his manner, but with his complexion greatly heightened, and a countenance as greatly dissatisfied.

But, on recollecting all that passed, I plainly see, that he means not, if he can help it, to leave me to the liberty of refusing him; which I had nevertheless preserved a *right* to do; but looks upon me as *his*, by a strange sort of obligation, for having run away with me *against my will*.

Yet you see he but touches upon the edges of matrimony neither. And that at a time generally, when he has either excited one's passions or apprehensions; so that one cannot at once descend. But surely this cannot be his design.—And yet such seemed to be his behaviour to my Sister (a), when he provoked her to refuse him, and so tamely submitted, as he did, to her refusal.—But he dare not—What can one say of so various a man?—I am now again out of conceit with him. I wish I were fairly out of his power.

He has sent up three times to beg admittance; in the two last, with unusual earnestness. But I have sent him word I will first finish what I am about.

What to do about going from this place, I cannot tell. I could stay here with all my heart, as I have said to him: The Gentlewoman and her Daughters are desirous that I will; altho' not very convenient for them, I believe, neither: But I see he will not leave me, while I do—So I *must* remove somewhere.

I have long been sick of myself: And now I am more and more so. But let me not lose your good opinion. If I do, that loss will complete the misfortunes of

Your

CL. HARLOWE.

Sunday Night (April 16.)

I May send to you, altho' you are forbid to write to me; may I not?—For that is not a *cor-respondence* (Is it?) where Letters are not answered.

I am strangely at a loss what to think of this man. He is a perfect Proteus. I can but write according to the shape he assumes at the time. Don't think me the changeable person, I beseech you, if in one Letter I contradict what I wrote in another; nay, if I seem to contradict what I said in the same Letter: For he is a perfect chameleon; or rather more variable than the chameleon; for that, it is said, cannot assume the

C 5

the

(a) See Vol. i. Edit. i. and ii. p. 11, 12.

the *red* and the *white* ; but this man *can*. And tho' *black* seems to be his natural colour, yet has he taken great pains to make me think him nothing but *white*.

But you shall judge of him, as I proceed. Only, if I any-where appear to you to be credulous, I beg you to set me right : For you are a stander-by, as you say in a former (a)—Would to Heaven I were not to play ! For I think, after all, I am held to a desperate game.

Before I could finish my last to you, he sent up twice more to beg admittance. I returned for answer, that I would see him at my own time : I would neither be invaded, nor prescribed to.

Considering how we parted, and my delaying his *audience*, as he sometimes calls it, I expected him to be in no very good humour, when I admitted of his visit ; and by what I wrote, you will conclude that I was not. Yet mine soon changed, when I saw his extreme humility at his entrance, and heard what he had to say.

I have a Letter, Madam, said he, from Lady Betty Lawrance, and another from my Cousin Charlotte. But of these more by-and-by. I came now to make my humble acknowledgements to you, upon the arguments that passed between us so lately.

I was silent, wondering what he was driving at.

I am a most unhappy creature, proceeded he : Unhappy from a strange impatience of spirit, which I cannot conquer.—It always brings upon me deserved humiliation. But it is more laudable to acknowledge, than to persevere when under the power of conviction.

I was still silent.

I have been considering what you proposed to me, Madam, that I should acquiesce with such terms as you should think proper to comply with, in order to a Reconciliation with your friends.

Well,

(a) See Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 68, 69, and Edit. ii. p. 68.

Well, Sir.

And I find all just, all right, on your side; and all impatience, all inconsideration, on mine.

I stared, you may suppose. Whence this change, Sir? And so soon?

I am so much convinced, that you must be in the right in all you think fit to insist upon, that I shall for the future mistrust myself; and, if it be possible, whenever I differ with you, take an hour's time for recollection, before I give way to that vehemence, which an opposition, to which I have not been accustomed, too often gives me.

All this is mighty good, Sir: But to what does it tend?

Why, Madam, when I came to consider what you had proposed, as to the terms of Reconciliation with your friends; and when I recollected, that you had always *referred to yourself to approve or reject* me, according to my *merits or demerits*; I plainly saw, that it was rather a *condescension* in you, that you were pleased to ask my consent to those terms, than that you were imposing a *new Law*: And I now, Madam, beg your pardon for my impatience: Whatever terms you think proper to come into with your Relations, which will enable you to honour me with the *conditional* effect of your promise to me, these be pleased to consent to: And if I lose you, insupportable as that thought is to me; yet, as it must be by my own fault, I ought to thank myself for it.

What think you, Miss Howe?—Do you believe he can have any view in this?—I cannot see any he could have; and I thought it best, as he put it in so right a manner, to appear not to doubt the sincerity of his confession, and to accept of it, as sincere.

He then read to me part of Lady Betty's Letter; turning down the beginning, which was a little too severe upon him, he said, for my eye: And I believe, by the style, the remainder of it was in a *corrective* strain.

It was too plain, I told him, that he must have great faults, that none of his Relations could write to him, but with mingled censure for some bad action.

And it is as plain, my dearest creature, said he, that you, who know not of any such faults, but by surmise, are equally ready to condemn me.—Will not charity allow you to infer, that *their* charges are no better grounded?—And that my principal fault has been carelessness of my character, and too little solicitude to clear myself, when aspersed? Which I do assure you, is the case.

Lady Betty, &c.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 162. l. 7. from the bottom, and Edit. ii. p. 162. l. 12, 13. after had never erred, insert,

A fine Rakish notion and hope! And too much encouraged, I doubt, my dear, by the generality of our Sex!

This brought on a more serious question or two. You'll see by it what a creature an unmortified Libertine is.

I asked him, If he knew what he had said, alluded to a sentence in the best of books, *That there was more joy in heaven—*

He took the words out of my mouth,
Over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety-and-nine just persons which need no repentance (a), were his words.

Yes, Madam, I thought of it as soon as I said it, but not before. I have read the story of the Prodigal Son, I'll assure you: And one day, when I am settled as I hope to be, will write a dramatic piece on the subject. I have at times had it in my head; and you will be too ready, perhaps, to allow me to be qualified for it.

(a) Luke xv. 7. The parable is concerning the 99 Sheep, not the Prodigal Son, as Mr. Lovelace erroneously imagines,

You

You so lately, Sir, stumbled at a word, with which you must be better acquainted, ere you can be thoroughly master of such a subject, that I am amazed you should know any-thing of the Scripture, and be so ignorant of that (a).

O Madam, I have read the Bible, as a fine piece of antient history—But as I hope to be saved, it has for some few years past made me so uneasy, when I have popped upon some passages in it, that I have been forced to run to music or company to divert myself.

Poor wretch! lifting up my hands and eyes—

The denunciations come so flap-dash upon one, so unceremoniously, as I may say, without even the By-your-leave of a rude London chairman, that they overturn one, horse and man, as St. Paul was overturned. There's another Scripture allusion, Madam! The light, in short, as his was, is too glaring to be borne.

O Sir, do you want to be complimented into Repentance and Salvation? But pray, Mr. Lovelace, do you mean any-thing at all, when you swear so often as you do, *By your Soul*, or bind an asseveration with the words, *As you hope to be saved*?

O my beloved creature, shifting his seat; let us call another cause.

Why, Sir, don't I neither use ceremony enough with you?

Dearest Madam, forbear for the present: I am but in my Noviciate. Your foundation must be laid brick by brick: You'll hinder the progress of the good work you would promote, if you tumble in a whole waggon-load at once upon me.

Lord bless me, thought I, what a character is that of a Libertine!—What a creature am I, who have risked what I have risked with such a one!—What a task before me, if my hopes continue of reforming such

(a) See Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 136, 137. Edit. ii. p. 136.

such a wild Indian as this!—Nay, worse than a wild Indian; for a man who errs with his eyes open, and against conviction, is a thousand times worse for what he knows, and much harder to be reclaimed, than if he had never known any thing at all.

I was equally shocked at him, and concerned for him; and, having laid so few bricks (to speak to his allusion) and those so ill-cemented, I was as willing as the gay Inconsiderate, to call another cause, as he termed it—Another cause, too, more immediately pressing upon me, from my uncertain situation.

I said, &c.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 165. l. 3. on the words to receive you, add the following Note:

The Reader (a), perhaps, need not be reminded, that he had taken care from the first (See Vol. i. Edit. i. p. 198. Edit. ii. p. 200.) to deprive her of any protection from Mrs. Howe. See in his next Letter, Edit. i. p. 174, 175. Edit. ii. p. 173, 174. a repeated account of the same artifices, and his exultations upon his inventions to impose upon two such watchful Ladies as Clarissa and Miss Howe.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 173. l. 15. and Edit. ii. p. 172. l. 21. after humour with me, insert,

It is easy for me to perceive, that my Charmer is more sullen when she receives, and has perused, a Letter from that vixen, than at other times. But as the sweet Maid shews, even then, more of *passive* grief, than of *active* spirit, I hope she is rather lamenting than plotting. And indeed for what now should she plot? when I am become a reformed man, and am hourly improving in my morals?—Nevertheless, I must contrive some way or other to get at their correspondence—Only to see the turn of it; that's all.

But

(a) This Note is inserted in Vol. iii. p. 164. of the 2d Edition.

But no attempt of this kind must be made yet. A detected invasion in an article so sacred, &c.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 174. l. 10. and Edit. ii. p. 173. l. 14. after if I would, insert,

When he comes to that part, where the Lady says, in a sarcastic way, waving her hand, and bowing,

“Excuse me, good Mr. Lovelace, that I am

“willing to think the best of my Father (a),”

he gives a description of her air and manner, greatly to her advantage; and says,

I could hardly forbear taking her into my arms upon it, in spite of an expected tempest. So much wit, so much beauty, such a lively manner, and such exceeding quickness and penetration! O Belford! she must be nobody's but mine. I can now account for, and justify, Herod's command to destroy his Mariamne, if he returned not alive from his Interview with Cæsar: For were I to know, that it were but probable, that any other man were to have this charming creature, even after my death, the very thought would be enough to provoke me to cut that man's throat, were he a Prince.

I may be deemed by this Lady a rapid, a boisterous Lover—and she may like me the less for it: But all the Ladies I have met with till now, loved to raise a tempest, and to enjoy it: Nor did they ever raise it, but I enjoyed it too!—Lord send us once happily to London!

Mr. Lovelace gives the following account of his rude rapture, when he seized her hand, and put her, by his WILD manner, as she expresses it (b), into so much terror.

Darkness and light, I swore, were convertible at her pleasure: She could make any subject plausible.

(a) See before, p. 28.

(b) Ibid. p. 31, 32.

I was all error; she all perfection. And I snatched her hand; and, more than kissed it, I was ready to devour it. There was, I believe, a kind of phrensy in my manner, which threw her into a panic, like that of Semele perhaps; when the Thunderer, in all his majesty, surrounded with ten thousand celestial burning-glasses, was about to scorch her into a cinder.

* * * *

HAD not my heart misgiven me, and had I not, just in time, recollected that she was not so much in my power, but that she might abandon me at her pleasure, having more friends in that house than I had, I should at that moment have made offers, that would have decided all, one way or other.—But, apprehending that I had shewed too much meaning in my passion, I gave it another turn.—But little did the Charmer think what an escape either she or I had (as the event might have proved) from the sudden gust of passion, which had like to have blown me into her arms. She was born, I told her, to make me happy, and to save a soul. * * * *

He gives the rest of his vehement speech pretty nearly in the same words as the Lady gives them. And then proceeds:

I SAW she was frightened: And she would have had Reason, had the scene been London; and that place in London, which I have in view to carry her to. She confirmed me in my apprehension, that I had alarmed her too much: She told me, that she saw what my boasted regard to her Injunctions was; and she would take proper measures upon it, as I should soon find: That she was shocked at my violent airs; and if I hoped any favour from her, I must that instant withdraw, and leave her to her recollection.

She pronounced this in such a manner, as shewed she was set upon it; and, having stepped out of the gentle, the polite part I had so newly engaged to act,

I thought a ready obedience was the best atonement. And indeed I was sensible, from her anger and repulses, that I wanted time myself for recollection. And so I withdrew, with the same veneration as a petitioning subject would withdraw from the presence of his Sovereign. But, Oh! Belford, had she had but the least patience with me—Had she but made me think, that she would forgive this initiatory ardor—Surely she will not be always thus guarded.—

I had not been a moment by myself, but I was sensible, that I had half-forfeited my newly-assumed character. It is exceedingly difficult, thou seest, for an honest man to act in disguises: As the Poet says, *Thrust Nature back with a pitchfork, it will return.* I recollected, that what she had insisted upon, was really a part of that declared will, before she left her Father's house, to which in another case (to humble her) I had pretended to have an inviolable regard. And when I remembered her words of *Taking her measures accordingly*, I was resolved to sacrifice a leg or an arm, to make all up again, before she had time to determine upon any new measures.

How seasonably to this purpose have come in my Aunt's and Cousin's Letters!

* * * *

I HAVE sent in again and again to implore her to admit me to her presence. But she will conclude a Letter she is writing to Miss Howe, before she will see me—I suppose to give an account of what has just passed.

* * * *

CURSE upon her perverse tyranny! How she makes me wait for an humble audience, though she has done writing some time! A Prince begging for her upon his knees should not prevail upon me to spare her, if I can but get her to London—Oons! Jack, I believe I have bit my lip through for vexation!—But one day *hers* shall smart for it.

Mr.

Mr. Lovelace, beginning a new date, gives an account of his admittance, and of the conversation that followed: Which differing only in style from that the Lady gives in the next Letter, is omitted. He collects, &c.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 176. l. 6. after have them to marry, insert,

Nor, upon second thoughts (a), would the presence of her Norton, or of her Aunt, or even of her Mother, have saved the dear creature, had I decreed her fall.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 180. l. 24. and Edit. ii. p. 179. l. 25. after of your alliance, insert,

They really are (every one of them) your very great admirers. And, as for Lord M. he is so much pleased with you, and with the confidence, as he calls it, which you have reposed in his Nephew, that he vows he will disinheret him, if he reward it not as he ought. You must take care, that you lose not both families.

I hear Mrs. Norton is enjoined, as she values the favour of the *other* family, not to correspond either with you, or with me.—Poor creatures!—But they are your—Yet they are not your *Relations*, neither, I believe. Had you had any other Nurse, I should have concluded you had been changed. I suffer by their low malice—Excuse me therefore.

You really hold this man to his good behaviour with more spirit than I thought you mistress of; especially when I judged of you by that meekness which you always contended for, as the proper distinction of the female character; and by the love, which (think as you please) you certainly have for him. You may rather be proud of than angry at the imputation; since you are the only woman I ever knew, read, or heard

(a) This passage is inserted Vol. iii. p. 175. of the 2d Edition.

heard of, whose love was so much governed by her prudence. But once the indifference of the Husband takes place of the ardor of the Lover, it will be *your* turn: And, if I am not mistaken, this man, who is the only self-admirer I ever knew, who was not a coxcomb, will rather in his day expect homage than pay it.

Your handsome Husbands, my dear, make a Wife's heart ache very often: And tho' you are as fine a person of a woman, at the least, as he is of a man; he will take too much delight in *himself* to think himself more indebted to your favour, than you are to his distinction and preference of you. But no man, take your finer mind with your very fine person, can deserve you. So you must be contented, should your merit be under-rated; since that *must* be so, marry whom you will. Perhaps you will think I indulge these sort of reflections against your Narcissus's of men, to keep my Mother's choice for me of Hickman in countenance with myself—I don't know but there is something in it; at least, enough to have given birth to the reflection.

I think there can, &c.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 182. l. 12. and Edit. ii. p. 181.

l. 11. after any-thing of the matter, insert,

We have all our Defects: We have often regretted the particular Fault, which, tho' in venerable characters, we must have been blind not to see.

I remember what you once said to me; and the caution was good. Let us, my Nancy, were your words, Let us, who have not the same failings as those we censure, guard against *other* and *greater* in ourselves. Nevertheless, I must needs tell you, that my Mother has vexed me a little very lately, by some instances of her jealous narrowness. I will mention one of them, tho' I did not intend it. She wanted to borrow Thirty Guineas of me; *only* while she got

a Note

a Note changed. I said, I could lend her but Eight or Ten. Eight or Ten would not do: She thought I was much richer. I could have told her, I was much cunninger than to let her know my Stock; which, on a Review, I find Ninety-five Guineas; and all of them most heartily at your service.

I believe your Uncle Tony put her upon this wise project; for she was *out of cash* in an hour after he left her. If he did, you will judge that they intend to distress you. If it will provoke *you* to demand your own in a legal way, I wish they would; since their putting you upon that course will justify the necessity of your leaving them. And as it is not for your credit to own, that you were tricked away contrary to your intention, this would afford a reason for your going off, that I should make very good use of. You'll see, that I approve of Lovelace's advice upon this subject. I am not willing to allow the weight to your answer to him on that head which perhaps *ought* to be allowed it (*a*).

You must be the less surpris'd at the inventions of this man, because of his uncommon talents. Whatever he had turned his head to, he would have excelled in; or been (or done things) extraordinary. He is said to be revengeful: A very bad quality! I believe indeed he is a devil in every-thing but his foot.—This therefore is my repeated advice—Provoke him not too much against yourself: But unchain him, and let him loose upon your Sister's vile Betty, and your Brother's Joseph Leman. This is resenting *low*: But I know to whom I write, or else I would go a good deal *higher*, I'll assure you.

Your next, I suppose, &c.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 195. l. 5. after am mistress of, insert,

You are afraid (*b*); that my Mother will question

(*a*) See Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 161. and Edit. ii. p. 160.

(*b*) This passage is inserted Vol. iii. p. 193. of the 2d Edition.

me on this subject; and then you think I must own the truth—But little as I love equivocation, and little as you would allow of it in your Anna Howe, it is hard, if I cannot (were I to be put to it ever so closely) find something to say, that would bring me off, and not impeach my veracity. With so little money, &c.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 208. add the following Paragraph to Clarissa's Letter :

As to the Money (a) you so generously and repeatedly offer, don't be angry with me, if I again say, that I am very desirous that you should be able to averr, without the least qualifying or reserve, that nothing of that sort has passed between us. I know your Mother's strong way of putting the *question she is intent upon* having answered. But yet I promise that I will be obliged to nobody but you, when I have occasion.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 230—234. for the abstracted Letters of Joseph Leman and Mr. Lovelace, insert the following :

To ROBERT LOVELACE, Esq; His Honner (b).

May it plesse your Honner, Sat. Apr. 15.

THIS is to let your Honner kno', as how I have been employed in a bisness I would have been excused from, if so be I could. For it is to gitt evidence from a young man, who is of late com'd out to be my Cuzzen by my Granmother's side; and but lately come to live in these partes, about a verry vile thing, as younge master calls it, relating to your Honner. God forbid I should call it so without your leave. It is not for so plane a man as I be, to tacks

(d) This passage is inserted Vol. iii. p. 207. of the 2d Edition.

(b) These Letters are inserted at large as follows, Vol. iii. p. 229—242. of the 2d Edition.

my betters. It is confarning one Miss Batirton, of Notingham; a very pritty crature, belike.

Your Honner got her away, it seems, by a false Letter to her, macking believe as howe her She-cuzzen that she derely loved, was coming to see her; and was tacken ill upon the rode: And so Miss Batirton set out in a Shafe, and one sarvant, to fet her Cuzzen from the Inne where she laid sick, as she thote: And the sarvant was tricked, and braute back the Shafe; but Miss Batirton was not harde of for a month, or so. And when it came to passe, that her frends found her oute, and would have proffekutid your Honner, your Honner was gone abroad: And so she was broute to bed, as one may say, before your Honner's return: And she got colde in her lyin-inn, and lanquitched, and soon died: And the child is living; but your Honner never troubles your Honner's hedd about it in the least. And this and some such other matters of verry bad reporte, Squier Solmes was to tell my young Lady of, if so be she would have harde him speke, before we lost her sweet company, as I may say, from heere (a).

I hope your Honner will excuse me: But I was forsed to tell all I harde, because they had my Cuzzen in to them, and he would have said he had tolde me: So could not be melely-mouthed, for fere to be blone up, and plese your Honner.

Your Honner helped me to a many ugly stories to tell against your Honner to my younge Master, and younge Mistrifs; butt did not tell me about this.

I most humbelly beseche your Honner to be good and kinde and fethful to my dearest younge Lady, now you have her; or I shall brake my harte for having done some dedes that have helped to bring things to this passe. Pray youre dère good Honner, be just! Prayey do!—As God shall love ye! prayey do!—I cannot write no more for this pressent, for verry fear and grief—

(a) See vol. ii. Edit. i. p. 81—83. Edit. ii. p. 79—81.

But now I am cumm'd to my writing agen, will youre Honner be plesed to tell me, if as how there be any danger to your Honner's life from this bisness; for my Cuzzen is actlie hier'd to go down to Miss Batirton's frendes to see if they will stur in it: For you must kno' your Honner, as how he lived in the Batirton family at the time, and could be a good evindense, and all that.

I hope it was not so verry bad, as Titus says it was; for hee ses as how there was a Rape in the case betwixt you at furst, and plesse your Honner; and my Cuzzen Titus is a very honist younge man as ever brocke bred. This is his carackter; and this made me willinger to owne him for my Relation, when we came to talck.

If there should be danger of your Honner's life, I hope your Honner will not be hanged like as one of us common men: Only have your hedd cut off, or so: And yet it is pittty such a hedd should be losed: But if as how it shoulde be prosssekutid to that furr, which God forbid, be plesed natheless to thinck of youre fethful Joseph Leman, before your hedd be condemned; for after condemnation, as I have been told, all will be the King's, or the Shreeve's.

I thote as how it was best to acquaint your Honner of this; and for you to let me kno' if I could do anything to sarve your Honner, and prevent mischef with my Cuzzen Titus, on his coming back from Nottingham, before he mackes his reporte.

I have gin him a hinte already: For what, as I sed to him, Cuzzin Titus, signifies stirring up the coles, and macking of strief, to make rich gentilfolkes live at varience, and to be cutting of throtes, and such-like?

Verry trewe, sed little Titus. And this and plesse your Honner gis me hopes of him, if so be your Honner gis me directions: sen', as God kno'es, I have a poor, a verry poor invenshon; only a willing mind

to prevent mischief, that is the chief of my aim, and always was, I bleſs my God!—Els I could have made much mischief in my time; as indeed any ſarvant may. Your Honner natheleſs praiſes my invenſhon every now-and-then: Alas! and pleaſe your Honner, what invenſhon ſhould ſuche a plane man as I have?—But when your Honner ſets me agoing by *your* fine invenſhon, I can do well enuff. And I am ſure I have a hearty good will to deſerve your Honner's favour, if I mought.

Two days, as I may ſay, off and on, have I been writing this long Letter. And yet I have not ſed all I would ſay. For, be it knone unto your Honner, as how I do not like that Capten Singelton, which I told you of *in my two laſt Letters*. He is always laying his hedd and my young Maſter's hedd together; and I ſuſpect much if ſo be ſome mischief is not going on between them: And ſtill the more, as becauſe my eldeſt young Lady ſemes to be joined to them ſometimes.

Laſt week my young maſter ſed before my faſe, *My harte's blood boiles over, Capten Singelton, for revenge upon this*—And he called your Honner by a name it is not for ſuch a won as me to ſay what. Capten Singelton whiſpred my younge Maſter, being I was by. So younge Maſter ſed, *You may ſay any-thing before Joſeph; for althoff he looks ſo ſeellie, he has as good a harte, and as good a hedd, as any ſarvante in the worlde nede to have*. My conſcience touched me juſt then. But why ſhoulde it? when all I do, is to prevente miſcheff; and ſeing your Honner has ſo much patience, which younge Maſter has not; ſo am not affeard of telling your Honner any-thing whatſomever.

And furthermore, I have ſuche a deſire to deſerve your Honner's bounty to me, as mackes me let nothing paſs I can tell you of, to prevent harm: And too-beſides your Honner's goodneſs about the Blew Bore;

Bore ; which I have so good an accounte of !—I am sure I shall be bounden to blefs your Honner the longest day I have to live.

And then the Blew Bore is not all neither ; sen', and plesse your Honner, the pretty Sowe (God forgive me for gesting in so ferus a matter) runs in my hedd likewise. I believe I shall love her mayhap more than your Honner would have me ; for she begins to be kind and good-humered, and listens, and plesse your Honner, licke as if *she was among beans*, when I talke about the Blew Bore, and all that.

Prayey your Honner forgive the gesting of a poor plane man. We common fokes have our joys, and plesse your Honner, lick as our betters have ; and if we be sometimes snubbed, we can find our underlings to snub them agen : And if not, we can get a Wife mayhap, and snub her : So are Masters some how or other ourselfs.

But how I try your Honner's patience !—Sarvants will shew their joiful hartes, tho'ff but in partinens, when encouredg'd.

Be plesed from the prems's to let me kno' if as how I can be put upon any sarvice to sarve your Honner, and to sarve my deereft younge Lady ; which God grant ! For I begin to be affearde for her, hearing what pepel talck—To be sure your Honner will not do her no *harme*, as a man may say. But I kno' your Honner must be good to so wonderous a younge Lady. How can you help it ?—But heere my conscience smites me, that *but for some of my stories, which your Honner taute me, my old Master and my old Lady, and the two old Squiers, would not have been abell to be half so hard-harted as they be, for all what my young Master and young Mistrefs sayes.*

And here is the sad thing ; they cannot come to clere up matters with my deereft young Lady, because, as *your Honner has ordered it*, they have these stories as if bribed by me out of your Honner's sar-

vant ; which must not be known, for fere you should kill'n and me too, and blacken the briber !—Ah ! your Honner !—I doute as that I am a very vild fellow (Lord blefs my soul, I pray God) and did not intend it.

But if my deereft young Lady should come to harm, and plese your Honner, the horsepond at the Blew Bore—But Lord preserve us all from all bad mischeff, and all bad endes, I pray the Lord !—For tho'ff your Honner is kinde to me in worldly pelff, yet *what shall a man get to loos his soul*, as holy Skrittuer says, and plese your Honner ?

But natheless I am in hope of reppentance hereafter, being but a younge man, if I do wrong thro' ignorrens ; your Honner being a grate man, and a grate wit ; and I a poor crature, not worthy notice ; and your Honner able to answer for all. But howsomever I am

Your Honner's fethful Sarvant in all dewtie,

April 15. and 16.

JOSEPH LEMAN.

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOSEPH LEMAN.

Honest Joseph,

Monday, April 17.

YOU have a worse opinion of your invention than you ought to have. I must praise it again. Of a plain man's head I have not known many better than yours. How often have your forecast and discretion answered my wishes in cases which I could not foresee, not knowing how my general directions would succeed, or what might happen in the execution of them ! You are too doubtful of your own abilities, honest Joseph ; that's your fault. But it being a fault that is owing to natural *modesty*, you ought rather to be *pitied* for it than *blamed*.

The affair of Miss Betterton was a youthful frolick. I love dearly to exercise my invention. I do

assure

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assure you, Joseph, that I have ever had more pleasure in my Contrivances than in the End of them. I am no sensual man ; but a man of spirit—One woman is like another—*You understand me, Joseph*—In Courting all the sport is made by the winding Hare. A barn-door Chick is better eating. *Now you take me, Joseph.*

Miss Betterton was but a Tradesman's daughter. The family indeed were grown rich, and aimed at a new Line of Gentry ; and were unreasonable enough to expect a man of my family would marry her. I was honest. I gave the young Lady no hope of that ; for she put it to me. She resented : Kept up, and was kept up. A little innocent Contrivance was necessary to get her out—But no Rape in the case, I assure you, Joseph—She loved me : I loved her. Indeed, when I got her to the Inn, I asked her no questions. It is cruel to ask a modest woman for her consent. It is creating difficulties to both. Had not her friends been officious, I had been constant and faithful to her to this day, as far as I know—For then I had not known my Angel.

I went not abroad upon *her* account. She loved me too well to have appeared against me. She refused to sign a paper they had drawn up for her, to found a prosecution upon : And the brutal creatures would not permit the midwife's assistance, till her life was in danger ; and I believe to this her death was owing.

I went into mourning for her, tho' abroad at the time. A distinction I have ever paid to those worthy creatures who died in Childbed by me.

I was ever nice in my Loves. These were the rules I laid down to myself on my entrance into active life : To set the mother above want, if her friends were cruel, and if I could not get her an husband worthy of her : To shun common women : A piece of justice I owed to innocent Ladies, as well as to myself : To marry off a former mistress, if possible,

before I took to a new one : To maintain a Lady handsomely in her lying-in : To provide for the Little one, if it lived, according to the degree of its mother : To go into mourning for the mother, if she died. And the promise of this was a great comfort to the pretty dears, as they grew near their times.

All my errors, all my expences, have been with and upon women. So I could acquit my conscience (acting thus honourably by them) as well as my discretion as to point of fortune.

All men love women : And find me a man of more honour in these points, if you can, Joseph.

No wonder the Sex love me as they do !

But *now* I am strictly virtuous. I am reformed. So I have been for a long, long time : Resolving to marry, as soon as I can prevail upon the most admirable of women to have me. I think of nobody else. It is impossible I should. I have spared very pretty girls for her sake. Very true, Joseph ! So set your honest heart at rest—You see the pains I take to satisfy your qualms.

But as to Miss Betterton—No Rape in the case, I repeat : Rapes are unnatural things : And more *rare* than are imagined, Joseph—I should be loth to be put to such a streight. I never was. Miss Betterton was taken from me against her own will. In that case, her friends, not I, committed the Rape.

I have contrived to see the Boy twice, unknown to the Aunt, who takes care of him ; loves him ; and would not now part with him, on any consideration. The Boy is a fine Boy, I thank God. No Father need be ashamed of him. He will be well provided for. If not, I would take care of him. He will have his Mother's fortune. They curse the Father, ungrateful wretches ! but bless the Boy—Upon the whole, there is nothing vile in this matter on my side ; a great deal on the Bettertons.

Wherefore, Joseph, be not thou in pain, either

for my head, or for *thy own* neck ; nor for the Blue Boar ; nor for thy pretty Sow.—

I love your jesting. Jestings better becomes a poor man than qualms.—I love to have you jest. All we say, all we do, all we wish for, is a jest. He that makes life itself not so, is a sad fellow, and has the worst of it.

I doubt not, Joseph, but you have had your joys, as you say, as well as your betters. May you have more and more, honest Joseph !—He that grudges a poor man joy, ought to have none himself. Jest on therefore : Jestings, I repeat, better becomes thee than qualms.

I had no *need* to tell you of Miss Betterton : Did I not furnish you with stories enough without hers, against myself, to augment your credit with your cunning masters ? Besides, I was loth to mention Miss Betterton, her friends being all living, and in credit. I loved her too ; for she was taken from me by her cruel friends while our joys were young.

But enough of dear Miss Betterton. *Dear*, I say ; for death *endears*.—Rest to her worthy soul !—There, Joseph, off went a deep sigh to the memory of Miss Betterton !

As to the journey of little Titus [I now recollect the fellow by his name] Let that take its course : A Lady dying in childbed eighteen months ago ; no process begun in her life-time ; refusing herself to give evidence against me whilst she lived—Pretty circumstances to found an indictment for a Rape upon !

As to your young Lady, the ever-adorable Miss Clarissa Harlowe, I always courted her for a Wife. Others rather expected marriage from the vanity of their own hearts, than from my promises. For I was always careful of what I promised. You know, Joseph, that I have gone beyond my promises to *you*. I do to every-body : And why ? Because it is the best way of shewing, that I have no grudging or narrow spirit.

spirit. A promise is an obligation. *A just man will keep his promise : A generous man will go beyond it.* This is my rule.

If you doubt my honour to your young Lady, it is more than she does. She would not stay with me an hour if she did. Mine is the steadiest heart in the world. Hast thou not reason to think it so ?—Why this squeamishness then, honest Joseph ?

But it is because thou *art* honest : So I forgive thee. Whoever loves my divine Clarissa, loves me.

Let James Harlowe call me what Names he will, For his Sister's sake I will bear them. Do not be concerned for me. Her favour will make me rich amends. His own vilely malicious heart will make his blood *boil over* at any time : And when it does, thinkest thou that I will let it touch my conscience ?—And if not *mine*, why should it touch *thine* ? Ah ! Joseph, Joseph ! What a foolish teaser is thy conscience ! Such a conscience, as gives a plain man trouble, when he intends to do for the best, is weakness, not conscience.

But say what thou wilt, write all thou knowest or hearest of, to me : I'll have patience with everybody. Why should I not, when it is as much the desire of my heart, as it is of thine, to prevent mischief ?

So now, Joseph, having taken all this pains to satisfy thy Conscience, and answer all thy doubts, and to banish all thy fears ; let me come to a *new point*.

Your endeavours and mine, which were designed, *by round-about ways*, to reconcile all, even against the wills of the most obstinate, have not, we see, answered the end we hoped they would answer ; but, on the contrary, have widened the unhappy differences between our families. But this has not been either your fault or mine : It is owing to the black pitch-like blood of your venomous-hearted young Master, *boiling over*, as he owns, that our honest wishes have hitherto been frustrated. Yet

Yet we must proceed in the same course: We shall tire them out in time, and they will propose terms; and when they do, they shall find how reasonable mine shall be, little as they deserve from me.

Persevere, therefore, Joseph; honest Joseph, persevere; and, unlikely as you may imagine the means, our desires will be at last obtained.

We have nothing for it now, but to go thro' with our work in the way we have begun. For since (as I told you in my last) my Beloved mistrusts you, she will blow you up, if she be *not* mine. If she *be*, I can and will protect you; and as, if there will be any fault, in her opinion, it will be rather mine than yours, she *must* forgive you, and keep her husband's secrets, for the sake of his reputation: Else she will be guilty of a great failure in her duty. So, now you have set your hand to the plough, Joseph, there is no looking back.

And what is the consequence of all this? One labour more, and that will be all that will fall to your lot; at least of consequence.

My beloved is resolved not to think of Marriage till she has tried to move her friends to a Reconciliation with her. You know they are determined not to be reconciled. She has it in her head, I doubt not, to make me submit to the people I hate; and if I did, they would rather insult me, than receive my condescension as they ought. She even owns, that she will renounce me, if they insist upon it, provided they will give up Solmes. So, to all appearance, I am still as far as ever from the happiness of calling her mine: Indeed I am more likely than ever to lose her (if I cannot contrive some way to avail myself of the present critical situation); and then, Joseph, all I have been studying, and all you have been doing, will signify nothing.

At the place where we are, we cannot long be private. The lodgings are inconvenient for us, while

both together, and while she refuses to marry. She wants to get me at a distance from her. There are extraordinary convenient lodgings in my eye in London, where we could be private, and all mischief avoided. When *there* (if I get her thither) she will insist, that I shall leave her. Miss Howe is for ever putting her upon contrivances. That, you know, is the reason I have been obliged, by your means, to play the family off at Harlowe-Place upon Mrs. Howe, and Mrs. Howe upon her Daughter—Ah! Joseph!—Little need for your fears for my Angel: I only am in danger—But were I the free liver I am reported to be, all this could I get over with a wet finger, as the saying is.

But, by the help of one of your hints, I have thought of an Expedient which will do every-thing, and raise your reputation, tho' already so high, higher still. This Singleton, I hear, is a fellow who loves enterprising: The view he has to get James Harlowe to be his principal owner in a larger vessel which he wants to be put into the command of, may be the subject of their present close conversation. But since he is taught to have so good an opinion of you, Joseph (a), &c.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 245. l. 20. and Edit. ii. p. 251. l. 4. after half so well, as now, insert,

Has she not demonstrated, that even the highest provocations were not sufficient to warp her from her duty to her parents, tho' a *native*, and, as I may say, an originally *involuntary* duty, because *native*? And is not this a charming earnest that she will sacredly observe a still higher duty into which she proposes to enter, when she does enter, by *plighted* vows, and entirely as a *volunteer*?

That she loves thee, &c.

(a) See Vol. iii. p. 234—236. of the first Edition, for the Remainder of this Letter.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 261. l. 19, 20. after proper to be frustrated, dele the rest of that paragraph, and all the following, and read,

If you consider (a) this Malediction as it ought to be considered, a person of your piety must and will rather pity and pray for your *rash Father*, than terrify *yourself* on the occasion. None but God can curse. Parents, or others, whoever they be, can only pray to him to curse: And such Prayers can have no weight with a just and all-perfect Being, the motives to which are unreasonable, and the end proposed by them cruel.

Has not God commanded us to *bless and curse not*? Pray for your Father, then, I repeat, that he incur not the Malediction he has announced on you; since he has broken, as you see, a command truly divine; while you, by obeying that other precept which enjoins us to *pray for them that persecute and curse us*, will turn the Curse into a Blessing.

My Mother blames them, &c.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 273. l. 12. and Edit. ii. p. 278. l. 13. dele the Paragraph beginning, I will not repeat, and read,

You assume, my dear, *says she*, your usual and ever-agreeable style, in what you write of the two Gentlemen, and how unaptly you think they have chosen; Mr. Hickman in addressing you; Mr. Lovelace me. But I am inclinable to believe, that with a view to happiness, however two mild tempers might agree, two high ones would make sad work of it, both at one time violent and unyielding. You two might indeed have requested the Ball betwixt you, as you say: But Mr. Hickman, by his gentle manners,

(a) This passage is inserted Vol. iii. p. 266, 267. of the 2d Edition.

seems formed for you, if you go not too far with him. If you do, it would be a tameness in him to bear it, which would make a man more contemptible than Mr. Hickman can ever deserve to be made. Nor is it a disgrace for even a brave man, who knows what a woman is to vow to him *afterwards*, to be very obsequious *beforehand*.

Do you think it is to the credit of Mr. Lovelace's character, that he can be offensive and violent? Does he not, as all such spirits must, subject himself to the necessity of making submissions for his excesses, far more mortifying to a proud heart, than those condescensions which the high-spirited are so apt to impute as a weakness of mind in such a man as Mr. Hickman?

Let me tell you, my dear, that Mr. Hickman is such a one, as would rather bear an affront *from* a Lady, than offer one *to* her. He had rather, I dare say, that she should have occasion to ask *his* pardon, than he *hers*. But, my dear, *you have outlived your first passion*; and had the second man been an angel, he would not have been more than indifferent to you.

My motives for suspending, &c.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 273. l. 8. from the bottom, and Edit. ii. p. 278. l. 12. from the bottom, after would repeat it, insert,

I see with great regret, that your Mamma is still immoveably bent against our correspondence. What shall I do about it?—It goes against me to continue it, or to wish you to favour me with returns.—Yet I have so managed my matters, that I have no friend but you to advise with. It is enough to make one indeed wish to be married to this man, tho' a man of errors; as he has worthy Relations of my own Sex; and I should have some friends, I hope:—And having *some*, I might have *more*—For as money is said

to encrease money, so does the countenance of persons of character encrease friends : While the destitute *must* be destitute.—It goes against my heart to beg of you to discontinue corresponding with me ; and yet it is against my conscience to carry it on against parental prohibition. But I dare not use all the arguments against it that I could use—And why ?—For fear I should convince you ; and you should reject me, as the rest of my friends have done. I leave therefore the determination of this point upon you—I am not, I find, to be trusted with it. But be *mine* all the fault, and all the punishment, if it be punishable !—And certainly it must, when it can be the cause of those over-lively sentences wherewith you conclude the Letter I have before me, and which I must no farther animadvert upon, because you forbid me to do so.

To the second, &c.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 278. l. 8. from the bottom, and Edit. ii. p. 283. l. 21. after correct thy master, insert,

And another, if thou wilt—Never offer to invalidate the force which a virtuous education ought to have in the Sex, by endeavouring to find excuses for *their* frailty from the frailty of ours. For, are we not devils to each other ? They tempt us : We tempt them. Because we *men* cannot resist temptation, is that a reason that *women* ought not, when the whole of their education is caution and warning against our attempts ? Do not their grandmothers give them one easy rule ?—Men are to ask—Women are to deny.

Well, but to return, &c.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 284. l. 12. from the bottom, and Edit. ii. p. 289. l. 9. after attendant cannot read, insert,

It would be a miracle, as thou sayst, if this Lady can save herself—And having gone so far, how can I

recede?—Then my Revenge upon the Harlowes!—To have run away with a daughter of theirs, to make her a Lovelace—To make her one of a family so superior to her own, what a Triumph, as I have heretofore observed, to *them*!—But to run away with her, and to bring her to my lure in the *other* light, what a mortification of their pride! What a gratification of my own!

Then these women are continually at me. These women, who, before my whole soul and faculties were absorbed in the Love of this single charmer, used always to oblige me with the flower and first fruits of their garden! Indeed, indeed, my Goddess should not have chosen this London Widow's—But I dare say, if I *had*, she would *not*. People who will be dealing in contradiction, ought to pay for it. And to be punished by the consequences of our own choice, what a moral lies there!—What a deal of Good may I not be the occasion of from a little Evil!

Dorcas is a neat creature, both, &c.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 304. l. 2. Edit. ii. p. 308. l. 10.
after of cultivating theirs, dele the rest of the paragraph, and read,

He urged me still further on this head.

I could not say, I told him, that I greatly liked either of the young gentlewomen, any more than their Aunt: And that were my situation ever so happy, they had much too gay a turn for me.

He did not wonder, he said, to hear me say so. He knew not any of the Sex who had been accustomed to shew themselves at the Town Diversions and Amusements, that would appear tolerable to me. *Silence and Blushes*, Madam, are now no graces with our fine Ladies in Town. Hardened by frequent public appearances, they would be as much ashamed to be found guilty of these weaknesses, as men.

Do you defend these two gentlewomen, Sir, by reflections upon half the Sex? But you must second me, Mr. Lovelace (and yet I am not fond of being thought particular) in my desire of breakfasting and supping (when I *do* sup) by myself.

If I would, &c.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 305. l. 9. from the bottom, and Edit. ii. p. 310. l. 2. after a savage, insert;

But how could a creature who (treating herself unpolitely) gave a man an opportunity to run away with her, expect to be treated by that man with a very high degree of politeness?

But why, now, when fairer prospects seem to open, why these melancholy reflections, will my beloved friend ask of her Clarissa?

Why? Can you ask why, my dearest Miss Howe? of a creature who, in the world's eye, has inrolled her name among the giddy and the inconsiderate; who labours under a Parent's curse, and the cruel uncertainties which must arise from reflecting, that, equally against duty and principle, she has thrown herself into the power of a man, and that man an immoral one? Must not the sense she has of her inconsideration darken her most hopeful prospects? Must it not even rise *strongest* upon a thoughtful mind, when her hopes are the fairest? Even her pleasures, were the man to prove *better* than she expects, coming to her with an abatement, like that which persons who are in possession of ill-gotten wealth must then most poignantly experience (if they have reflecting and unseared minds) when, all their wishes answered (if the wishes of such persons can ever be wholly answered) they sit down in hopes to *enjoy* what they have unjustly obtained, and find their own reflections their greatest torment.

May you, &c.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 308. l. 2. and Edit. ii. p. 312. l. 14, 15. after command of herself, insert,

What dost think?—Here this little devil Sally, not being able, as she told me, to support life under my displeasure, was going into a fit: But when I saw her preparing for it, I went out of the room; and so she thought it would not be worth her while to shew away.

In this manner he mentions what his meaning was in making the Lady the compliment of his absence:

As to leaving her; If I go but for one night, I have fulfilled my promise: And if she think not, I can mutter and grumble, and yield again, and make a merit of it; and then, unable to live out of her presence, soon return. Nor are women ever angry at bottom for being disobey'd thro' excess of Love. They lik an uncontrollable passion. They like to have every favour ravished from them; and to be eaten and drank quite up by a voracious Lover. Don't I know the Sex?—Not so, indeed, as yet, my Clarissa: But however, with her my frequent egresses will make me look new to her, and create little busy scenes between us. At the least I may surely, without exception, salute her at parting, and at return; and will not those occasional freedoms (which civility will warrant) by degrees familiarize my charmer to them?

But here, Jack, what shall I do with my Uncle and Aunts, and all my loving Cousins? For I understand, that they are more in haste to have me married than I am myself.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 312. and Edit. ii. p. 317. dele the paragraph beginning Mr. Lovelace, &c. and read,

Mr. Lovelace in his next Letter gives an account of his quick return: Of his reasons to the Lady for it: Of her

her displeasure upon it : And of her urging his absence from the safety she was in from the situation of the house, except she were to be traced out by his visits.

I was confoundedly puzzled, *says he*, on this occasion, and on her insisting upon the execution of a too-ready offer which I made her to go down to Berks, to bring up my Cousin Charlotte to visit and attend her. I made miserable excuses ; and, fearing that they would be mortally resented, as her passion began to rise upon my saying Charlotte was delicate, which she took strangely wrong, I was obliged to screen myself behind the most solemn and explicit declarations.

He then repeats those declarations, to the same effect with the account she gives of them.

I began, *says he*, with an intention to keep my Life of Honour in view, in the declarations I made her ; but, as it has been said of a certain orator in the House of Commons, who more than once, in a long speech, convinced himself as he went along, and concluded against the side he set out intending to favour, so I in earnest pressed without reserve for Matrimony in the progress of my harangue, which state I little thought of urging upon her with so much strength and explicitness.

He then values himself upon the delay that his proposal of taking and furnishing a house must occasion.

He wavers in his resolutions whether to act honourably or not, by a merit so exalted.

He values himself upon his own delicacy, in expressing his indignation against her friends, for supposing what he pretends his heart rises against them for presuming to suppose.

But have I not reason, *says he*, to be angry with her, for not praising me for this my delicacy, when she

is so ready to call me to account for the least failure in punctilio? However, I believe I can excuse her too, upon this generous consideration [For *generous* I am sure it is, because it is against myself]; that her mind being the essence of delicacy, the least want of it shocks her; while the meeting with what is so very extraordinary to *me*, is too familiar to *her* to obtain her notice, as an extraordinary.

He glories in the story of the house, and of the young Widow possessor of it, Mrs. Fretchville he calls her; and leaves it doubtful to Mr. Belford, whether it be a real or fictitious story.

He mentions his different proposals in relation to the Ceremony, which he so earnestly pressed for; and owns his artful intention in avoiding to name the day.

And now, *says he*, I hope soon to have an opportunity to begin my operations; since all is *Halcyon* and Security.

It is impossible to describe the dear Creature's sweet and silent confusion, when I touched upon the matrimonial topics.

She *may* doubt. She *may* fear. The wise in all important cases will doubt, and will fear, till they are sure. But her apparent willingness to think well of a spirit so inventive and so machinating, is a happy prognostic for me. O these reasoning Ladies!—How I love these reasoning Ladies!—'Tis all over with them, when once Love has crept into their hearts: For then will they employ all their reasoning powers to *excuse*, rather than to *blame*, the conduct of the *doubted* Lover, let appearances against him be ever so strong.

Mowbray, Belton, and Tourville, long to see my angel, and will be there. She has *refused* me; but *must be present* notwithstanding. So generous a spirit as mine is cannot enjoy its happiness without communication.

munication. If I raise not your envy and admiration both at once, but half-joy will be the joy of having such a charming Fly entangled in my web. She therefore must comply. And thou must come. And then will I shew thee the pride and glory of the Harlowe family, my implacable enemies ; and thou shalt join with me in my triumph over them all.

I know not (a) what may still be the perverse Beauty's fate : I want thee therefore to see and admire her, while she is serene, and full of hope : Before her apprehensions are realized, if realized they are to be ; and if evil apprehensions of me she really has : Before her beamy eyes have lost their lustre : While yet her charming face is surrounded with all its virgin glories ; and before the plough of disappointment has thrown up furrows of distress upon every lovely feature.

If I can, &c.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 313. l. 27. after of his Goddess, dele the following paragraphs, to p. 314. l. 11. and read,

Ye must be sure (b) to let it sink deep into your heavy heads, that there is no such Lady in the world, as Miss Clarissa Harlowe ; and that she is neither more nor less than Mrs. Lovelace, though at present, to my shame be it spoken, a Virgin.

Be mindful also, that your old Mother's name, after that of *her* Mother when a Maid, is Sinclair : That her Husband was a Lieutenant-colonel, and all that you, Belford, know from honest Doleman's Letter of her (c), that let your brethren know.

Mowbray and Tourville, the two greatest blunders of the four, I allow to be acquainted with

(a) This passage is inserted in Vol. iii. p. 317. of the 2d Edition.

(b) These instructions are given at large, Vol. iii. p. 318—322. of the 2d Edition.

(c) See Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 184, & seq. and Edit. ii. p. 183, & seq. the

the Widow and Nieces, from the knowlege they had of the Colonel. They will not forbear familiarities of speech to the Mother, as of longer acquaintance than a day. So I have suited their parts to their capacities.

They may praise the Widow and the Colonel for people of great honour—But not too grossly; nor to labour the point so as to render themselves suspected.

The Mother will lead ye into her own and the Colonel's praises; and Tourville and Mowbray may be both her vouchers—I, and you, and Belton, must be only hearfay confirmers.

As poverty is generally suspectible, the Widow must be got handsomely aforehand; and no doubt but she is. The elegance of her house and furniture, and her readines to discharge all demands upon her, which she does with ostentation enough, and which makes her neighbours, I suppose, like her the better, demonstrate this. She will propose to do handsome things by her two Nieces. Sally is near Marriage—with an eminent Woollen-draper in the Strand, if ye have a mind to it; for there are five or six of them there.

The Nieces may be enquired after, since they will be absent, as persons respected by Mowbray and Tourville, for their late worthy Uncle's sake.

Watch ye diligently every turn of my countenance; every motion of my eye; for in my eye, and in my countenance, will ye find a sovereign regulator. I need not bid ye respect me mightily: Your allegiance obliges ye to that: And who that sees me, respects me not?

Priscilla Partington (for her looks so innocent, and discretion so deep, yet seeming so softly) may be greatly relied upon. She will accompany the Mother, gorgeously dressed, with all her Jew's extravagance flaming out upon her; and first induce, then countenance, the Lady. She has her cue, and I hope will make her acquaintance coveted by my Charmer.

Miss

Miss Partington's history is this: The Daughter of Col. Sinclair's Brother-in-law: That Brother-in-law may have been a Turkey merchant, or any merchant, who died confoundedly rich: The Colonel one of her guardians [*Collateral credit in that to the Old one*]: Whence she always calls Mrs. Sinclair *Mamma*; tho' not succeeding to the trust.

She is just come to pass a day or two, and then to return to her surviving guardian's at Barnet.

Miss Partington has suitors a little hundred (her Grandmother, an Alderman's Dowager, having left her a great additional fortune); and is not trusted out of her guardian's house, without an old gouvernante noted for discretion, except to her *Mamma Sinclair*; with whom now-and-then she is permitted to be for a week together.

Prisc. will *Mamma-up Mrs. Sinclair*, and will undertake to court her guardian to let her pass a delightful week with her—Sir Edward Holden, he may as well be, if your shallow pates will not be clogged with too many circumstantial. Lady Holden perhaps will come with her; for she always delighted in her *Mamma Sinclair's* company; and talks of her, and her good management, twenty times a day.

Be it principally thy part, Jack, who art a parading fellow, and aimest at wisdom, to keep thy brother-varlets from blundering; for, as thou must have observed from what I have written, we have the most watchful and most penetrating Lady in the world to deal with: A Lady worth deceiving! But whose eyes will pierce to the bottom of your shallow souls the moment she hears you open. Do thou therefore place thyself between Mowbray and Tourville: Their toes to be played upon and commanded by thine, if they go wrong: Thy elbows to be the ministers of approbation.

As to your general behaviour; No hypocrisy!—I hate it: So does my Charmer. If I had studied
for

for it, I believe I *could* have been an hypocrite : But my general character is so well known, that I should have been suspected at once, had I aimed at making myself too white. But what necessity can there be for hypocrisy, unless the generality of the Sex were to *refuse* us for our immoralities ? The best of them love to have the credit of reforming us. Let the sweet souls try for it : If they fail, their intent was good. That will be a consolation to them. And as to *us*, our work will be the easier ; our sins the fewer : Since they will draw themselves in with a very little of our help ; and we shall save a parcel of cursed Falshoods, and appear to be what we *are* both to Angels and Men. Mean time their very Grandmothers will acquit us, and reproach them with their *Self-do, Self-have* ; and as having *erred against knowledge*, and ventured against *manifest appearances*. What folly therefore for men of our character to be hypocrites !

Be sure to instruct the rest, and do thou thyself remember, not to talk obscenely. You know I never permitted any of you to talk obscenely. Time enough for that, when ye grow old, and can *ONLY* talk. Besides, ye must consider Prisc's *affected* character, my Goddess's *real* one. Far from obscenity therefore, do not so much as touch upon the double Entendre. What ! as I have often said, cannot you touch a Lady's heart, without wounding her ear ?

It is *necessary*, that ye should appear worse men than myself. You cannot help appearing so, you'll say. Well then, there will be the less restraint upon you—The less restraint, the less affectation.—And if Belton begins his favourite subject in behalf of *keeping*, it may make me take upon myself to oppose him : But fear not ; I shall not give the argument all my force.

She must have some curiosity, I think, to see what sort of men my companions are : She will not expect any of you to be saints. Are ye not men born to

con-

considerable fortunes, altho' ye are not all of ye men of parts? Who is it in this mortal life, that *wealth does not mislead*? And as it gives people the *power of being mischievous*, does it not require great virtue to forbear the use of that power? Is not the devil said to be the god of this world? Are we not children of this world? Well then!—Let me tell thee my opinion—It is this: That, were it not for the *poor and the middling*, the world would probably, long ago, have been destroyed by fire from Heaven. Ungrateful wretches the rest, thou wilt be apt to say, to make such sorry returns, as they generally do make, to the *poor and the middling*!

This dear Lady, &c.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 314. l. 21. and Edit. ii. p. 322. l. 24. after on Monday night, insert,

And let me add, that you must attend to every minute circumstance, whether you think there be reason in it or not. Deep, like golden ore, frequently lies my meaning, and richly worth digging for. The hint of *least* moment, as *you* may imagine it, is often pregnant with events of the *greatest*. Be implicit. Am not I your General? Did I ever lead you on, that I brought ye not off with safety and success, sometimes to your own stupid astonishment?

And now, methinks, &c.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 319, 320. and Edit. ii. p. 328.

dele the Paragraph, I have carried, &c. to I long to have your opinions of my fair prize; and read,

I HAVE carried my third point; but so extremely to the dislike of my Charmer, that I have been threatened, for suffering Miss Partington to be introduced to her without her leave. Which laid her under a necessity to deny or comply with the urgent request of so fine a young Lady; who had engaged to honour me at my Collation, on condition that my Beloved would be present at it.

To

To be obliged to appear before my friends as what she was not ! She was for insisting, that I should acquaint the women here with the truth of the matter ; and not go on propagating stories for her to countenance ; making her a sharer in my guilt.

But what points will not perseverance carry ? especially when it is covered over with the face of yielding now, and Parthian-like returning to the charge anon. Do not the Sex carry all their points with their men by the same methods ? Have I conversed with them so freely as I have done, and learnt nothing of them ? Didst thou ever know that a woman's denial of any favour, whether the least or the greatest, that my heart was set upon, stood her in any stead ? The more perverse she, the more steady I ; that is my rule.

But the point thus so much against her will carried, I doubt thou wilt see in her more of a sullen than of an obliging Charmer. For when Miss Partington was withdrawn, " What was Miss Partington to her ? In " her situation she wanted no new acquaintance. " And what were my four friends to her in her " present circumstances ? She would assure me, if " ever again"—And there she stopt, with a twirl of her hand.

When we meet, I will, in her presence, tipping thee a wink, shew thee the motion ; for it was a very pretty one. Quite new. Yet have I seen an hundred pretty passionate twirls too, in my time, from other Fair-ones. How universally engaging it is to put a woman of sense, to whom a man is not married, in a passion, let the reception given to every ranting scene in our Plays testify. Take care, my charmer, now thou art come to delight me with thy angry twirls, that thou temptest me not to provoke a *variety of them* from one, whose every motion, whose every air, carries in it so much sense and soul.

But, angry or pleased, this charming Creature must

be all loveliness. Her features are all harmony, and made for one another. No other feature could be substituted in the place of any one of hers, but must abate of her perfection : And think you that I do not long to have your opinions of my fair Prize ?

If you love to see features that glow, &c.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 320. and Edit. ii. p. 328. dele the Paragraph beginning with the words In the Lady's next Letter ; and read,

Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, To Miss HOWE.
Sunday, April 30.

MR. Lovelace in his last Letters having taken notice of the most material passages contained in this Letter, the following Extracts from it are only inserted. She gives pretty near the same account that he does of what passed between them, on her resolution to go to church ; and of his proposal of St. Paul's, and desire of attending her. She praises his good behaviour there ; as also the discourse, and the preacher : Is pleased with its seasonableness : Gives particulars of the conversation between them afterwards, and commends the good observations he makes upon the sermon.

I am willing, *says she*, to have hopes of him : But am so unable to know how to depend upon his seriousness for an hour together, that all my favourable accounts of him in this respect must be taken with allowance.

Being very much pressed, I could not tell how to refuse dining with the Widow and her Nieces this day. I am better pleased with them, than I ever thought I should be. I cannot help blaming myself for my readiness to give severe censures, where reputation is concerned. Peoples ways, humours, constitutions, education, and opportunities allowed for, my dear, many persons, as far as I know, may appear blameless, whom others of different humours and educations are

too apt to blame; and who, from the same fault, may be as ready to blame *them*. I will therefore make it a rule to myself for the future, never to judge peremptorily on first appearances: But yet I must observe, that these are not people I should chuse to be intimate with, or whose ways I can like: Altho', for the stations they are in, they may go thro' the world with tolerable credit.

Mr. Lovelace's behaviour has been such, as makes me call this, so far as it is passed, an agreeable day. Yet when easiest as to him, my situation with my friends takes place in my thoughts, and causes me many a tear.

I am the more pleased with the people of the house, because of the persons of rank they are acquainted with, and who visit them.

Sunday Evening.

I AM still well pleased with Mr. Lovelace's behaviour. We have had a good deal of serious discourse together. The man has really just and good notions. He confesses how much he is pleased with this day, and hopes for many such. Nevertheless, he ingeniously warned me, that his unlucky vivacity might return: But he doubted not, that he should be fixed at last by my example and conversation.

He has given me an entertaining account of the four gentlemen he is to meet to-morrow night: *Entertaining*, I mean, for his humorous description of their persons, manners, &c. but such a description as is far from being to their praise: Yet he seemed rather to design to divert my melancholy it, than to degrade them. I think at bottom, my dear, that he must be a good-natured man; but that he was spoiled young for want of check or controul.

I cannot but call this, my circumstances considered, an happy day to the end of it. Indeed, my dear, I think I could prefer him to all the men I ever knew, were he but to be always what he has been this day.

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You see how ready I am to own all you have charged me with, when I find myself out. It is a difficult thing, I believe, sometimes, for a young creature that is able to deliberate with herself, to know when she loves, or when she hates: But I am resolved, as much as possible, to be determined both in my hatred and love by *actions*, as *they* make the man worthy or unworthy.

She dates again on Monday, and declares herself highly displeased, &c.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 349. l. 11. after than a Lady, dele the next Paragraph, and read,

To pursue the comparison (a)—If the disappointment of the captivated Lady be very great, she will threaten, indeed, as I said: She will even refuse her sustenance for some time, especially if you entreat her much, and she thinks she gives you concern by her refusal. But then the Stomach of the dear sullen one will soon return. 'Tis pretty to see how she comes to by degrees: Pressed by appetite, she will first steal, perhaps, a weeping morsel by herself; then be brought to piddle and sigh, and sigh and piddle, before you; now-and-then, if her viands be unsavoury, swallowing with them a relishing tear or two: Then she comes to eat and drink, to oblige you: Then resolves to live for your sake: Her exclamations will, in the next place, be turned into blandishments; her vehement upbraidings into gentle murmurings—How *dare* you, Traitor!—into How *could* you, dearest? She will draw you to her, instead of pushing you from her: No longer, with unsheathed claws, will she resist you; but, like a pretty, playful, wanton Kitten, with gentle paws and concealed talons, tap your cheek, and with intermingled smiles, and tears, and caresses, implore your consideration for her, and your *constancy*: All the favour she then

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has

(a) This passage is inserted Vol. iii. p. 357—360, of the 2d Edit.

has to ask of you!—And this is the time, were it given to man to confine himself to one object, to be happier every day than other.

Now, Belford, were I to go no farther than I have gone with my beloved Miss Harlowe, how shall I know the difference between *her* and *another* bird? To let her fly now, what a pretty jest would that be! How do I know, except I try, whether she may not be brought to sing me a fine song, and to be as well contented as I have brought other birds to be, and very shy ones too?

But now let us reflect a little upon the confounded partiality of us human creatures. I can give two or three familiar, and, if they were *not* familiar, they would be *shocking*, instances of the cruelty both of men and women, with respect to other creatures, perhaps as worthy as (at least more innocent than) themselves. By my Soul, Jack, there is more of the Savage in human nature than we are commonly aware of. Nor is it, after all, so much amiss, that we sometimes avenge the more innocent animals upon our own species.

To particulars.

How usual a thing is it for women as well as men, without the least remorse, to ensnare, to cage, and torment, and even with burning knitting-needles to put out the eyes of the poor feather'd songster [Thou see'st I have not yet done with birds]; which however, in proportion to its bulk, has more life than themselves (for a bird is all soul) and of consequence has as much feeling as the human creature! When at the same time, if an honest fellow, by the gentlest persuasion, and the softest arts, has the good luck to prevail upon a mew'd-up lady to countenance her own escape, and she consents to break cage, and be set all flying into the all-cheering air of liberty, Mercy on us! what an Outcry is generally raised against him!

Just like what you and I once saw raised in a paltry village

village near Chelmsford, after a poor hungry fox, who, watching his opportunity, had seized by the neck, and shouldered, a sleek-feathered goose: At what time we beheld the whole vicinage of boys and girls, old men, and old women, all the furrows and wrinkles of the latter filled up with malice for the time; the old men armed with prongs, pitch-forks, clubs, and catsticks; the old women with mops, brooms, fire-shovels, tongs, and pokers; and the younger fry with dirt, stones, and brickbats, gathering as they ran like a snowball, in pursuit of the wind-outstripping prowler; all the mongrel curs of the *circumjacenties* yelp, yelp, yelp, at their heels, completing the horrid chorus.

Remembrest thou not this scene? Surely thou must. My imagination, inflamed by a tender sympathy for the danger of the adventurous marauder, represents it to my eye, as if it were but yesterday. And dost thou not recollect how generously glad we were, as if our own case, that honest Reynard, by the help of a lucky stile, over which both old and young tumbled upon one another, and a winding course, escaped their brutal fury, and flying catsticks; and how, in fancy, we followed him to his undiscovered retreat; and imagined we beheld the intrepid thief enjoying his dear-earned purchase with a delight proportioned to his past danger?

I once made a charming little savage severely repent the delight she took in seeing her tabby favourite make cruel sport with a pretty sleek bead-eyed mouse, before she devoured it. Egad, my Love, said I to myself, as I sat meditating the scene, I am determined to lie in wait for a fit opportunity to try how *thou* wilt like to be toft over *my* head, and be caught again: How *thou* wilt like to be patted from me, and pulled to me. Yet will I rather give life than take it away, as this barbarous quadrupede has at last done by her prey. And after all was over between my girl and

me, I reminded her of the incident to which my resolution was owing.

Nor had I at another time any mercy upon the daughter of an old Epicure, who had taught the girl, without the least remorse, to roast Lobsters alive; to cause a poor Pig to be whipt to death; to scrape Carp the contrary way of the scales, making them leap in the stew-pan, and dressing them in their own blood for sawce. And this for luxury-sake, and to provoke an appetite; which I had without stimulation, in my way, and that I can tell thee a very ravenous one.

Many more instances of the like nature could I give, were I to leave nothing to thyself, to shew that the best take the same liberties, and perhaps worse, with some sort of creatures, that we take with others; all *creatures* still! and creatures too; as I have observed above, replete with strong life, and sensible feeling!—If therefore people pretend to mercy, let mercy go thro' all their actions. I have read somewhere, *That a merciful man is merciful to his beast.*

So much at present for those parts of thy Letter in which thou urgest to me motives of compassion for the Lady.

But I guess at thy principal, &c.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 351. l. 20. and Edit. ii. p. 362. l. 12. from the bottom, after minds like her own, insert,

Were I to take thy stupid advice, and marry; what a figure should I make in Rakish annals! The Lady in my power: Yet not having *intended* to put herself in my power: Declaring against Love, and a Rebel to it: So much open-eyed caution: No confidence in my honour: Her family expecting the worst *hath* passed; herself seeming to expect, that the worst *will* be attempted: [Priscilla Partington for that!] What! wouldst thou not have me act in character?

But why callest thou the Lady *innocent*? And why sayst thou *she loves me*? By

By *innocent*, with regard to me, and not taken as a general character, I must insist upon it, she is *not* innocent. Can *she* be innocent, who, by wishing to shackle me in the prime and glory of my youth, with such a capacity as I have for noble mischief (*a*), would make my perdition more certain, were I to break, as I doubt I should, the most solemn vow I could make? I say, no man ought to take even a common oath, who thinks he cannot keep it. This is conscience! This is honour!—And when I think I can keep the Marriage-vow, then will it be time to marry.

No doubt of it, &c.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 351. l. 8. from the bottom, after
thistle to mumble upon, insert,

A SHORT interruption (*b*). I now resume.

That the morals of this Lady cannot fail, is a consideration that will lessen the guilt on both sides. And if, when subdued, she knows but how to middle the matter between Virtue and Love, then will she be a Wife for me: For already I am convinced, that there is not a woman in the world that is Love-proof and Plot-proof, if she be not the person.

And now imagine (the Charmer overcome) thou seest me sitting supinely cross-kneed, reclining on my sofa, the god of Love dancing in my eyes, and rejoicing in every mantling feature; the sweet rogue, late such a proud rogue, wholly in my power, moving up slowly to me, at my beck, with heaving sighs, half-pronounced upbraidings from murmuring lips, her finger in her eye, and quickening her pace at my
Come hither, Dearest!

One hand stuck in my side, the other extended to encourage her bashful approach—*Kiss me, Love!*—

(*a*) See Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 130. and Edit. ii. p. 129.

(*b*) This passage is inserted Vol. iii. p. 363—365. of the 2d Edit.

Sweet, as Jack Belford says, are the joys that come with willingness.

She tenders her purple mouth [Her coral lips will be purple then, Jack!]: Sigh not so deeply, my Beloved!—Happier hours await thy humble love, than did thy proud resistance.

Once more bend to my ardent lips the swanny glossiness of a neck late so stately.—

There's my precious!—

Again!—

Obliging Loveliness!—

O my ever-blooming Glory!—I have try'd thee enough.—To-morrow's Sun—

Then I rise, and fold to my almost-talking heart the throbbing-bosom'd Charmer.

And now shall thy humbled pride confess its obligation to me!—

To-morrow's Sun—And then I disengage myself from the bashful Passive, and stalk about the room—To-morrow's Sun shall gild the Altar at which my vows shall be paid thee!

Then, Jack, the rapture! then the darted sunbeams from her gladdened eye, drinking up at one sip, the precious distillation from the pearl-dropt cheek! Then hands ardently folded, eyes seeming to pronounce, God bless my Lovelace! to supply the joy-locked tongue! Her transports too strong, and expression too weak, to give utterance to her grateful meanings!—All—All the studies—All the studies of her future life vowed and devoted (when she can speak), to acknowledge and return the perpetuated obligation!

If I could bring my Charmer to this, would it not be the Eligible of Eligibles?—Is it not worth trying for?—As I said, I can marry her when I will. She *can* be nobody's but mine, neither for shame, nor by choice, nor yet by address: For who, that knows my character, believes that the worst she dreads, is *now* to be dreaded?

I have the highest opinion that man can have (thou knowest I have) of the merit and perfections of this admirable woman; of her virtue and honour too; altho' thou, in a former, art of opinion, that she *may be overcome*. Am I not therefore obliged to go further, in order to contradict thee, and, as I have often urged, to be *sure*, that she is what I really think her to be; and, if I am ever to marry her, hope to find her?

Then this Lady is a mistress of our passions: No one ever had to so much perfection the Art of moving. This all her family know, and have equally feared and revered her for it. This I know too; and doubt not more and more to experience. How charmingly must this divine creature warble forth (if a proper occasion be given) her melodious Elegiacs!—Infinite beauties are there in a weeping eye. I first taught the two nymphs below to distinguish the several accents of the *Lamentable* in a new subject, and how admirably some, more than others, become their distresses.

But to return to thy objections—Thou wilt perhaps tell me, &c.

Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 355. l. 18. and Edit. ii. p. 368. l. ult. after over-run him, insert,

Yet he pretends, that he has no pride but in obliging me: And is always talking of his reverence and humility, and such sort of stuff: But of this I am sure, that he has, as I observed the first time I saw him, too much regard to his own person, greatly to value that of his Wife, marry he whom he will: And I must be blind, if I did not see, that he is exceedingly vain of his external advantages, and of that Address, which, if it has *any* merit in it to an outward eye, is perhaps owing more to his confidence, than to any-thing else.

Have you not beheld, &c.

Vol. iv. Edit. i. p. 9. dele the Paragraph beginning A fair contention, &c. and read,

A fair contention (*a*), thou see'st: Nor plead thou in her favour her *Youth*, her *Beauty*, her *Family*, her *Fortune*. CREDULITY, she has none; and with regard to her TENDER YEARS, Am I not a young fellow myself? As to BEAUTY; pr'ythee, Jack, do thou, to spare my modesty, make a comparison between my Clarissa for a *Woman*, and thy Lovelace for a *Man*. For her FAMILY; That was not known to its country a Century ago: And I hate them all but her. Have I not cause?—For her FORTUNE; Fortune, thou knowest, was ever a *stimulus* with me; and this for reasons not ignoble. Do not girls of Fortune adorn themselves on purpose to engage our attention? Seek they not to draw us into their snares? Depend they not, generally, on their *Fortunes*, in the views they have upon us, more than on their *Merits*? Shall we deprive them of the benefit of their *principal* dependence?—Can I, in particular, marry *every* girl who wishes to obtain my notice? If, therefore, in support of the libertine principles for which none of the sweet rogues hate us, a woman of fortune is brought to yield homage to her Emperor, and any consequences attend the *Subjugation*, is not such a one shielded by her fortune, as well from insult and contempt, as from indigence?—All, then, that admits of debate between my Beloved and me, is only this—Which of the two has more *Wit*, more *Circumspection*—And that remains to be tried.

A sad Life however, this Life of Doubt and Suspense, for the poor Lady, &c.

(*a*) In the 2d Edition, Vol. iv. p. 9. this paragraph is inserted according to the present amendment.

Vol. iv. Edit. i. p. 10. l. penult. & ult. after our Loves will be attended with, dele the rest of the paragraph, and read,

But perseverance (a) is my glory, and patience my handmaid, when I have in view an object worthy of my attempts. What is there in an easy conquest? Hudibras questions well,

—What mad Lover ever dy'd
To gain a soft and easy Bride?
Or, for a Lady tender-hearted,
In purling streams, or bemp, departed?

But I will lead to the occasion of this preamble.

I had been out, &c.

Vol. iv. Edit. i. p. 19. l. 10. and Edit. ii. p. 19. l. 12. after give me hope, dele to I do assure you, &c. and read,

—I will resolve to abandon him for ever.

O my dear! he is a fierce, a foolish, an insolent creature!—And in truth, I hardly expect, that we can accommodate. How much unhappier am I already with him, than my Mother ever was with my Father after marriage! Since (and that without any reason, any pretence in the world for it) he is for breaking my spirit *before* I am his; and while I am, or ought to be [O my folly, that I am not!] in my own power.

Till I can know whether my friends will give me hope or not, I must do what I never studied to do before in any case; that is, to try to keep this difference open: And yet it will make me look *little in my own eyes*; because I shall mean by it more than I can own. But this is one of the consequences of a step I shall ever deplore! The natural fruits of all engagements, where the minds are unpaired—*dis-paired*, in my case may I say.

(a) This passage is inserted Vol. iv. p. 11. of the 2d Edition.

Let this evermore be my caution to individuals of my Sex—Guard your eye: 'Twill ever be in a combination against your judgment. If there are two parts to be taken, it will for ever, traitor as it is, take the wrong one.

If you ask me, my dear, How this caution befits me? let me tell you a secret which I have but very lately found out upon self-examination, altho' you seem to have made the discovery long ago; That had not my foolish eye been too much attached, I had not taken the pains to attempt, so officiously as I did, the prevention of mischief between him and some of my family, which first induced the correspondence between us, and was the occasion of bringing the apprehended mischief with double weight upon myself. My vanity and conceit, as far as I know, might have part in the inconsiderate measure: For does it not look as if I thought myself more capable of obviating difficulties, than any-body else of my family?

But you must not, my dear, suppose my heart to be still a confederate with my eye. That deluded eye now clearly sees its fault, and the misled heart despises it for it. Hence the application I am making to my Uncle: Hence it is, that I can say (I think truly) that I would atone for my fault at any rate, even by the sacrifice of a limb or two, if that would do.

Adieu, my dearest friend!—May your heart never know the hundredth part of the pain mine at present feels! prays

Your

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Miss HOWE, To Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Wednesday, May 10.

I Will write! No man shall write for me (a). No woman shall hinder me from writing. Surely I am of age to distinguish between reason and caprice. I

(a) Clarissa proposes Mr. Hickman to write for Miss Howe. See Vol. iii. p. 336. of the 1st Edition, and p. 344, 345. of the 2d.

am not writing to a man, am I?—If I were carrying on a correspondence with a fellow, of whom my Mother disapproved, and whom it might be improper for me to encourage, my own honour and my duty would engage my obedience. But as the case is so widely different, not a word more on this subject, I beseech you!

I much approve of your resolution to leave this wretch, if you can make up with your Uncle.

I hate the man—Most heartily do I hate him, for his teasing ways. The very reading of your account of them teases me almost as much as they can you. May you have encouragement to fly the foolish wretch!

I have other reasons to wish you may: For I have just made an acquaintance with one who knows a vast deal of his private history. The man is really a villain, my dear! an execrable one! if all be true that I have heard; and yet I am promised *other* particulars. I do assure you, &c.

Vol. iv. Edit. i. p. 42. l. 17, 18. and Edit. ii. p. 42. l. 22. dele As witness your Anna Howe, *and read,*

And let him tell me afterwards, if he dared or would, that he humbled down to his shoe-buckles the person it would have been his glory to exalt.

Support yourself mean time with reflections worthy of yourself. Tho' tricked into this man's power, you are not meanly subjugated to it. All his reverence you command, or rather, as I may say, inspire; since it was never known, that he had any reverence for aught that was good, till you was with him: And he professes now-and-then to be so awed and charmed by your example, as that the force of it shall reclaim him.

I believe you will have a difficult task to keep him to it: But the more will be your honour, if you effect his Reformation: And it is my belief, that if

you *can* reclaim this great, this specious deceiver, who has, morally speaking, such a number of years before him; you will save from ruin a multitude of innocents; for those seem to me to have been the prey for which he has spread his wicked snarés. And who knows but, for this very purpose principally, a person may have been permitted to swerve, whose heart or will never was in her error, and who has so much remorse upon her for having, as she thinks, erred at all? Adieu, my dearest friend, ANNA HOWE.

Vol. iv. Edit. i. p. 63. l. 14. after Lord M. or not, insert,

To leave it to *me* (a), to chuse whether the speedy Day he ought to have urged for with earnestness, should be accelerated or suspended!—Miss Howe, thought I, &c.

Vol. iv. Edit. i. p. 63. l. 5. from the bottom, after delay from him, dele the following paragraph, and read,

I was silent (b).

Next day, Madam, if not to-morrow?—

Had he given me *time* to answer, it could not have been in the affirmative, you must think—But *in the same breath*, he went on—Or the *day after that*?—And taking both my hands in his, he stared me into a half-confusion—Would *you* have had patience with him, my dear?

No, no, said I, as calmly as possible, you cannot think, that I should imagine there can be reason, &c.

Vol. iv. Edit. i. p. 64. l. 6. after of self-denial, insert,

Is it not plain (c), my dear, that he designs to vex, and teaze me? Proud, yet mean, and foolish man, if

(a) This passage is inserted Vol. iv. p. 63. of the 2d Edition.

(b) This passage is also inserted Vol. iv. p. 64. of the 2d Edition.

(c) This passage is also inserted Vol. iv. p. 64. of the 2d Edition.

So!—But you say all Punctilio is at an End with me. Why, why, will he take pains to make a heart wrap itself up in Reserve, that wishes only, and that for his sake as well as my own, to observe due decorum? Modesty, I think, &c.

Vol. iv. Edit. i. p. 65. l. 13. from the bottom, on the words your opinion, add the following Note:

We cannot forbear (a) observing in this place, that the Lady has been particularly censured, even by some of her own Sex, as over-nice in her part of the above conversations. But surely this must be owing to want of attention to the circumstances she was in, and to her character, as well as to the character of the man she had to deal with: For altho' she could not be supposed to know so much of his designs as the Reader does by means of his Letters to Belford; yet she was but too well convinced of his faulty morals, and of the necessity there was, from the whole of his behaviour to her, to keep such an encroacher, as she frequently calls him, at a distance. In Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 170. Edit. ii. p. 169, 170. the Reader will see, that upon some favourable appearances she blames herself for her readiness to suspect him. But his character, his principles, says she, are so faulty; he is so light, so vain, so various!—Then, my dear, I have no Guardian now, no Father, no Mother! Nothing but God and my own vigilance to depend upon! In Vol. iii. Edit. i. and ii. p. 73. Must I not with such a man, says she, be wanting to myself, were I not jealous and vigilant?

By this time the Reader will see, that she had still greater reason for her jealousy and vigilance. And Lovelace will tell the Sex, as he does Vol. iv. Edit. i. p. 257. Edit. ii. p. 259. That the woman who resents not initiatory freedoms, must be lost. Love is an encroacher, says he: Love never goes backward. No-

(a) This Note is inserted Vol. iv. p. 66. of the 2d Edition.

thing but the highest act of Love can satisfy an indulged Love.

But the Reader perhaps is too apt to form a judgment of *Clarissa's* conduct in critical cases by *Lovelace's* complaints of her coldness; not considering his views upon her; and that she is proposed as an Example; and therefore in her trials and distresses must not be allowed to dispense with those Rules which perhaps some others of her Sex, in her delicate situation, would not have thought themselves so strictly bound to observe; altho', if she had not observed them, a *Lovelace* would have carried all his points.

Vol. iv. Edit. i. p. 66. l. 21. and Edit. ii. p. 67. l. 18, 19. after on these occasions, insert,

I'll tell thee beforehand, how it will be with my Charmer in this case—She will be about it, and about it, several times: But I will not understand her: At last, after half a dozen hem—ings, she will be obliged to speak out—I think, *Mr. Lovelace*—I think, *Sir*—I think you were saying some days ago—Still I will be all silence—her eyes fixed upon my shoe-buckles, as I sit over-against her—Ladies, when put to it thus, always admire a man's shoe-buckles, or perhaps some particular beauties in the carpet. I think you said, that *Mrs. Fretchville*—Then a crystal tear trickles down each crimson cheek, vexed to have her virgin pride so little assisted. But, come, my meaning dear, cry I to myself, remember what I have suffered for thee, and what I have suffered by thee! Thy tearful pausings shall not be helped out by me. Speak out, Love!—O the sweet confusion! Can I rob myself of so many conflicting beauties by the precipitate charmer-pitying folly, by which a *politer* man [Thou knowest, *Lovely*, that I am no *polite* man!] betrayed by his own tenderness, and unused to female tears, would have been overcome? I will feign an irresolution of mind on the occasion, that she may not quite abhor me

me—that her reflections on the scene in my absence may bring to her remembrance some beauties in my part of it: An irresolution that will be owing to awe, to reverence, to profound veneration; and that will have more eloquence in it, than words can have. Speak out then, Love, and spare not.

Hard-heartedness, as it is called, is an *essential* of the *Libertine's* character. Familiarized to the distresses he occasions, he is seldom betrayed by tenderness into a complaisant weakness unworthy of himself.

Mentioning the Settlements, &c.

Vol. iv. Edit. i. p. 70. l. ult. and Edit. ii. p. 71. l. 10. from the bottom, after in this life, insert,

And what is the result of all I have written, but this? Either marry, my dear, or get from them all, and from him too.

You intend the latter, you'll say, as soon as you have opportunity. That, as above hinted, I hope quickly to furnish you with: And then comes on a trial between you and yourself.

These are the very fellows, that we women do not naturally hate. We don't always know what is, and what is not, in our power to do. When some principal point we have had long in view becomes so critical, that we must of necessity chuse or refuse, then perhaps we look about us; are affrighted at the wild and uncertain prospect before us; and after a few struggles and heart-achs, reject the untried New; draw in our horns, and resolve to *snail-on*, as we did before, in a track we are acquainted with.

I shall be impatient, &c.

Vol. iv. Edit. i. p. 71. l. antepenult. & penult. and Edit. ii. p. 72. l. 24, 25. after call her his, insert,

What apprehensions wouldst thou have had reason for, had she been prevailed upon by giddy or frail motives,

motives, which one man, by importunity, might prevail for, as well as another?

We all know what an inventive genius thou art master of: We are all sensible, that thou hast *a head to contrive, and a heart to execute*. Have I not called thine *the plotting'st heart in the universe*? I called it so upon knowledge. What wouldst thou *more*? Why should it be the most *villainous*, as well as the most *able*?—Marry the Lady; and, *when married*, let her know what a number of contrivances thou hadst in readiness to play off. Beg of her not to hate thee for the communication; and assure her, that thou gavest them up from remorse, and in justice to her extraordinary merit; and let her have the opportunity of congratulating herself for subduing a heart so capable of what thou callest *glorious mischief*. This will give her room for triumph; and even *thee* no less: She for *hers* over *thee*; thou, for *thine* over *thyself*.

Reflect likewise, &c.

Vol. iv. Edit. i. p. 77. l. 10. after I am troubled with, dele the following paragraph, and read,

No man is every-thing^(a)—You, Mr. Belford, are a learned man. I am a Peer. And do you (as you best know how) inculcate upon him the force of these wise sayings which follow, as well as those which went before; but yet so discreetly, as that he may not know, that you *borrow your darts from my quiver*. These be they—*Happy is the man who knows his follies in his youth. He that lives well, lives long. Again, He that lives ill one year, will sorrow for it seven. And again, as the Spaniards have it—Who lives well, sees afar off! Far off indeed; for he sees into Eternity, as a man may say. Then that other fine saying, He who perishes in needless dangers, is the Devil's Martyr.* Another Proverb I picked up at Madrid, when I accompanied Lord Lexington in his Embassy

^(a) This passage is inserted Vol. iv. p. 78, 79. of the 2d Edition.

Embassy to Spain, which might teach our Nephew more Mercy and Compassion than is in his Nature I doubt to shew; which is this, *That he who pities another, remembers himself.* And this that is going to follow, I am sure he has proved the truth of a hundred times, *That he who does what he will, seldom does what he ought.* Nor is that unworthy of his notice, *Young mens frolicks, old men feel.* My devilish gout, God help me—But I will not say what I was going to say.

I remember, that you yourself, complimenting me for my taste in pithy and wise sentences, said a thing that gave me a high opinion of you; and it was this. *Men of talents, said you, are sooner to be convinced by short sentences than by long preachments, because the short sentences drive themselves into the heart, and stay there, while long discourses, tho' ever so good, tire the attention; and one good thing drives out another, and so on till all is forgotten.*

May your good counsels, &c.

Vol. iv. Edit. i. p. 84. l. 9. from the bottom, after a single death, insert,

But art thou sure (a), Jack, it is a mortification?—My Uncle once gave promises of such a root-and-branch distemper: But, alas! it turned to a smart gout-fit; and I had the mortification instead of him—I have heard that the Bark in proper doses will arrest a mortification in its progress, and at last cure it. Let thy Uncle's Surgeon know, that it is worth more than his ears, if he prescribe one grain of the Bark.

I wish my Uncle, &c.

(a) This passage is inserted Vol. iv. p. 86. of the 2d Edition.

*Vol. iv. Edit. i. p. 101. l. 4. from the bottom, and
Edit. ii. p. 103. l. 24. dele that paragraph, and
read,*

Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, To Miss HOWE.

Friday, May 19.

I Would not, if I could help it, be so continually brooding over the dark and gloomy face of my condition [All nature, you know, my dear, and every-thing in it, has a bright and a gloomy side] as to be thought unable to enjoy a more hopeful prospect. And this, not only for my own sake, but for yours, who take such generous concern in all that befalls me.

Let me tell you then, my dear, that I have known four-and-twenty hours together not unhappy ones, my situation considered.

She then gives, &c.

Vol. iv. Edit. i. p. 102. l. 17. and Edit. ii. p. 104. l. 7. after meet in town, dele to the end of the Letter, and read,

Even Dorcas, *says she*, appears less exceptionable to me than before, and I cannot but pity her for her neglected education, as it is matter of so much regret to *herself*: Else, there would not be much in it; as the Low and Illiterate are the most useful people in the commonwealth (since such constitute the labouring part of the public); and as a Lettered Education but too generally sets people above those servile offices, by which the business of the world is carried on. Nor have I any doubt, that there are, take the world thro', twenty happy people among the Unlettered, to one among those who have had a School Education.

This, however, concludes not against Learning or Letters;

Letters; since one would wish to lift to some little distinction, and more genteel usefulness, those who have capacity, and whose Parentage one respects, or whose services one would wish to reward.

Were my mind quite at ease, I could enlarge, perhaps not unusefully, upon this subject; for I have considered it with as much attention as my years, and little experience and observation, will permit.

But the extreme illiterateness and indocility of this maid are surprising, considering that she wants not inquisitiveness, appears willing to learn, and, in other respects, has quick parts. This confirms to me what I have heard remarked, That there is a *docible Season*, a Learning-time, as I may say, for every person, in which the mind may be led step by step, from the lower to the higher (year by year) to improvement. How industriously ought these Seasons, as they offer, to be taken hold of, by Tutors, Parents, and other friends, to whom the cultivation of the genius of children and youth is committed; since, once elapsed, and no foundation laid, they hardly ever return!—And yet it must be confessed, that there are some genius's, which, like some fruits, ripen not till late. And Industry and Perseverance will do prodigious things—But for a learner to have those first rudiments to master, at twenty years of age suppose, which others are taught, and they themselves might have attained, at ten, what an up-hill labour!

These kind of observations you have always wished me to intersperse, as they arise to my thoughts. But it is a sign that my prospects are a little mended, or I should not, among so many more interesting ones, that my mind has been of late filled with, have had heart's-ease enough to make them.

Let me give you my *reflections* on my more hopeful prospects.

I am now, in the first place, better able to account for the delays about the house, than I was before—

Poor

Poor Mrs. Fretchville!—Tho' I know her not, I pity her!—Next, it looks well, that he had apprised the women (before this conversation with them) of his intention to stay in this house, after I was removed to the other. By the tone of his voice he seemed concerned for the appearance this new delay would have with me.

So handsomely did Miss Martin express herself of me, that I am sorry, methinks, that I judged so hardly of her, when I first came hither—Free people may go a great way, but not all the way: And as such are generally unguarded, precipitate, and thoughtless, the same quickness, changeableness, and *suddenness* of spirit, as I may call it, may intervene (if the heart be not corrupted) to recover them to thought and duty.

His reason for declining to go in person to bring up the Ladies of his family, while my Brother and Singleton continue their machinations, carries no bad face with it; and one may the rather allow for *their* expectations, that so proud a spirit as his should attend them for this purpose, as he speaks of them sometimes as persons of punctilio.

Other reasons I will mention for my being easier in my mind than I was before I overheard this conversation.

Such as, the advice he has received in relation to Singleton's mate; which agrees but too well with what you, my dear, wrote to me in yours of May the 10th.

His not intending to acquaint *me* with it.

His cautions to the servants about the sailor, if he should come, and make enquiries about us.

His resolution to avoid violence, were he to fall in either with my Brother, or this Singleton; and the easy method he has chalked out, in this case, to prevent mischief; since I need only *not to deny* my being his. But yet I should be exceedingly unhappy in my
own

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own opinion, to be driven into such a tacit acknowledgement to any new persons, till I am so, altho' I have been led (so much against my liking) to give countenance to the belief of the persons below that we are married.

I think myself obliged, from what passed between Mr. Lovelace and me on Wednesday, and from what I overheard him say, to consent to go with him to the Play; and the rather, as he had the discretion to propose one of the Nieces to accompany me.

I cannot but acknowledge that I am pleased to find, that he has actually written to Lord M.

I have promised to give Mr. Lovelace an answer to his proposals as soon as I have heard from you, my dear, on the subject.

I hope that in my next Letter I shall have reason to confirm these favourable appearances. Favourable I must think them in the wreck I have suffered.

I hope, that in the trial which you hint may happen between *me* and *myself* (as you (*a*) express it) if he should so behave, as to oblige me to leave him, I shall be able to act in such a manner, as to bring no discredit upon myself in your eye; and that is all now that I have to wish for. But if I value him so much as you are pleased to suppose I do, the trial which you imagine will be so difficult to me, will not, I conceive, be upon getting from him, when the means to effect my escape are lent me; but how I shall behave when got from him; and if, like the Israelites of old, I shall be so weak as to wish to return to my Egyptian bondage.

I think it will not be amiss, notwithstanding the present favourable appearances, that you should perfect the scheme (whatever it be) which you tell me you have thought of, in order to procure for me an asylum, in case of necessity. Mr. Lovelace is certainly a deep and dangerous man; and it is therefore but prudence
to

(a) See before, p. 87.

to be watchful, and to be provided against the worst. Lord bless me, my dear, how am I reduced!—Could I ever have thought to be in such a situation, as to be obliged to stay with a man, of whose honour by me I could have but the *shadow* of a doubt!—But I will look forward, and hope the best.

I am certain, that your Letters are safe.—Be perfectly easy, therefore, on that head.

Mr. Lovelace will never be out of my company by his good-will; otherwise I have no doubt that I am mistress of my goings-out and comings-in; and did I think it needful, and were I not afraid of my Brother, and Capt. Singleton, I would oftener put it to trial.

Vol. iv. Edit. i. p. 130. l. 3, 4. and Edit. ii. p. 132. l. 10, 11. after humbling of her, dele what follows, and read,

In another Letter (a), the little Fury professes, that she will write, and that no man shall write for her, as if some medium of that kind had been proposed. She approves of her fair friend's intention, to leave me, if she can be received by her relations. I am a wretch, a foolish wretch. She hates me for my teasing ways. She has just made an acquaintance with one who knows a vast deal of my private history. A curse upon her, and upon her historiographer!—The man is really a villain, an execrable one. Devil take her! Had I a dozen lives, &c.

Vol. iv. Edit. i. p. 133. l. penult. & ult. and Edit. ii. p. 136. l. 7, 8. after their purlieus, insert,

Tho' tricked into this man's power, she tells her, she is not meanly subjugated to it. There are hopes of my Reformation, it seems, from my reverence for her; since before her, I never had any reverence for what was good! I am a great, a specious deceiver. I thank her for this, however. A good moral use, she says, may be

(a) See before, p. 82.

be made of *my having prevailed upon her to swerve*. I am glad that any good may flow from my actions.

Annexed to this Letter, &c.

Vol. iv. Edit. i. p. 136. l. 25. and Edit. ii. p. 138.

l. 33, 34. after bearing this, Belford, insert,

But such men as myself, are the men that women do not naturally hate.—True as the gospel, Jack!—The truth is out at last. Have I not always told thee so? Sweet creatures and true Christians these young girls! They love their enemies. But Rakes in their hearts all of them: Like turns to Like; *that's the thing*. Were I not well assured of the truth of this observation of the vixen, I should have thought it worth while, if not to be a good man, to be more of an hypocrite, than I found it needful to be.

But in the Letter, &c.

Vol. iv. Edit. i. p. 143. l. 34, 35. and Edit. ii. p. 146.

l. 14. after upon it still, dele *to I was so disgusted with him, &c. and read,*

Do you not think, my dear, that I have reason to be incensed at him, my situation considered? Am I not under a necessity, as it were, of quarreling with him; at least every other time I see him? No Prudery, no Coquetry, no Tyranny in my heart, or in my behaviour to him, that I know of. No affected Procrastination. Aiming at nothing but decorum. He as much concerned, and so he ought to think, as I, to have That observed. Too much in his power: Cast upon him by the cruelty of my relations. No other protection to fly to but his. One plain path before us; yet such embarrasses, such difficulties, such subjects for doubt, for cavil, for uneasiness; as fast as one is obviated, another to be introduced, and not by myself—I know not how introduced—What pleasure can I propose to myself in meeting such a wretch?

Perfect for me, my dearest Miss Howe, perfect for me, I beseech you, your kind scheme with Mrs. Townsend; and I will then leave this man.

My temper, I believe, is changed. No wonder if it be. I question whether ever it will be what it was. But I cannot make *him* half so uneasy by the change, as I am *myself*. See you not how, from step to step, he grows upon me?—I tremble to look back upon his encroachments. And now to give me cause to apprehend *more evil from him, than indignation will permit me to express!*—O my dear, perfect your scheme, and let me fly from so strange a wretch!

Yet, to be first an eloper from my friends to him, as the world supposes; and now to be so from him [To *whom* I know not!] how hard to one who ever endeavoured to shun intricate paths! But he must certainly have views in quarreling with me thus, which he dare not own!—Yet what can they be?—I am terrified but to think of what they may be!

Let me *but* get from him!—As to my reputation, if I leave him—That is already too much wounded for me, now, to be careful about any-thing, but how to act so, as that my own Heart shall not reproach me. As to the world's censure, I must be content to suffer that—An unhappy composition, however!—What a wreck have my fortunes suffered, to be obliged to throw overboard so many valuables, to preserve, indeed, the *only* valuable!—A composition that once it would have half-broken my heart to think there would have been the least danger that I should be obliged to submit to.

You, my dear, could not be a stranger to my most secret failings, altho' you would not tell me of them. What a pride did I take in the applause of every one!—What a pride even in supposing I had *not* that pride!—Which concealed itself from my unexamining heart under the specious veil of *Humility*, doubling the merit to myself by the *supposed*, and indeed *imputed*, gracefulness in the manner of conferring benefits, when I had not a single merit in what I did, vastly overpaid by the pleasure of doing some little good, and

and impelled, as I may say, by talents given me—
For what!—Not to be proud of.

So desirous, in short, to be considered as an *Example*! A vanity which my partial admirers put into my head!—And so secure in my own virtue!

I am punished enough, enough mortified, for this my vanity—I hope, *enough*, if it so please the all-gracious Inflicter: Since now, I verily think, I more despise myself for my presumptuous self-security, as well as vanity, than ever I secretly vaunted myself on my good inclinations: *Secretly*, I say, however; for indeed I had not given myself leisure to reflect, till I was thus mortified, how very imperfect I was; nor how much truth there is in what Divines tell us, That we sin in our best performances.

But I was very young—But here let me watch over myself again: For in those four words, *I was very young*, is there not a palliation couched, that were enough to take all efficacy from the discovery and confession?

What strange imperfect beings!—But *Self* here, which is at the bottom of all we do, and of all we wish, is the grand misleader.

I will not apologize to you, my dear, for these grave reflections. Is it not enough to make the unhappy creature look into herself, and endeavour to detect herself, who, from such an high Reputation, left to proud and presumptuous Self, should, by one thoughtless step, be brought to the dreadful situation I am in?

Let me, however, look forward: To despond would be to add sin to sin. And whom have I to raise me up, whom to comfort me, if I desert *myself*?—Thou, O Father! who, I hope, hast not yet deserted, hast not yet cursed me!—For I am thine!—It is fit that meditation should supply the rest.—

I WAS so disgusted with him, &c.

Vol. iv. Edit. i. p. 162. l. 13. and Edit. ii. p. 164.

l. 13. from the bottom, after farther between us, insert,

But I see, I see, she does not *hate* me!—How it would mortify my vanity, if I thought there was a woman in the world, much more this, that could *hate* me!—'Tis evident, villain as she thinks me, that I should not be an *odious* villain, if I could but at last in *one* instance cease to be a villain! She could not hold it, determined as she had thought herself, I saw by her eyes, the moment I endeavoured to dissipate her apprehensions, on my *too-ready knees*, as she calls them. The moment the rough covering that my teasing behaviour has thrown over her affections is quite removed, I doubt not to find all silk and silver at bottom, all soft, bright, and charming.

I was however, &c.

Vol. iv. Edit. i. p. 170. l. 8. and Edit. ii. p. 172.

l. 19. after be always overcome, insert,

Our Mother and her nymphs say, I am a perfect Craven, and no Lovelace: And so I think. But this is no simpering, smiling charmer, as I have found others to be, when I have touched upon affecting subjects at a distance; as once or twice I have tried to her, the Mother introducing them (to make Sex palliate the freedom to Sex), when only we three together. She is above the affectation of not seeming to understand you. She shews by her displeasure, and a fierceness not natural to her eye, that she judges of an impure heart by an impure mouth, and darts dead at once even the embryo hopes of an encroaching Lover, however distantly insinuated, before the meaning hint can dawn into *double entendre*.

By my faith, &c.

History of CLARISSA. 99

Vol. iv. Edit. i. p. 196. l. 28. and Edit. ii. p. 199.
l. 16. dele that paragraph, and insert the following
Letter:

Mr. LOVELACE, To JOHN BELFORD, Esq;

AND now, that my Beloved seems secure in my net, for my project upon the vixen Miss Howe, and upon her Mother: In which the officious prancer Hickman is to come in for a dash.

But why upon her Mother, methinks thou askest; who, unknown to herself, has only acted, by thy impulse, thro' thy agent Joseph Leman, upon the folly of old Tony the Uncle?

No matter for that: She believes she acts upon her own judgment; and deserves to be punished for pretending to judgment, when she has none.—Every living soul, but myself, I can tell thee, shall be punished, that treats either cruelly or disrespectfully so adored a Lady.—What a plague! is it not enough that she is teased and tormented in person by me?

I have already broken the matter to our three confederates; as a *supposed*, not a *resolved-on* case indeed. And yet they know, that with me, in a piece of mischief, Execution, with its swiftest feet, is seldom three paces behind Projection, which hardly ever limps neither.

MOWBRAY is not against it. It is a scheme, he says, worthy of us: And we have not done any-thing for a good while, that has made a noise.

BELTON indeed hesitates a little, because matters go wrong between him and his Thomazine; and the poor fellow has not the courage to have his sore place probed to the bottom.

TOURVILLE has started a fresh game, and shrugs his shoulders, and should not *chuse* to go abroad at present, *if I please*. For I apprehend that (from the nature of the project) there will be a kind of necessity to travel, till all is blown over.

To ME, one country is as good as another; and I shall soon, I suppose, chuse to quit this paltry Island; except the mistress of my fate will consent to cohabit at home; and so lay me under no necessity of *surprising her into foreign parts*. TRAVELLING, thou knowest, gives the Sexes charming opportunities of being familiar with one another. A very few days and nights must now decide all matters betwixt me and my fair Inimitable.

DOLEMAN, who can act in these causes only as chamber-counsel, will inform us by pen and ink [his right hand and right side having not yet been struck, and the other side beginning to be sensible] of all that shall occur in our absence.

As for THEE, we had rather have thy company than not; for, altho' thou art a wretched fellow at contrivance, yet art thou intrepid at execution. But as thy present engagements make thy attendance uncertain, I am not for making thy part necessary to our scheme; but for leaving thee to come after us when abroad. I know thou canst not long live without us.

The project, in short, is this:—Mrs. Howe has an elder Sister in the Isle of Wight, who is lately a widow; and I am well informed, that the Mother and Daughter have engaged, before the latter is married, to pay a visit to this Lady, who is rich, and intends Miss for her heiress; and in the interim will make her some valuable presents on her approaching Nuptials; which, as Mrs. Howe, who loves money more than any-thing but herself, told one of my acquaintance, would be *worth fetching*.

Now, Jack, nothing more need be done, than to hire a little trim vessel, which shall sail a pleasuring backward and forward to Portsmouth, Spithead, and the Isle of Wight, for a week or fortnight before we enter upon our parts of the plot. And as Mrs. Howe will be for making the best bargain she can for her passage, the master of the vessel may have orders (as a per-

perquisite allowed him by his owners) to take what she will give: And the Master's name, be it what it will, shall be *Ganmore* on the occasion; for I know a rogue of that name, who is not obliged to be of any country, any more than we.

Well, then, we will imagine them on board. I will be there in disguise. They know not any of ye four—supposing (the scheme so inviting) that thou canst be one.

'Tis plaguy hard, if we cannot *find*, or *make*, a storm.

Perhaps they will be sea-sick: But whether they be or not, no doubt they will keep their Cabin.

Here will be Mrs. Howe, Miss Howe, Mr. Hickman, a Maid, and a Footman, I suppose; and thus we will order it:

I know it will be hard weather: I *know* it will: And before there can be the least suspicion of the matter, we shall be in sight of Guernsey, Jersey, Dieppe, Cherbourg, or any-whither on the French coast that it shall please us to agree with the winds to blow us: And then, securing the footman, and the women being separated, one of us, according to lots that may be cast, shall overcome, either by persuasion or force, the maid-servant: That will be no hard task; and she is a likely wench [I have seen her often]: One, Mrs. Howe; nor can there be much difficulty there; for she is full of health and life, and has been long a Widow: Another [*That*, says the princely Lion, must be *I*!] the saucy Daughter; who will be too much frightened to make great resistance [*Violent spirits*, in that Sex, are seldom *true* spirits—'Tis but where they *can*—]: And after beating about the coast for three or four days for recreation's sake, and to make sure work, and till we see our sullen birds begin to eat and sip, we will set them all ashore where it will be most convenient; sell the vessel [To Mrs. Townsend's agents, with all my heart, or to some other

Smugglers] or give it to Ganmore; and pursue our travels, and tarry abroad till all is hushed up.

Now I know thou wilt make difficulties, as it is thy way; while it is mine to conquer them. My other vassals made theirs; and I condescended to obviolate them: As thus I will thine, first stating them for thee according to what I know of thy phlegm.

What, in the first place, wilt thou ask, shall be done with Hickman? who will be in full parade of dress and primness, in order to shew the old Aunt what a devilish clever fellow of a Nephew she is to have.

What!—I'll tell thee—Hickman, in good manners, will leave the women in their Cabin—and, to shew his courage with his breeding, be upon deck—

Well, and suppose he is?

Suppose he is!—Why then I hope it is easy for Ganmore, or any-body else, myself suppose in my pea-jacket and great watch-coat (if any other make a scruple to do it) while he stands in the way, gaping and staring like a novice, to stumble against him, and push him overboard!—A rich thought!—Is it not, Belford?—He is certainly plaguy officious in the Ladies correspondence; and, I am informed, plays double between Mother and Daughter, in fear of both.—Dost not see him, Jack?—I do—popping up and down, his wig and hat floating by him; and paddling, pawing, and dashing, like a frightened mongrel—I am afraid he never ventured to learn to swim.

But thou wilt not drown the poor fellow; wilt thou?

No, no!—That is not necessary to the project—I hate to do mischiefs supererogatory. The skiff shall be ready to save him, while the vessel keeps its course: He shall be set on shore with the loss of wig and hat only, and of half of his little wits, at the place where he embarked, or any-where else.

Well, but shall we not be in danger of being hanged for

for three such enormous Rapes, altho' Hickman should escape with only a bellyful of sea-water?

Yes, to be sure, when caught—But is there any likelihood of that?—Besides, have we not been in danger before now, for worse facts?—And what is there in being only in *danger*?—If we actually were to appear in open day in England before matters are made up, there will be greater likelihood, that these women will *not* prosecute, than that they *will*.—For my own part, I should wish they *may*. Would not a brave fellow chuse to appear in court to such an arraignment, confronting women who would do credit to his attempt? The country is more merciful in *these* cases, than in *any others*: I should therefore like to put myself upon my country.

Let me indulge a few reflections upon what thou mayst think the *worst* that *can* happen. I will suppose that thou art one of us; and that all five are actually brought to tryal on this occasion: How bravely shall we enter a court, *I* at the head of you, dressed out each man, as if to his wedding-appearance!—You are sure of all the women, old and young, of your side.—What brave fellows!—What fine gentlemen!—There goes a charming handsome man!—meaning me, to be sure!—Who could find in their hearts to hang such a gentleman as that! whispers one Lady, sitting, perhaps, on the right hand of the Recorder [I suppose the scene to be in London]: While another disbelieves that any woman could *fairly* swear against *me*. All will croud after *me*: It will be each man's happiness (if ye shall chance to be bashful) to be neglected: I shall be found to be the greatest criminal; and my safety, for which the general voice will be engaged, will be yours.

But then comes the triumph of triumphs, that will make the accused look up, while the accusers are covered with confusion.

Make room there!—Stand by!—Give back!—

One receiving a rap, another an elbow, half a score a push apiece!—

Enter the slow-moving, hooded-faced, down-looking Plaintiffs.—

And first the Widow, with a sorrowful countenance, tho' half-veil'd, pitying her Daughter more than herself. The people, the women especially, who on this occasion will be five-sixths of the spectators, reproaching her—You'd have the conscience, would you, to have five such brave gentlemen as these hanged for you know not what?

Next comes the poor maid—who perhaps had been ravished twenty times before; and had not appeared now, but for company-sake; mincing, simpering, weeping, by turns; not knowing whether she should be sorry or glad.

But every eye dwells upon Miss!—See, see, the handsome gentleman bows to her!

To the very ground, to be sure, I shall bow; and kiss my hand.

See her confusion! See! She turns from him!—Ay! that's because it is in open court, cries an arch one!—While others admire her—Ay! that's a girl worth venturing one's neck for!

Then we shall be praised—Even the Judges, and the whole crouded Bench, will acquit us in their hearts; and every single man wish he had been me!—The women, all the time, disclaiming prosecution, were the case to be their own. To be sure, Belford, the sufferers cannot put half so good a face upon the matter as we.

Then what a noise will this matter make!—Is it not enough, suppose us moving from the Prison to the Sessions-house (*a*), to make a noble heart thump it away most gloriously, when such an one finds himself

(*a*) Within these few years past, a passage has been made from the Prison to the Sessions-house, whereby malefactors are carried into court without going thro' the street. Lovelace's triumph on their supposed march shews the wisdom of this alteration.

attended

attended to his tryal by a parade of guards and officers, of miens and aspects warlike and unwarlike; himself their whole care, and their business!—weapons in their hands, some bright, some rusty, equally venerable for their antiquity and inoffensiveness! others, of more authoritative demeanour, strutting before with fine painted staves! shoals of people following, with a Which is he whom the *young* Lady appears against?—Then, let us look down, look up, look round, which way we will, we shall see all the doors, the shops, the windows, the sign-irons and balconies, (garrets, gutters, and chimney-tops included) all white-capt, black-hooded, and periwigg'd, or crop-ear'd up by the *Immobile Vulgus*: While the floating *street-swarmers*, who have seen us pass by at one place, run with stretched-out necks, and strained eye-balls, a round-about way, and elbow and shoulder themselves into places by which we have not passed, in order to obtain another sight of us; every street continuing to pour out its swarms of late-comers, to add to the gathering snowball; who are content to take descriptions of our persons, behaviour, and countenances, from those who had the good fortune to have been in time to see us.

Let me tell thee, Jack, I see not why (to judge according to our principles and practices) we should not be as much elated in our march, were this to happen to us, as others may be upon any other the most *mob-attracting* occasion—Suppose a Lord Mayor on his *Gawdy*; suppose a victorious General, or Ambassador, on his public Entry—Suppose (as I began with the *lowest*) the *grandest* parade that can be supposed, a Coronation—For, in all these, do not the royal guard, the heroic trained-bands, the pendent, clinging throngs of spectators, with their waving heads rolling to-and-fro from house-tops to house-bottoms and street-ways, as I have above described, make the principal part of the Raree-show?

And let me ask thee, If thou dost not think, that either the Mayor, the Embassador, or the General, would not make very pitiful figures on their Gala's, did not the trumpets and tabrets call together the Canaille to gaze at them?—Nor perhaps should We be the most guilty Heroes neither: For who knows how the Magistrate may have obtained his gold chain? While the General probably returns from cutting of throats, and from murders, sanctified by custom only.—Cæsar, we are told (*a*), had won, at the age of Fifty-six, when he was assassinated, fifty pitched battles, had taken by assault above a thousand towns, and slain near 1,200,000 men; I suppose exclusive of those who fell on his own side in slaying them. Are not you and I, Jack, innocent men, and babes in swaddling cloths, compared to Cæsar, and to his predecessor in heroism Alexander, dubbed for murders and depredation *Magnus*?

The principal difference that strikes me in the comparison between us and the Mayor, the Embassador, the General, on *their* Gawdies, is, that the mob make a greater noise, a louder huzzaing, in the one case than in the other, which is called *acclamation*, and ends frequently in *higher* taste, by throwing dead animals at one another, before they disperse; in which they have as much joy, as in the former part of the triumph: While they will attend us with all the marks of an awful or silent (at most only a whispering) respect; their mouths distended, as if set open with gags, and their voices generally lost in goggle-eyed admiration.

Well, but suppose, after all, we are convicted; what have we to do, but in time make over our estates, that the sheriffs may not revel in our spoils?—There is no fear of being hanged for such a crime as this, while we have *money* or *friends*.—And suppose

(*a*) Pliny gives this account, putting the number of men slain at 1,100,092. See also Lipsius de *Constantia*,

even the worst, that two or three were to die, have we not a chance, each man of us, to escape? The devil's in 'em, if they'll hang Five for ravishing Three!

I know I shall get off for one—were it but for family-sake: And being a handsome fellow, I shall have a dozen or two of young maidens, all dressed in white, go to Court to beg my life—And what a pretty shew they will make, with their white hoods, white gowns, white petticoats, white scarves, white gloves, kneeling for me, with their white handkerchiefs at their eyes, in two pretty rows, as Majesty walks thro' them, and nods my pardon for their sakes!—And, if once pardoned, all is over: For, Jack, in a crime of this nature there lies no appeal, as in a murder.

So thou see'st the worst that can happen, should we *not* make the Grand Tour upon this occasion, but stay and take our tryals. But it is most likely, that they will not prosecute at all. If not, no risque on our side will be run; only taking our pleasure abroad, at the worst; leaving friends tired of us, in order, after a time, to return to the same friends endeared to us, as we to them, by absence.

This, Jack, is my scheme, at the first running. I know it is capable of improvement—For example: I can land these Ladies in France; whip over before they can get a passage back, or before Hickman can have recovered his fright; and so find means to entrap my Beloved on board—And then all will be right; and I need not care if I were never to return to England.

Memorandum, To be considered of—Whether, in order to complete my vengeance, I cannot contrive to kidnap away either James Harlowe or Solmes? or both? A man, Jack, would not go into exile for nothing.

Vol. iv. Edit. i. p. 198. l. 10. and Edit. ii. p. 200.

l. antepenult. after bring thee to it, insert,

All that vexes me, in the midst of my gloried-in devices, is, that there is a sorry fellow in the world, who has presumed to question, whether the prize, when obtained, is worthy of the pains it costs me: Yet knows, with what patience and trouble a bird-man will spread an acre of ground with gins and snares; set up his stalking-horse, his glassess; plant his decoy-birds, and invite the feathered throng by his whistle; and all his prize at last (the reward of early hours, and of a whole morning's pains) only a simple Linnet.

To be serious, Belford, I must acknowlege, that all our pursuits, from childhood to manhood, are only trifles of different sorts and sizes, proportioned to our years and views: But then is not a fine woman the noblest trifle, that ever was or could be obtained by man?—And to what purpose do we say *obtained*, if it be not in the way we wish for?—If a man is rather to be *her* prize, than *she his*?

* * * *

AND now, Belford, what dost think, &c.

Vol. iv. Edit. i. p. 203. l. penult. & ult. and Edit. ii.

p. 206. l. 22, 23. after are superseded, insert,

But let me give thee a few particulars of our conversation in the *circumrotation* we took, while in the coach—She had received a Letter from Miss Howe yesterday, I presumed?

She made no answer. How happy should I think myself to be admitted into their correspondence! I would joyfully make an exchange of communications.

So, tho' I hoped not to succeed by her consent [and little did she think I had so happily in part succeeded without it] I thought it not amiss to urge for it, for several reasons: Among others, that I might account

to

to her for my constant employment at my pen ; in order to take off her jealousy, that *she* was the subject of thy correspondence and mine : And that I might justify my secrecy and *uncommunicativeness* by her own.

I proceeded therefore—That I loved Familiar-letter-writing, as I had more than once told her, above all the species of writing : It was writing from the heart (without the fetters prescribed by method or study) as the very word *Correspondence* implied. Not the heart only ; the *soul* was in it. Nothing of body, when friend writes to friend ; the mind impelling sovereignly, the vassal-fingers. It was, in short, friendship recorded ; friendship given under hand and seal ; demonstrating that the parties were under no apprehension of changing from time or accident, when they so liberally gave testimonies, which would always be ready, on failure, or infidelity, to be turned against them.—For my own part, it was the principal diversion I had in her absence : But for this innocent amusement, the distance *she* so frequently kept me at, would have been intolerable.

Sally knew my drift ; and said, She had had the honour to see two or three of my letters, and of Mr. Belford's ; and *she* thought them the most entertaining that *she* had ever read.

My friend Belford, I said, had a happy talent in the Letter-writing way ; and upon all subjects.

I expected my Beloved would have been inquisitive after our subjects : But (lying perdue, as I saw) not a word said *she*. So I touched upon this article myself.

Our topics were various and diffuse : Sometimes upon literary articles [She was very attentive upon this] ; sometimes upon the public entertainments ; sometimes amusing each other with the fruits of the different correspondencies we held with persons abroad, with whom we had contracted friendships ; sometimes upon the foibles and perfections of our particular friends ; sometimes upon our own present and future hopes ;

hopes; sometimes aiming at humour and raillery upon each other—It might indeed appear to favour of vanity, to suppose my Letters would entertain a Lady of her delicacy and judgment: But yet I could not but say, that perhaps she would be far from thinking so hardly of me as sometimes she had seemed to do, if she were to see the Letters which generally passed between Mr. Belford and me [I hope, Jack, thou hast more manners, than to give me the lye, tho' but in thy heart].

She then spoke: After declining my compliment in such a manner, as only a person could do, who deserved it, she said, For her part, she had always thought me a man of sense [A man of sense, Jack! What a niggardly praise!]
—And should therefore hope, that, when I wrote, it exceeded even my speech: For that it was impossible, be the Letters written in as easy and familiar a style as they would, but that they must have that advantage from sitting down to write them which prompt speech could not always have. She should think it very strange, therefore, if my Letters were barren of sentiment; and as strange, if I gave myself liberties upon *premeditation*, which could have no excuse at all, but from a thoughtlessness, which itself wanted excuse.—But if Mr. Belford's Letters and mine were upon subjects so general, and some of them equally (she presumed) instructive and entertaining, she could not but say, that she should be glad to see any of them; and particularly those which Miss Martin had seen, and praised.

This was put close.

I looked at her, to see if I could discover any tincture of jealousy in this hint; that *Miss Martin* had seen what I had not shewn to *her*. But she did not look it: So I only said, I should be very proud to shew her not only those, but all that passed between Mr. Belford and me; but I must remind her, that she knew the condition.

No,

No, indeed ! with a sweet lip pouted out, as saucy as pretty ; implying a lovely scorn, that yet can only be lovely in youth so blooming, and beauty so divinely distinguished.

How I long to see such a motion again ! *Her* mouth only can give it.

But I am mad with Love—Yet eternal will be the distance, at the rate I go on : Now fire, now ice, my soul is continually upon the *hiss*, as I may say. In vain, however, is the trial to quench—what, after all, is unquenchable.

Pry'thee, Belford, forgive my nonsense, and my Vulcan-like metaphors—Did I not tell thee, not that I am *sick* of Love, but that I am *mad* with it ? Why brought I such an angel into such a house ? into such company ?—And why do I not stop my ears to the Sirens, who, knowing my aversion to wedlock, are perpetually touching that string ?

I was not willing to be answered so easily : I was sure, that what passed between two such young Ladies (friends so dear) might be seen by every-body : I had more reason than any-body to wish to see the Letters that passed between her and Miss Howe ; because I was sure they must be full of admirable instruction, and one of the dear correspondents had deigned to wish my entire reformation.

She looked at me, as if she would look me thro' : I thought I *felt* eye-beam, after eye-beam, penetrate my shivering reins.—But she was silent. Nor needed her eyes the assistance of speech.

Nevertheless, a little recovering myself, I hoped that nothing unhappy had befallen either Miss Howe or her Mother. The Letter of yesterday sent by a particular hand ; the opening it with great emotion—seeming to have expected it sooner—were the reasons for my apprehensions.

We were then at Muswell-hill : *A pretty country within the eye*, to Polly, was the remark, instead of replying to me.

But

But I was not so to be answered—I should expect some charming subjects and characters from two such pens: I hoped every-thing went on well between Mr. Hickman and Miss Howe. Her Mother's heart, I said, was set upon that match: Mr. Hickman was not without his merits: He was what they Ladies called a SOBER man: But I must needs say, that I thought Miss Howe deserved a husband of a very different cast!

This, I supposed, would have engaged her into a subject from which I could have wiredrawn something:—For Hickman is one of her favourites—Why, I can't divine, except for the sake of opposition of character to that of thy honest friend.

But she cut me short by a look of disapprobation, and another cool remark upon a distant view; and, *How far off, Miss Horton, do you think that clump of trees may be?* pointing out of the coach—So I had done.

Here endeth all I have to write concerning our conversation on this our agreeable airing.

We have both been writing, &c.

Vol. iv. Edit. i. p. 210. l. 9. and Edit. ii. p. 212. l. 30. add the following paragraph:

'Tis true, I have owned more than once, that I could have liked Mr. Lovelace above all men. I remember the debates you and I used to have on this subject, when I was your happy guest. You used to say, and once you wrote, that men of his cast are the men that our Sex do not *naturally* dislike: While I held, that such were not (however *that* might be) the men we *ought* to like. But what with my Relations precipitating of me, on one hand, and what with his unhappy character, and embarrassing ways, on the other, I had no more leisure than inclination to examine my own heart in this particular. And this reminds me of a passage in one of your former Letters, which

which I will transcribe, tho' it was written in raillery. *May it not be, say you (a), that you have had such persons to deal with, as have not allowed you to attend to the throbs; or, if you had them a little now-and-then, whether, having had two accounts to place them to, you have not by mistake put them to the wrong one?* A passage, which, altho' it came into my mind when Mr. Lovelace was least exceptionable, yet that I have denied any efficacy to, when he has teased and vexed me, and given me cause of suspicion. For, after all, my dear, Mr. Lovelace is not wise in all his ways. And should we not endeavour, as much as is possible, (where we are not attached by *natural* ties) to like and dislike as reason bids us, and according to the merit or demerit of the object? If Love, as it is called, is allowed to be an excuse for our most unreasonable follies, and to lay level all the fences that a careful education has surrounded us by, what is meant by the doctrine of subduing our passions?—But, O my dearest friend, am I not guilty of a punishable fault, were I to love this man of errors? And has not my own heart deceived me, when I thought I did not? And what must be that Love, that has not some degree of purity for its object? I am afraid of recollecting some passages in my Cousin Morden's Letter (b).—And yet why fly I from subjects that, duly considered, might tend to correct and purify my heart? I have carried, I doubt, my notions on this head too high, not for practice, but for *my* practice. Yet think me not guilty of Prudery neither; for had I found out as much of myself before, or, rather, had he given me heart's-ease enough before to find it out, you should have had my confession sooner.

Nevertheless let me tell you, &c.

(a) See Vol. i. p. 66. of both Editions.

(b) See Vol. iii. Edit. i. p. 356, & seq. and Edit. ii. p. 370, & seq.

Vol. iv. Edit. i. p. 232. l. 28, 29. and Edit. ii. p. 235. l. 4, 5. after the words Miss Howe's Smuggling scheme, insert,

My conscience, I should think, ought not to reproach me for a contrivance, which is justified by the contrivances of two such girls as these: One of whom (the more excellent of the two) I have always, with her own approbation as I imagine, proposed for my imitation.

But here, Jack, is the thing that concludes me, and cases my heart with adamant: I find by Miss Howe's Letters, that it is owing to *her*, that I have made no greater progress with my blooming Fair-one. She loves me. The Ipecacuanha contrivance convinces me, that she loves me. Where there is Love, there must be confidence, or a desire of having *reason* to confide. Generosity, founded on my supposed generosity, has taken hold of her heart. Shall I not now see (since I must be for ever unhappy, if I marry her, and leave any trial unessayed) what I can make of her Love, and her newly-raised confidence?—Will it not be to my glory to succeed? And to hers, and to the honour of her Sex, if I cannot?—Where then will be the hurt to either, to make the trial? And cannot I, as I have often said, reward her when I will by marriage?

'Tis late, or rather early, &c.

Vol. iv. Edit. i. p. 247. l. 17. and Edit. ii. p. 249. l. 27. after in human shape, dele to the end of the Letter; and read,

It cannot but yield me some pleasure, hardly as I have sometimes thought of the people of the house, that such a good man, as Captain Tomlinson, had spoken well of them, upon enquiry.

And here I stop a minute, my dear, to receive, in fancy, your kind congratulation. My

My next, I hope, will confirm my present, and open still more agreeable prospects. Mean time be assured, that there cannot possibly be any good fortune befall me, which I shall look upon with equal delight to that I have in your friendship.

My thankful compliments to your good Mr. Hickman; to whose kind intervention I am so much obliged on this occasion, conclude me, my dearest Miss Howe,

Your ever-affectionate and grateful

CL. HARLOWE.

Vol. iv. Edit. i. p. 249. l. 23. and Edit. ii. p. 251. l. 29. after assented to, insert,

Her wishes, from my attentive behaviour, when with her at St. Paul's, that I would often accompany her to the Divine Service, were gently intimated, and as readily engaged for. I assured her, that I ever had respected the Clergy in a body; and some individuals of them (her Dr. Lewen for one) highly: And that were not going to church an act of Religion, I thought it [as I told thee once] a most agreeable sight to see Rich and Poor, all of a *company*, as I might say, assembled once a week in one place, and each in his or her best attire, to worship the God that made them. Nor could it be a hardship upon a man liberally educated, to make *one* on so solemn an occasion, and to hear the harangue of a man of Letters (tho' far from being the principal part of the Service, as it is too generally looked upon to be) whose studies having taken a different turn from his own, he must always have something new to say.

She shook her head, and repeated the word *New*: But looked as if willing to be satisfied for the present with this answer. To be sure, Jack, she means to do great despatch to his Satanic Majesty in her hopes of reforming me. No wonder therefore if he exerts himself to prevent her, and to be revenged—But how came

came this in?—I am ever of party against myself.—One day, I fancy, I shall hate myself on recollecting what I am about at this instant. But I must stay till then. We must all of us do something to repent of.

The Reconciliation-prospect, &c.

Vol. iv. Edit. i. p. 250. l. antepenult. and Edit. ii. p. 253. l. 4, 5. after in the world, insert,

But, indeed, I know not the subject on which she does not talk with admirable distinction; inasmuch that could I but get over my prejudices against Matrimony, and resolve to walk in the dull beaten path of my ancestors, I should be the happiest of men—And if I cannot, perhaps I may be ten times more to be pitied than she.

My heart, my heart, Belford, *is not to be trusted*—I break off, &c.

Vol. iv. Edit. i. p. 256. l. 4. from the bottom, and Edit. ii. p. 259. l. 11. after to be raised, insert,

But never, I believe, was there so true, so delicate a modesty in the human mind as in that of this Lady. And this has been my security all along; and, in spite of Miss Howe's advice to her, will be so still; since, if her Delicacy be a fault, she can no more overcome it than I can my aversion to Matrimony. Habit, habit, Jack, seest thou not? may subject us both to weaknesses. And should she not have charity for me, as I have for her?

Twice indeed, &c.

Vol. v. p. 175. l. 2. after how it looked, insert,

So here am I in my Dining-room; and have nothing to do but write, till they return.

And what will be my subject, thinkest thou?—Why, the old beaten one, to be sure; Self-debate—thro'

thro' temporary remorse: For the blow being not struck, her guardian angel is redoubling his efforts to save her.

If it be not *that* [And yet what power should *her* guardian angel have over *me*?] I don't know what it is, that gives a check to my revenge, whenever I meditate treason against so sovereign a virtue. Conscience is dead and gone, as I told thee; so it cannot be that. A young Conscience growing up, like the phoenix, from the ashes of the old one, it cannot be surely. But if it were, it would be hard, if I could not overlay a young Conscience.

Well then, it must be LOVE, I fancy. LOVE itself, inspiring Love of an object so adorable—Some little attention possibly paid too to thy whining arguments in her favour.

Let LOVE then be allowed to be the moving principle; and the rather, as LOVE naturally makes the Lover loth to disoblige the object of its flame; and knowing, that an offence of the *meditated* kind will be a mortal offence to her, cannot bear that I should think of giving it.

Let LOVE and me talk together a little on this subject—Be it a *Young Conscience*, or *Love*, or *Thyself*, Jack, thou seest that I am for giving every whiffler audience. But *this* must be the last debate on this subject; for is not her fate in a manner at its crisis? And must not my next step be an irretrievable one, tend it which way it will?

* * * *

AND now the debate is over.

A thousand charming things (for LOVE is gentler than CONSCIENCE) has this little urchin suggested in her favour.

He pretended to know both our hearts: And he would have it, that tho' my Love was a prodigious strong and potent Love; and tho' it has the merit of many months faithful service to plead, and has had
infinite

infinite difficulties to struggle with; yet that it is not
THE RIGHT SORT OF LOVE.

Right sort of Love!—A puppy!—But, with due regard to your deityship, said I, what merit has she with You, that *you* should be of her party? Is *hers*, I pray you, a *right sort of Love*? Is it *Love* at all? She don't *pretend* that it is. She owns not your sovereignty. What a d—l moves *You*, to plead thus earnestly for a rebel, who despises your power?

And then he came with his *If's* and *And's*—And it would *have been*, and *still*, as he believed, would be, Love, and a Love of the exalted kind, if I would encourage it by the *right sort of Love* he talked of: And, in justification of his opinion, pleaded her own confessions, as well those of yesterday, as of this morning: And even went so far back as to my Ipecacuanha-illness.

I never talked so familiarly with his godship before: Thou mayest think therefore, that his dialect sounded oddly in my ears. And then he told me, how often I had thrown cold water upon the most charming flame that ever warmed a Lady's bosom, while yet but young and rising.

I required a definition of this *right sort* of Love. He tried at it: But made a sorry hand of it: Nor could I, for the soul of me, be convinced, that what he meant to extol, was LOVE.

Upon the whole, we had a notable controversy upon this subject, in which he insisted upon the *unprecedented merit* of the Lady. Nevertheless I got the better of him; for he was struck absolutely dumb, when (waving her present perverseness, which yet was a sufficient answer to all his pleas) I asserted, and offered to prove it, by a thousand instances *impromptu*, that Love was not governed by *merit*, nor could be under the dominion of *prudence*, or any other *reasoning power*: And that if the Lady were capable of Love, it was of such a sort of Love, *as he had nothing to do with*, and which never before reigned in a female heart.

I asked him, What he thought of her flight from me, at a time when I was more than half overcome by the *right sort of Love* he talked of?—And then I shewed him the Letter she wrote, and left behind her for me, with an intention, no doubt, absolutely to break my heart, or to provoke me to hang, drown, or shoot myself; to say nothing of a multitude of declarations from her, defying his power, and imputing all that looked like Love in her behaviour to me, to the persecution and rejection of her friends; which made her think of me but as a last resort.

LOVE then gave her up. The Letter, he said, deserved neither pardon nor excuse. He did not think he had been pleading for such a *declared* rebel. And as to the rest, he should be a betrayer of the rights of his own sovereignty, if what I had alleged were true, and he were still to plead for her.

I swore to the truth of all. And *truly* I swore: Which perhaps I do not always do.

And now what thinkest thou must become of the Lady, whom LOVE itself gives up, and CONSCIENCE cannot plead for?

Vol. v. p. 200. dele paragr. penult. and read,

I sent up the Letter to my Beloved, by Mrs. Bevis, with a repeated request for admittance to her presence upon it: But neither did this stand me in stead. I suppose she thought it would be allowing of the consequences that were naturally to be expected to follow the obtaining of this instrument, if she had consented to see me on the contents of this Letter, having refused me that honour before I sent it up to her.—No surprising her!—No advantage to be taken of her inattention to the nicest circumstances!

And now, Belford, I set out upon business.

Vol. v. p. 246. l. penult. after a merry evening, insert,

Thou wilt be curious to know, what the *persons* of these

these women are, to whom I intend so much distinction. I think I have not heretofore mentioned anything characteristic of their persons.

Mrs. *Moore* is a widow of about Thirty-eight; a little mortified by misfortunes; but those are often the merriest folks, when warmed. She has good features still; and is what they call much of a gentlewoman, and very neat in her person and dress. She has given over, I believe, all thoughts of our Sex: But when the dying embers are raked up about the half-consumed stump, there will be fuel enough left, I dare say, to blaze out, and give a comfortable warmth to a half-starved by stander.

Mrs. *Bevis* is comely; that is to say, plump; a lover of mirth, and one whom no grief ever dwelt with, I dare say, for a week together; about Twenty-five years of age: Mowbray will have very little difficulty with her, I believe; for one cannot do everything one's self. And yet sometimes women of this free cast, when it comes to the point, answer not the promises their chearful forwardness gives a man who has a view upon them.

Miss *Rawlins* is an agreeable young Lady enough; but not beautiful. She has sense, and would be thought to know the world, as it is called; but, for her knowledge, is more indebted to *Theory* than *Experience*. A mere whipt-syllabub knowlege this, Jack, that always fails the person who trusts to it, when it should hold to do her service. For such young Ladies have so much dependence upon their own understanding and wariness, are so much above the cautions that the less opinionative may be benefited by, that their presumption is generally their overthrow, when attempted by a man of experience, who knows how to flatter their vanity, and to magnify their wisdom, in order to take advantage of their folly. But, for Miss Rawlins, if I can add *Experience* to her *Theory*, what an accomplished person will she be!—And how much will she

be

be obliged to me ; and not only *she*, but all those who may be the better for the *precepts* she thinks herself already so well qualified to give ! Dearly, Jack, do I love to engage with these *precept-givers*, and *example-setters*.

Now, Belford, altho' there is nothing striking in any of these characters ; yet may we, at a pinch, make a good frolicky half-day with them, if, after we have softened their wax at table by encouraging viands, we can set our women and them into dancing : Dancing, which all women love, and all men should therefore promote, for *both* their sakes.

And thus, when Tourville sings, Belton fiddles, Mowbray makes rough love, and I smooth ; and thou, Jack, wilt be by that time well enough to join in the chorus ; the devil's in't, if we don't mould them into what shape we please—our own women, by their laughing freedoms, encouraging them to break thro' all their customary reserves : For Women to Women, thou knowest, are great darers and incentives ; not one of them loving to be outdone or outdared, when their hearts are thoroughly warmed.

I know, at first, the difficulty will be the *accidental* absence of my dear Mrs. Lovelace, to whom principally they will design their visit : But if we can exhilarate them, they won't then wish to see her ; and I can form twenty accidents and excuses, from one hour to another, for her absence, till each shall have a subject to take up all her thoughts.

I am really sick at heart for a frolick, &c.

Vol. v. p. 325. l. 7. after in their traces, insert,

I AM just come from these Sorceresses.

I was forced to take the Mother down ; for she began with her Hoh, Sirs ! with me ; and to catechize and upbraid me, with as much insolence as if I owed her money.

I made her fly the Pit, at last. Strange wishes

wished we against each other, at her quitting it—*What were they?*—I'll tell thee—She wished me married, and to be jealous of my Wife; and my Heir—Apparent the child of another man. I was even with her with a vengeance. And yet thou wilt think that could not well be.—*As how?*—As how, Jack!—Why I wished her Conscience come to life!—And I know by the gripes *mine* gives me every half-hour, that she would then have a cursed time of it.

Sally and Polly gave themselves high airs too. Their first favours were thrown at me. Women to boast of those favours which they were as willing to impart, first forms all the difficulty with them! as I to receive, how whimsical! I was upbraided with Ingratitude, *Daftardice*, and all my difficulties with my angel charged upon myself, for want of following my blows; and for leaving the proud Lady mistress of her own will, and nothing to *reproach herself with*. And all agreed, that the arts used against her on a certain occasion, had too high an operation for them or me to judge what her will *would have been* in the arduous trial. And then they blamed one another; as I cursed them all.

They concluded that I should certainly marry, and be a *lost man*. And Sally, on this occasion, with an affected an malicious laugh, snapt her fingers at me, and pointing two of each hand forkedly at me, bid me remember the lines I once shewed her, of my favourite *Jack Dryden*, as she always familiarly calls that celebrated Poet.

*We women to new joys unseen may move :
There are no prints left in the paths of Love.
All goods besides by public marks are known :
But those men most desire to keep have none.*

This infernal Implement had the confidence further to hint, &c.

Vol. vi. p. 84. l. 7. *from the bottom, add the following Postscript to Miss Howe's Letter :*

Once more forgive me, my dearest creature, for my barbarous tauntings in mine of the 5th ! Yet I can hardly forgive myself. I to be so cruel, yet to know you so well !—Whence, whence had I this vile impatience of spirit !—

Vol. vi. p. 84. *begin Clarissa's Letter thus :*

FORGIVE you, my dear !—Most cordially do I forgive you—Will yours forgive me some sharp things I wrote in return to you of the 5th ? You could not have loved me, as you do, nor had the concern you have always shewn for my Honour, if you had not been utterly displeased with me, on the appearance which my conduct wore to you when you wrote that Letter. I most heartily thank you, my best and only Love, for the opportunity you gave me of clearing it up ; and for being generously ready to acquit of me intentional blame, the moment you hap re'd my melancholy Narrative.

I approve, my dearest Friend, &c.

Vol. vi. p. 91. l. 6. *from the bottom, after Father's malediction, dele the rest of the Paragraph ; and read,*

The temporary part so strangely and so literally completed !—I cannot, however, think, when my mind is *strongest*——But what is the story of Isaac, and Jacob, and Esau, and of Rebekah's cheating the latter of the Blessing designed for him (in favour of Jacob) given us for in the 27th Chapter of Genesis ? My Father used, I remember, to enforce the Doctrine deducible from it, on his children, by many arguments. At least therefore, *He* must believe there is great weight in the curse he has announced : And

shall I not be solicitous to get it revoked, that he may not hereafter be grieved, for my sake, that he did *not* revoke it?

All I will at present add, &c.

Vol. vi. p. 107. l. 11. from the bottom, after the prim mouths of the young Ladies, dele the rest of the paragraph; and read,

They, perhaps, had they met with such another intrepid Fellow as myself, who had first gained upon their affections, would not have made such a rout as my Beloved has done, about such an affair as that we were assembled upon. Young Ladies, as I have observed on an hundred occasions, fear not half so much for *themselves*, as their Mothers do for them. But here the Girls were forced to put on grave airs, and to seem angry, because the Antiques made the matter of such high importance. Yet so lightly sat anger and fellow-feeling at their hearts, that they were forced to purse in their mouths, to suppress the smiles I now-and-then laid out for: While the Elders having had Roses (that is to say, Daughters) of their own, and knowing how fond men are of a Trifle, would have been very loth to have had them nipt in the bud, without saying, By your leave, Mrs. Rose-bush, to the mother of it.

The next article, &c.

Vol. vi. p. 121. l. 7. after own treasury, insert,

And then, can there be so much harm done, if it can be so easily repaired by a few magical words; as I, Robert, take thee, Clarissa; and I, Clarissa, take thee, Robert; with the rest of the for-better and for-worse Legerdemain, which will hocus pocus all the wrongs, the crying wrongs, that I have done to Miss Harlowe, into acts of kindness and benevolence to Mrs. Lovelace?

But, Jack, two things I must insist upon, &c.

Vol. vi. p. 156. l. 7. after thy own faults, insert,
 Dorcas, whose acquaintance this fellow is, and who recommended him for the journey, had conditioned with him, it seems, for a share in the expected bounty from you. Had she been to have had *her* share made good, I wish thou hadst broken every bone in his skin.

Under what shocking disadvantages, &c.

Vol. vi. p. 190. l. 14. after thee the wiser, dele the following paragraph ; and read,

That's a charming girl ! Her spirit, her delightful spirit !—Not to be married to it—How I wish to get that lively Bird into my cage ! How would I make her flutter and fly about !—Till she left a feather upon every wire !

Had I begun there, I am confident, as I have heretofore said, that I should not have had half the difficulty with her, as I have had with her charming friend. For these passionate girls have high pulses, and a clever fellow may make what sport he pleases with their *unevennesses*—Now too high, now too low, you need only to provoke and appease them by turns ; to bear with them, and forbear ; to teaze, and ask pardon ; and sometimes to give yourself the merit of a sufferer from them ; then catching them in the moment of concession, conscious of their ill usage of you, they are all your own.

But these sedate, contemplative girls, never out of temper but with reason ; when that reason is given them, hardly ever pardon, or afford you another opportunity to offend.

It was in part the apprehension that this would be so with my dear Miss Harlowe, that made me carry her to a place where I believed she would be unable to escape me, altho' I were *not* to succeed in my first attempts. Else widow Sorlings's would have been as

well for me, as widow Sinclair's. For early I saw, that there was no credulity in her to graft upon : No pretending to whine myself into her confidence. She was proof against amorous persuasion. She had *reason* in her Love. Her penetration and good sense made her hate all compliments that had not truth and nature in them. What could I have done with her in any other place ? And yet how long, even *there*, was I kept in awe, in spite of *natural incitement*, and *unnatural instigations* (as I now think them) by the mere force of that native dignity, and obvious purity of mind and manners, which fill every one with reverence, if not with *holy love*, as thou callest it, the moment he sees her !—Else, thinkest thou not, it was easy for me to be a *fine gentleman*, and a *delicate Lover*, or, at least, a *specious and flattering* one ?

Lady Sarah and Lady Betty, finding the treaty, upon the success of which they have set their foolish hearts, likely to run into length, are about departing to their own Seats ; having taken from me the best security the nature of the case will admit of, that is to say, *my word*, to marry the Lady, if she will have me.

And after all (methinks thou askest) Art thou still resolved to repair, if reparation be put into thy power ?

Why, Jack, I must needs own, that my heart has now-and-then some retrograde motions, upon thinking seriously of the irrevocable ceremony. We do not easily give up the desire of our hearts, and what we imagine essential to our happiness, let the expectation or hope of compassing it be ever so unreasonable or absurd in the opinion of others. *Recurrings* there will be : hankerings that will, on every but remotely-favourable incident (however before discouraged and beaten back by ill success) pop up, and abate the satisfaction we should otherwise take in *contrariant overtures*.

'Tis ungentlemanly, Jack, *man to man*, to lye—

But

But Matrimony I do not *heartily* love—altho' with a CLARISSA—Yet I am in earnest to marry her.

But I am often thinking, that if now this dear creature, suffering time, and my penitence, my relations prayers, and Miss Howe's meditation, to soften her *resentments* [Her *revenge* thou hast prettily distinguished away] and to recall repulsed inclination, should consent to meet me at the altar—How vain will she then make all thy eloquent periods of execration!—How many charming interjections of her own will she spoil! And what a couple of old Patriarchs shall we become, going on in the mill-horse round; getting sons and daughters; providing Nurses for them first, Governors and Governesses next; teaching them lessons their Father never practised, nor which their Mother, as her Parents will say, was much the better for! And at last perhaps, when life shall be turned into the dully-sober Stilness, and I become desirous to forget all my past Rogueries, what comfortable reflections will it afford, to find them all revived, with *equal*, or probably *greater* trouble and expence, in the persons and manners of so many young Lovelaces of the Boys; and to have the Girls run away with varlets perhaps not half so ingenious as myself; clumsy fellows, as it might happen, who could not afford the baggages one excuse for their weakness, besides those disgraceful ones of *Sex* and *Nature*!—O Belford! who can bear to think of these things!—Who, at my time of life especially, and with such a bias for mischief!

Of this I am absolutely convinced, that if a man ever intends to marry, and to enjoy in peace his own reflections; and not be afraid of retribution, or of the consequences of his own example; he should never be a Rake.

This looks like Conscience; don't it, Belford?

But, being in earnest still, as I have said, All I have to do, &c.

Vol. vi. p. 191. l. 20. after can ever love him, delete the two following paragraphs ; and read,

Every one knows, that the Mother (sawcy as the Daughter sometimes is) crams him down her throat. Her Mother is one of the most violent-spirited women in *England*. Her late Husband could not stand in the matrimonial contention of *Who should ?* but tipt off the perch in it, neither knowing how to yield, nor how to conquer.

A charming encouragement for a man of intrigue, whee he has reason to believe, that the woman he has a view upon has no Love for her Husband ! What good Principles must that Wife have, who is kept in against temptation by a sense of her duty, and plighted faith, where affection has no hold of her !

Pr'ythee let's know, very particularly, how it fares with poor Belton—'Tis an honest fellow—Something more than his Thomafine seems to stick with him.

Thou hast not been preaching to him Conscience and Reformation ; hast thou ?—Thou shouldst not take liberties with him of this sort, unless thou thoughtest him absolutely irrecoverable. A man in ill health, and crop-sick, cannot play with these solemn things, as thou canst, and be neither better nor worse for them.—Repentance, Jack, I have a notion, should be set about while a man is in health and spirits. What's a man fit for [Not to begin a new work surely] when he is not himself, nor master of his faculties ?—Hence, as I apprehend, it is that a death-bed repentance is supposed to be such a precarious and ineffectual thing.

As to myself, I hope I have a great deal of time before me ; since I intend *one day* to be a Reformed man. I have very serious reflections now-and-then. Yet am I half-afraid of the truth of what my Chatmer once told me, that *a man cannot repent when he will*.—Not to hold it, I suppose she meant ! By fits and starts I have repented a thousand times.

Casting my eye over the two preceding paragraphs, I fancy there is something like contradiction in them. But I will not reconsider them. The subject is a very serious one. I don't, at present, quite understand it. But now for one more airy.

Tourville, Mowbray, and myself, &c.

Vol. vi. p. 196. l. 26. after to be of them, insert,

'To what, Lovelace, shall we attribute the tenderness which a *reputed* Father frequently shews to the children of another man?—What is that, I pray thee, which we call *Nature*, and *Natural Affection*? And what has man to boast of as to sagacity and penetration, when he is as easily brought to cover and rear, and even to love, and often to prefer, the product of another's guilt with his Wife or Mistress, as a hen or a goose the eggs, and even *young*, of others of their kind?

Nay, let me ask, If *instinct*, as it is called, in the animal creation, does not enable them to distinguish their own, much more easily than we, with our boasted *reason* and sagacity, in this nice particular, can do?

If some men, who have Wives but of doubtful virtue, considered this matter duly, I believe their inordinate ardor after gain would be a good deal cooled, when they could not be certain (tho' their *Mates* could) for whose children they were elbowing, bustling, gripeing, and perhaps cheating, those with whom they have concerns, whether friends, neighbours, or *more* certain next-of-kin, by the Mother's side however.

But I will not push this notion so far as it might be carried; because, if propagated, it might be of *un-social* or *unnatural* consequence; since women of virtue would perhaps be more liable to suffer by the mistrusts and caprices of *bad-hearted* and *foolish-headed* Husbands, than those who can screen themselves from detection by arts and hypocrisy, to which a woman of

virtue cannot have recourse. And yet, were this notion duly and generally considered, it might be attended with no bad effects; as good education, good inclinations, and established virtue, would be the principally sought-after qualities, and not money, when a man (not byassed by mere personal attractions) was looking round him for a partner in his fortunes, and for a mother of his future children, which are to be the heirs of his possessions, and to enjoy the fruits of his industry.

But to return to poor Belton.

If I have occasion for your assistance, &c.

Vol. vi. p. 198. l. 3. after a life mis-spent, insert,

It will be your turns by-and-by, every man of ye, if the justice of your country interpose not.

Thou art the only Rake we have herded with, if thou wilt not except myself, who hast preserved entire thy health and thy fortunes.

Mowbray indeed is indebted to a robust constitution, that he has not yet suffered in his health; but his Estate is dwindling away year by year.

Three-fourths of Tourville's very considerable fortunes are already dissipated; and the remaining fourth will probably soon go after the other three.

Poor Belton! we see how it is with him!—His only felicity is, that he will hardly *live* to want.

Thou art too proud, and too prudent, ever to be destitute; and, to do thee justice, hast a spirit to assist such of thy friends as may be reduced; and *wilt*, if thou shouldst then be living. But I think thou must, much sooner than thou imaginest, be called to thy account—knocked on the head perhaps by the friends of those whom thou hast injured; for if thou escapest this fate from the Harlowe family, thou wilt go on tempting danger and vengeance, till thou meetest with vengeance; and this, whether thou marriest, or not: For the nuptial life will not, I doubt,

doubt, till age join with it, cure thee of that spirit for intrigue, which is continually running away with thee, in spite of thy better sense, and transitory resolutions.

Well, then, I will suppose *thee* laid down quietly among thy worthier ancestors.

And now let me look forward to the ends of Tourville and Mowbray [Belton will be crumbled into dust before thee, perhaps], supposing thy early exit has saved them from gallows intervention.

Reduced, probably, by riotous waste to consequential want, behold them refuged in some obscene hole or garret; obliged to the careless care of some dirty old woman, whom nothing but her poverty prevails upon to attend to perform the last offices for men who have made such shocking ravage among the young ones.

Then how miserably will they whine thro' squeaking organs! Their big voices turned into puling pity-begging lamentations! Their now-offensive paws, how helpless then!—Their now-erect necks then denying support to their aching heads; those globes of mischief dropping upon their quaking shoulders. Then what wry faces will they make! their hearts, and their heads, reproaching each other!—Distended their parched mouths!—Sunk their unmuscled cheeks!—Dropt their under-jaws!—Each grunting like the swine he had resembled in his life! Oh! what a vile wretch have I been!—Oh! that I had my life to come over again!—Confessing to the poor old woman, who cannot thrive them! Imaginary ghosts of deflowered Virgins, and polluted matrons, sitting before their glassy eyes! And old Satan, to their apprehensions, grinning behind a looking-glass held up before them, to frighten them with the horror visible in their own countenances!

For my own part, &c.

Vol. vi. p. 209. l. 10, 11. after when disappointed, insert,

There was Miss DORRINGTON [Perhaps you know her not] who ran away with her Father's groom, because he would not let her have a half-pay officer, with whom (her passions all up) she fell in love at first sight, as he accidentally passed under her window.

There was Miss SAVAGE; she married her Mother's coachman, because her Mother refused her a journey to Wales, in apprehension, that Miss intended to league herself with a remote Cousin of unequal fortunes, of whom she was not a little fond when he was a visiting-guest at their house for a week.

There was the young widow SANDERSON; who believing herself flighted by a younger Brother of a noble family (Sarah Stout like) took it into her head to drown herself.

Miss SALLY ANDERSON [You have heard of her, no doubt] being checked by her Uncle for encouraging an address beneath her, in spite, threw herself into the arms of an ugly dog, a shoemaker's Apprentice; running away with him in a pair of shoes he had just fitted to her feet, tho' she never saw the fellow before, and hated him ever after: And at last took Laudanum to make her forget for ever her own folly.

But can there be a stronger instance in point, than what the unaccountable resentments of *such a Lady* as Miss Clarissa Harlowe afford us? Who, at this very instant, &c.

Vol. vi. p. 214. l. 17. after word of command, insert,

Mowbray and Tourville each intend to give thee a Letter; and I leave to those rough varlets to handle thee as thou deservest, for the shocking picture thou hast drawn of their last ends. Thy own past guilt has stared thee full in the face, one may see by it; and made thee, in consciousness of thy demerits, sketch out

out these cursed out-lines. I am glad thou hast got the old fiend to hold the glass before thy own face so soon. Thou must be in earnest surely, when thou wrotest it, and have severe convictions upon thee : For what a hardened varlet must he be, who could draw such a picture as this in sport ?

As for thy resolution of repenting, &c.

Vol. vi. p. 226. l. antepenult. after pride truly spiritual, insert,

One of my Loves in Paris was a Devotée. She took great pains to convert me. I gave way to her kind endeavours for the good of my soul. She thought it a point gained to make me profess *some* Religion. The Catholic has its conveniencies. I permitted her to bring a *Father* to me. My Reformation went on swimmingly. The *Father* had hopes of me : He applauded her zeal : So did I. And how dost think it ended ?—Not a girl in England, reading thus far, but would guess !—In a word, very happily ! For she not only *brought* me a Father, but *made* me one : And then, being satisfied with each other's conversion, we took different Routes : She, into Navarre ; I, into Italy : Both well inclined to propagate the good lessons in which we had so well instructed each other.

But to return. One consolation, &c.

Vol. vi. p. 291. l. ult. after against me to thee, insert,

But thou seest, Jack, by her refusal of money from Hickman, or Miss Howe, that the dear Extravagant takes a delight in oddnesses, chusing to part with her cloaths, tho' for a song. Dost think she is not a little touched at times ? I am afraid she is. A little spice of that insanity, I doubt, runs thro' her, that she had in a stronger degree, in the first week of my operations. Her contempt of life ; her proclamations ; her refusal of matrimony ; and now of money

ney from her most intimate friends ; are sprinklings of this kind, and no other way, I think, to be accounted for.

Her Apothecary is a good honest fellow. I like him much. But the silly dear's harping so continually upon one string, dying, dying, dying, is what I have no patience with. I hope all this melancholy jargon is owing entirely to the way I would have her to be in. And it being as new to her as the Bible beauties to thee, no wonder she knows not what to make of herself ; and so fancies she is breeding death, when the event will turn out quite the contrary.

Thou art a sorry fellow in thy remarks on the education and qualification of Smarts and Beaux of the Rakish order ; if by thy *We's* and *Us's* thou meanest thyself or me : For I pretend to say, that the picture has no resemblance of *Us*, who have read and conversed as we have done. It may indeed, and I believe it does, resemble the generality of the fops and coxcombs about town. But That let them look to ; for, if it affects not me, to what purpose thy random shot ?—If indeed thou findest, by the new light darted in upon thee, since thou hast had the honour of conversing with this admirable creature, that the cap fits thy own head, why then, according to the *Qui capit* rule, e'en take and clap it on : And I will add a string of Bells to it, to complete thee for the fore-horse of the idiot team.

Altho' I just now said a kind thing or two for this fellow Hickman ; yet I can tell thee, I could (to use one of my noble Peer's humble phrases) *eat him up without a corn of salt*, when I think of his impudence to salute my charmer *twice* at parting : And have still less patience with the Lady herself for presuming to offer her cheek or lip [Thou sayest not which] to him, and to press his clumsy fist between her charming hands. An honour worth a King's ransom ; and what I would give—What would I not give ? to have !—And then he, in return, to press her,

her, as thou sayest he did, to his stupid heart; at that time, no doubt, more sensible, than ever it was before!

By thy description of their parting, I see thou wilt be a delicate fellow in time. My Mortification in this Lady's displeasure, will be thy exaltation from her conversation. I envy thee as well for thy opportunities as for thy improvements: And such an impression has thy concluding paragraph made upon me, that I wish I do not get into a Reformation-humour as well as thou: And then what a couple of lamentable puppies shall we make, howling in recitative to each other's discordant music!

Let me improve upon the thought, and imagine that, turned Hermits, we have opened the two old Caves at Hornsey, or dug new ones; and in each of our cells set up a death's head, and an hour-glass, for objects of contemplation—I have seen such a picture: But then, Jack, had not the old penitent fornicator a suffocating long grey beard? What figures would a couple of brocaded or laced-waistcoated toupets make with their sour screw'd up half-cock'd faces, and more than half-shut eyes, in a kneeling attitude, recapitulating their respective rogueries? This scheme, were we only to make trial of it, and return afterwards to our old ways, might serve to better purpose by far, than Horner's in the Country Wife, to bring the pretty wenches to us.

Let me see; The Author of Hudibras has somewhere a description that would suit us, when met in one of our Caves, and comparing our dismal notes together. This is it. Suppose me described—

—He sat upon his rump,
His head like one in doleful dump;
Betwixt his knees his hands apply'd
Unto his cheeks, on either side:
And by him, in another hole,
Sat stupid Belford, cheek by jowl.

I know

I know thou wilt think me too ludicrous. I think myself so. It is truly, to be ingenuous, a forced put : For my passions are so wound up, that I am obliged either to laugh or cry. Like honest drunken Jack Daventry [Poor fellow !—What an unhappy end was his !]—Thou knowest, I used to observe, that whenever he rose from an entertainment, which he never did sober, it was his way, as soon as he got to the door, to look round him, like a carrier-pigeon just thrown up, in order to spy out his course ; and then, taking to his heels, he would run all the way home, tho' it were a mile or two, when he could hardly stand, and must have tumbled on his nose if he had attempted to walk moderately. This then be my excuse, in this my unconverted estate, for a conclusion so unworthy of the conclusion to thy third Letter.

What a length have I run !—Thou wilt own, that if I pay thee not in quality, &c.

Vol. vi. p. 383. l. 5. after with thy goose-quills, insert,

Whereas, didst thou but know thine own talents, thou art formed to give mirth by thy very appearance ; and wouldst make a better figure by half, leading up thy brother-bears at Hockley in the Hole, to the music of a Scots bagpipe. Methinks I see thy clumsy sides shaking (and shaking the sides of all beholders) in these very attitudes ; thy fat head archly beating time on thy porterly shoulders, right and left by turns, as I once beheld thee practising to the horn-pipe at Preston. Thou remembrest the frolick, as I have done an hundred times ; for I never before saw thee appear so much in character.

But I know what I shall get by this—Only that notable observation repeated, That thy outside is the worst of thee, and mine the best of me. And so let it be. Nothing thou writest of *this sort* can I take amiss.

But I shall call thee seriously to account, &c.

Vol. vii. p. 109. to Mr. Lovelace's Letter add the following POSTSCRIPT.

Charlotte, in a whim of delicacy, is displeased that I send the inclosed Letter to you—That her hand-writing, forsooth ! should go into the hands of a single man !

There's encouragement for thee, Belford ! This is a certain sign that thou mayst have her if thou wilt. And yet, till she had given me this unerring demonstration of her glancing towards thee, I could not have thought it. Indeed I have often in pleasantry told her, that I would bring such an affair to a bear. But I never intended it ; because she really is dainty girl. And thou art such a clumsy fellow in thy person, that I should have as soon have wished her a Rhinoceros for an husband, as thee. But, poor little dears ! they must stay till their time's come ! They won't have this man, and they won't have that man, from Seventeen to Twenty-five : But then, afraid, as the saying is, that *God has forgot them*, and finding their bloom departing, they are glad of whom they can get, and verify the fable of the Parson and the Pears.

Vol. vii. p. 113. l. 26. after with my Letter, insert, One word more, as to a matter of *erudition*, which you greatly love to hear me *start*, and *dwell upon*. Dr. Lewen once, in your presence (as you, my good Patron, cannot but remember) in a *smartish* kind of debate between him and me, took upon him to censure the *parenthetical* style, as I call it. He was a very learned and judicious man, to be sure, and an ornament to our *Function* : But yet I must needs say, that it is a style which I greatly like ; and the good Doctor was then past his *youth*, and that time of life, of
con-

consequence, when a *fertile imagination*, and *rich fancy*, pour in ideas so fast upon a writer, that parentheses are often wanted (and that for the sake of *brevery*, as well as *perspicuity*) to save the reader the trouble of reading a passage *more than once*. Every man to his talent (as I said before). We are all so apt to set up our *natural byasses* for *general standards*, that I wondered the less at the worthy Doctor's *stiffness* on this occasion. He *smiled at me*, you may remember, Sir—And, whether I was right or not, I am sure I *smiled at him*. And you, my worthy *Patron* (as I had the satisfaction to observe) seemed to be of my *Party*. But was it not strange, that the *old gentleman* and I should so widely differ, when the *end* with *both* (that is to say, *perspicuity* or *clearness*) was the same?—But what shall we say?—

Errare est hominis, sed non persistere—

I think I have nothing to add, &c.

Vol. vii. p. 117. l. 11. after I left them, insert,

As to what thou sayest of thy charming Cousin, let me know, if thou hast any meaning in it. I have not the vanity to think myself deserving of such a Lady as Miss Montague: And should not therefore care to expose myself to her scorn, and to thy derision. But were I assured I might avoid both these, I would soon acquaint thee, that I should think no pains nor assiduity too much to obtain a share in the good graces of such a Lady.

But I know thee too well to depend upon any-thing thou sayest on this subject. Thou lovest to make thy friends the object of ridicule to Ladies; and imaginest, from the vanity (and in this respect, I will say littleness) of thine own heart, that thou shinest the brighter for the foil.

Thus

Thus didst thou once play off the rough Mowbray with Miss Hatton, till the poor fellow knew not how to go either backward or forward.

Vol. vii. p. 120. dele the two first paragraphs of Colonel Morden's Letter; and read,

I SHOULD not, my dearest Cousin, have been a fortnight in England, without either doing myself the honour of waiting upon you in person, or of writing to you; if I had not been busying myself almost all the time in your service, in hopes of making my Visit or Letter still more acceptable to you—acceptable as I have reason to presume either will be from the unquestionable Love I ever bore you, and from the esteem you always honoured me with.

Little did I think, that so many days would have been required to effect my well-intended purpose, where there used to be a Love so ardent on one side, and where there still is, as I am thoroughly convinced, the most exalted Merit on the other!

I was yesterday with Mr. Lovelace, &c.

Vol. vii. p. 189. dele the Paragraph beginning Mr. Brand's Recantation-Letters, &c. and insert,

Mr. BRAND, To Mr. JOHN WALTON.

Dear Mr. WALTON, Sat. Night, Sept. 2.

I AM obliged to you for the very handsomely penned (and elegantly written) Letter which you have sent me on purpose to do justice to the character of the younger Miss Harlowe: And yet I must tell you, that I had reason, before that came, to think (and to know indeed) that we were all wrong: And so I had employed the greatest part of this week, in drawing up an apologetical Letter to my worthy Patron Mr. John Harlowe, in order to set all matters right

right between me and them, and (as far as I could) between them and Miss. So it required little more than connexion and transcribing, when I received yours; and it will be with Mr. Harlowe afore said, to-morrow morning; and this, and the copy of that, will be with you on Monday morning.

You cannot imagine how sorry I am, that you, and Mrs. Walton, and Mrs. Barker, and I myself, should have taken matters up so lightly (judging, alas-a-day! by appearance and conjecture) where character and reputation are concerned. Horace says truly,

Et semel emissum volat irrevocabile verbum.

That is, *Words once spoken cannot be recalled*: But (Mr. Walton) they may be contradicted by other Words; and we may confess ourselves guilty of a mistake; and express our concern for being mistaken; and resolve to make our mistake a warning to us for the future: And this is all that can be done; and what every worthy mind will do; and what nobody can be readier to do, than we four undesigning offenders (as I see by your Letter, on your part; and as you will see by the inclosed copy, on mine); which, if it be received as I think it ought (and as I believe it will) must give me a speedy opportunity to see you, when I visit the Lady; to whom (as you will see in it) I expect to be sent up with the olive-branch.

The matter in which we all erred, must be owned to be very nice; and (Mr. Belford's character considered) appearances ran very strong against the Lady: But all that this serveth to shew, is, *That in doubtful matters the wisest people may be mistaken*; for so saith the Poet,

Fallitur in dubiis hominum solertia rebus.

If you have an opportunity, you may (as if from yourself, and unknown to me) shew the inclosed to

Mr.

Mr. Belford, who (you tell me) *resenteth* the matter very heinously; but not to let him *see*, or *hear read*, those words *that relate to him*, in the paragraph at the *bottom of the second page*, beginning [*But yet I do insist upon it*] to the *End* of that paragraph; for one would not make *one's self enemies*, you know: And I have *reason to think*, that this Mr. Belford is as *passionate and fierce* a man as Mr. Lovelace. What pity it is the Lady could find no *worthier a Protector*! You may paste those lines over with *blue or black paper*, before he seeth it; and if he insisteth upon taking a copy of my Letter (for he, or any-body, that *seeth it*, or *heareth it read*, will, no doubt, be glad to have by them the copy of a Letter so full of the *sentiments* of the *noblest writers of antiquity*, and *so well adapted*, as I will be bold to say they are, to the *point in hand*; I say, if he insisteth upon taking a copy) let him give you the *strongest assurances* not to suffer it to be *printed*, on *any account*; and I make the same request to you, that *you will not*: For if any-thing be to be made of a *man's works*, who, but the *author*, should have the *advantage*? And if the *Spectators*, the *Tatlers*, the *Examiners*, the *Guardians*, and other of our polite papers, make such a *strutting* with a *single verse*, or so, by way of *motto*, in the *front of each day's paper*; and if other *authors* pride themselves in *finding out* and *embellishing* the *title-pages* of their *books* with a *verse* or *adage* from the *classical writers*; what a figure would *such a Letter as the inclosed* make, so full fraught with *admirable precepts*, and *à-propos quotations*, from the *best authority*?

I have been told, that a *certain noble Lord*, who once sat himself down to write a *pamphlet* in behalf of a *great minister*, after taking *infinite pains* to no *purpose* to find a *Latin motto*, gave commission to a friend of *his* to offer to *any one*, who could help him to a *suitable one*, but of one or two lines, a *hamper*
of

of claret. Accordingly, his Lordship had a motto found him from Juvenal; which he unhappily mistaking (not knowing Juvenal was a poet) printed as a prose sentence in his title-page.

If then one or two lines were of so much worth (A hamper of claret! No less!) of what inestimable value would such a Letter as mine be deemed?—And who knoweth but that this noble P—r (who is now (a) living) if he should happen to see this Letter shining with such a glorious string of jewels, might give the writer a scarf, in order to have him always at hand, or be a means (some way or other) to bring him into notice? And I will be bold to say (bad as the world is) a man of sound learning wanteth nothing but an initiation, to make his fortune.

I hope (my good friend) that the Lady will not die: I shall be much grieved, if she doth; and the more, because of mine unhappy misrepresentation: So will you, for the same cause: So will her parents and friends. They are very rich and very worthy Gentlesfolks.

But let me tell you, by-the-by, that they had carried the matter against her so far, that I believe in my heart they were glad to justify themselves by my report; and would have been less pleased, had I made a more favourable one: And yet in their hearts they dote upon her. But now they are all (as I hear) inclined to be friends with her, and forgive her; her Brother, as well as the rest.

But their Cousin, Col. Morden, a very fine Gentleman, hath had such high words with them, and they with him, that they know not how to stoop, lest it should look like being frightened into an Accommodation. Hence it is, that I have taken the greater liberty to press the Reconciliation; and I hope in such good season, that they will all be pleased with it: For can they have a better handle to save their pride

(a) i. e. At the time this Letter was written.

all round, than by my *Mediation*? And let me tell you (inter nos, betwixt ourselves) very proud they all are.

By this *honest means* (for by *dishonest ones* I would not be *Archbishop of Canterbury*) I hope to please every-body; to be *forgiven*, in the *first place*, by the *Lady* (whom, being a *lover of learning and learned men*, I shall have great *opportunities of obliging*—For, when she departed from her Father's house, I had but just the honour of her *notice*, and she seemed *highly pleased* with my *conversation*); and, *next*, to be *thanked and respected* by her *parents*, and *all her family*; as I am (I bless God for it) by my *dear friend Mr. John Harlowe*: Who indeed is a man that professeth a *greatest esteem* for *men of erudition*; and who (with *singular delight*, I know) will run over with me the *Authorities* I have *quoted*, and *wonder* at my *memory*, and the *happy knack* I have of *recommending mine own sense of things* in the words of the *greatest sages of antiquity*.

Excuse me, my good friend, for this *seeming vanity*. The great Cicero (you must have heard, I suppose) had a *much greater* spice of it, and wrote a *long Letter* begging and praying to be *flattered*: But if I say *less of myself*, than other people (who know me) say of me, I think I keep a *medium* between *vanity* and *false modesty*; the latter of which oftentimes gives itself the *lye*, when it is *declaring off the compliments*, that *every-body* gives it as its due: An hypocrisy, as well as folly, that (I hope) I shall for ever scorn to be guilty of.

I have *another reason* (as I may tell to you, my *old schoolfellow*) to make me wish for this *fine Lady's* recovery and *health*; and that is (by some distant intimations) I have heard from Mr. John Harlowe, that it is *very likely* (because of the *Slur* she hath received) that she will chuse to *live privately* and *penitently*—and will probably (when she cometh into her

her *Estate*) keep a *Chaplain* to direct her in her *devotions* and *penitence*—If she doth, who can stand a *better chance* than *myself*?—And as I find (by your account, as well as by *every-body's*) that she is innocent as to *intention*, and is resolved never to think of Mr. *Lovelace* more, Who knoweth *what* (in time) *may happen*?—And yet it must be after Mr. *Lovelace's death* (which may possibly sooner happen than he *thinketh* of, by means of his *detestable courses*): For after all, a man who is of *public utility*, ought not (for the *finest woman* in the world) to lay his *throat* at the *mercy* of a man who boggleth at nothing.

I beseech you, let not this hint go farther than to *yourself*, your *Spouse*, and Mrs. *Barker*. I know I may trust my *life* in your *hands* and *theirs*. There have been (let me tell ye) *unlikelier* things come to pass, and that with *rich widows* (some of *quality* truly!) whose choice in their *first marriages* hath (perhaps) been guided by *motives of convenience*, or *mere corporalities*, as I may say; but who by their *second* have had for their view the *corporal* and *spiritual* mingled; which is the most eligible (no doubt) to *substances* composed of *both*, as *men* and *women* are.

Nor think (Sir) that should such a thing come to pass, *either* would be *disgraced*; since the *Lady*, in *me*, would marry a *Gentleman*, and a *Scholar*: And as to *mine own honour*, as the *Slur* would bring her *high fortunes* down to an *equivalence* with my *mean ones* (if *fortune* only, and not *merit*, be considered) so hath not the *life* of *this Lady* been so *tainted* (either by *length of time*, or *naughtiness of practice*) as to put her on a *foot* with the *cast Abigails*, that too-too often (God knoweth) are thought good enough for a young *Clergyman*, who, perhaps, is drawn in by a *poor benefice*; and (if the *wicked one* be not quite *worn out*) groweth poorer and poorer upon it, by an *increase of family* he knoweth not whether is *most his*, or his *noble* (*ignoble* I should say) *patron's*.

But, all this *apart*, and *in confidence*.

I know you made at school but a small progress in languages. So I have restrained myself from *many illustrations* from the *classics*, that I could have filled this Letter with (as I have done the inclosed one): And, being at a *distance*, I cannot *explain* them to you, as I *do* to my friend Mr. John Harlowe; who (after all) is obliged to *me* for pointing out to *him* many *beauties* of the *authors* I *quote*, which otherwise would lie concealed from *him*, as they must from every *common observer*.—But this (too) *inter nos*—For he would not take it well to *have it known*—*Jays* (you know, old Schoolfellow, *Jays*, you know) *will strut in peacocks feathers*.

But whither am I running? I never know where to end, when I get upon *learned topics*. And albeit I cannot compliment you with the *name of a learned man*; yet are you *a sensible man*; and (*as such*) must have *pleasure in learned men*, and in *their writings*.

In this confidence (Mr. Walton) with my *kind respects* to the good Ladies (your *Spouse* and *Sister*) and in hopes, for the *young Lady's sake*, soon to follow this long, long epistle, *in person*, I conclude myself

Your loving and faithful friend,

ELIAS BRAND.

You will perhaps, Mr. Walton, wonder at the meaning of the *lines drawn under many of the words and sentences* (UNDERSCORING we call it); and were my Letters to be printed, those would be put in a *different character*. Now, you must know, Sir, that *we learned men* do this to point out to the readers who are not *so learned*, where the *jet of our arguments lieth*, and the *emphasis* they are to lay upon *those words*; whereby they will take in readily our *sense and cogency*. Some *pragmatical* people

H

have

have said, that an author who doth a *great deal of this*, either calleth his readers *fools*, or tacitly condemneth *his own style*, as supposing his meaning would be *dark* without it, or that all his *force* lay in *words*. But all of those with whom I have conversed in the learned way *think as I think*. And to give a very pretty tho' *familiar illustration*, I have considered a page distinguished by *different characters*, as *verdant field* overspread with *butter-flowers* and *daisies*, and other summer-flowers. These the poets liken to *enamelling*—Have you not read in the poets of *enamelled meads*, and so forth?

Mr. BRAND, To JOHN HARLOWE, Esq;

Worthy Sir, Sat. Night, Sept. 2.

I AM under no *small concern*, that I should (unhappily) be the *occasion* (I am sure I *intended* nothing like it) of *widening differences* by *light misreport*, when it is the *duty* of one of my *function* (and no less consisting with my *inclination*) to *heal* and *reconcile*.

I have received two Letters to set me *right*: One from a *particular acquaintance* (whom I set to enquire of Mr. Belford's character); and that came on Tuesday last, informing me, that your *unhappy Niece* was greatly injured in the account I had had of her (for I had told *him* of it, and that with very *great concern*, I am sure, apprehending it to be *true*). So I then set about writing to you, to *acknowledge* the *error*: And had gone a good way in it; when the second Letter came (a very *handsome one* it is, both in *style* and *penmanship*) from my friend Mr. Walton (tho' I am sure it cannot be *his inditing*) expressing his sorrow, and his Wife's, and his Sister-in-law's likewise, for having been the cause of *misleading me*, in the account I gave of the said *young Lady*; whom they now say (upon further enquiry)

enquiry) they find to be the *most unblameable*, and *most prudent*, and (it seems) the *most pious* young Lady, that ever (once) committed a *great error*; as (to be sure) *hers was*, in leaving such *worthy Parents and Relations* for so *vile a man* as Mr. Lovelace: But what shall we say?—Why, the divine Virgil tells us,

Improbe Amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis?

For my part, I was but too much afraid (for we have *great opportunities*, you are sensible, Sir, at the *University*, of knowing *human nature* from *books*, the *calm result* of the *wise mens wisdom*, as I may say,

(Haurit aquam cribro, qui discere vult sine libro)

uninterrupted by the *noise* and *vanities*, that will mingle with *personal conversation*, which (in the *turbulent world*) is not to be enjoyed but over a *bottle*, where you have an *hundred foolish things* pass to one that *deserveth to be remembred*; I was but too much afraid, I say) that so *great a slip* might be attended with *still greater* and *worse*: For your *Horace*, and my *Horace*, the *most charming writer* that ever lived among the *Pagans* (for the *lyric kind of poetry*, I mean; for, to be sure, *Homer* and *Virgil* would *otherwise be first named in their way*) well observeth (and who understood *human nature* better than he?)

Nec vera virtus, cum semel excidit,

Curat reponi deterioribus.

And *Ovid* no less wisely observeth:

Et mala sunt vicina bonis. Errore sub illo

Pro vitio virtus crimina sæpe tulit.

Who, that can draw *knowledge* from its *fountain-head*, the works of the *sages of antiquity* (improved by the *comments of the moderns*) but would prefer to

all others the *silent quiet life*, which *contemplative men* lead in the *seats of learning*, were they not called out (according to their *dedication*) to the *service and instruction* of the world?

Now, Sir, another favourite poet of mine (and not the *less a favourite* for being a *Christian*) telleth us, that it is the custom of *some*, when in a *fault*, to throw the blame upon the backs of *others*,

——— *Hominum quoque mos est,
Quæ nos cunque premunt, alieno imponere tergo.*

MANT.

But I, tho' (in this case) *mised* (well-intendedly, nevertheless, both in the *misleaders* and *mised*, and therefore entitled to lay hold of that plea, if anybody is so entitled) will not, however, be classed among such *extenuators*; but (contrarily) will always keep in mind that verse, which *comforteth in mistake*, as well as *instructeth*; and which I quoted in my last Letter;

Errare est hominis, sed non persistere——

And will own, that I was very *rash* to take up with *conjectures* and *consequences* drawn from *probabilities*, where (especially) the *character* of so *fine a Lady* was concerned.

Credere fallaci gravis est dementia famæ. MANT.

Notwithstanding, Miss Clarissa Harlowe (I must be bold to say) is the *only young Lady*, that ever I heard of (or indeed read of) that, *having made such a false step*, so soon (of her own accord, as I may say) *recovered herself*, and conquered her *Love of the deceiver* (A great conquest indeed!); and who *flieth him*, and resolveth to *die*, rather than to be his; which now to her never-dying *honour* (I am well assured) is the case—And, in *justice* to her, I am now ready to take to myself (with no small vexation) that of Ovid,

Heu!

Heu! patior telis vulnera facta meis.

But yet I do insist upon it, that all *that part* of my information, which I took upon mine own *personal enquiry*, which is what relates to Mr. Belford, and his *character*, is *literally true*; for there is not any-where to be met with a man of a more *libertine character* as to women, Mr. Lovelace excepted, than he beareth.

And so, Sir, I must desire of you, that you will not let *any blame* lie upon my *intention*; since you see how ready I am to *accuse myself* of too lightly giving ear to a *rash information* (not knowing it so to be, however): For I depended the more upon it, as the *people I had it from* are very *sober*, and live in the *fear of God*: And indeed when I wait upon you, you will see by their Letter, that they must be *conscientious good people*: Wherefore, Sir, let me be entitled, from *all your good family*, to that of my last-named poet,

Aspera confesso verba remitte reo.

And now, Sir (what is much more becoming of my *function*) let me, instead of appearing with the *face of an accuser*, and a *rash censurer* (which in my heart I have not *deserved* to be thought), assume the character of a *reconciler*; and propose (by way of *penance* to myself for my *fault*) to be sent up as a *messenger of peace* to the *pious young Lady*; for they write me word *absolutely* (and, I believe in my heart, *truly*) that the *Doctors* have *given her over*, and that she *cannot live*. Alas! alas! what a sad thing would that be, if the *poor bough*, that was only designed (as I *very well know*, and am *fully assured*) to be *bent*, should be *broken*!

Let it not, dear Sir, seem to the *world*, that there was any-thing in your *resentments* (which, while meant for *reclaiming*, were just and fit) that hath the

appearance of violence, and fierce wrath, and inexorability (as it would look to some, if carried to extremity, after repentance, and contrition, and humiliation, on the fair offender's side): For all this while (it seemeth) she hath been a second *Magdalen* in her penitence, and yet not so bad as a *Magdalen* in her faults (faulty, nevertheless, as she hath been once, the Lord knoweth!

*Nam vitiiis nemo sine nascitur: optimus ille est,
Qui minimis urgetur*——saith Horace).

Now, Sir, if I may be named for this *blessed* employment (For, *Blessed is the peacemaker!*) I will hasten to London; and (as I know Miss had always a great regard to the function I have the honour to be of) I have no doubt of making myself acceptable to her, and to bring her, by sound arguments, and good advice, into a liking of life, which must be the first step to her recovery: For, when the mind is made easy, the body will not long suffer; and the love of life is a natural passion, that is soon revived, when fortune turneth about, and smileth:

*Vivere quisque diu, quamvis & egenus & æger,
Optat*——— OVID.

And the sweet Lucan truly observeth,

———*Fatis debentibus annos
Mors invita subit*———

And now, Sir, let me tell you what shall be the tenor of my pleadings with her, and comfortings of her, as she is, as I may say, a learned Lady; and as I can explain to her those sentences, which she cannot so readily construe herself: And this in order to convince you (did you not already know my qualifications) how well qualified I am for the *Christian Office* to which I commend myself.

I will, IN THE FIRST PLACE, put her in mind of the common course of things in this sublunary world,
in

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in which joy and sorrow, sorrow and joy, succeed one another by turns; in order to convince her, that her griefs have been but according to that common course of things:

Gaudia post luctus veniunt, post gaudia luctus.

SECONDLY, I will remind her of her own notable description of Sorrow, when she was once called upon to distinguish wherein Sorrow, Grief, and Melancholy, differed from each other; which she did *impromptu*, by their effects, in a truly admirable manner, to the high satisfaction of every one: I myself could not, by study, have distinguished better, nor more *concisely*—SORROW, said she, wears; GRIEF tears; but MELANCHOLY sooths.

My inference to her shall be, that since a happy Reconciliation will take place, Grief will be banished; Sorrow dismissed; and only sweet Melancholy remain to sooth and indulge her contrite heart, and shew to all the world the penitent sense she hath of her great error.

THIRDLY, That her Joys (a), when restored to health and favour, will be the greater, the deeper her griefs were.

Gaudia, quæ multo parta labore, placent.

FOURTHLY, That having really been guilty of a great error, she should not take impatiently the correction and anger with which she hath been treated.

Leniter, ex merito quicquid patiare, ferundum est.

FIFTHLY, That Virtue must be established by Patience; as saith Prudentius:

(a) Joy, let me here observe, my dear Sir, by way of Note, is not absolutely inconsistent with Melancholy; a soft gentle Joy, not a rapid, not a rampant Joy, however; but such a Joy, as shall lift her temporarily out of her soothing Melancholy, and then let her down gently into it again; for Melancholy, to be sure, her reflection will generally make to be her state.

Hæc virtus vidua est, quam non patientia firmat.

SIXTHLY, That, in the words of Horace, she may expect better times, than (of late) she had reason to look for:

Grata superveniet, quæ non sperabitur, hora.

SEVENTHLY, That she is really now in a way to be happy, since, according to Ovid, she can count up all her woe:

Felix, qui patitur quæ numerare potest.

And those comforting lines,

*Esque serena dies post longos gratior imbres,
Et post triste malum gratior ipsa salus.*

EIGHTHLY, That, in the words of Mantuan, her Parents and Uncles could not help loving her all the time they were angry at her:

*Æqua tamen semper mens est, & amica voluntas,
Sit licet in natos facies austera parentum.*

NINTHLY, That the ills she hath met with may be turned (by the good use to be made of them) to her everlasting benefit; for that,

Cum furit atque ferit, Deus olim parcere quærit.

TENTHLY, That she will be able to give a fine lesson (a very fine lesson) to all the young Ladies of her acquaintance, of the vanity of being lifted up in prosperity, and the weakness of being cast down in adversity; since no one is so high, as to be above being humbled; so low, as to need to despair: For which purpose the advice of Ausonius,

*Dum fortuna juvat, caveto tolli:
Dum fortuna tonat, caveto mergi.*

I shall

I shall tell her, that Lucan saith well, when he calleth *adversity* the element of patience :

— *Gaudet patientia duris.*

That

Fortunam superat virtus, prudentia famam.

That while weak souls are crushed by fortune, the brave mind maketh the fickle deity afraid of it :

Fortuna fortes metuit, ignavos premit.

ELEVENTHLY, That if she take the advice of Horace,

Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus,

it will delight her hereafter (as Virgil saith) to revolve her past troubles :

— *Forsan & hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*

And, to the same purpose, Juvenal speaking of the prating joy of mariners, after all their dangers are over :

Gaudent securi narrare pericula nautæ.

Which suiting the case so well, you'll forgive me, Sir, for popping down in English metre, as the transitive impulse (pardon a new word, and yet we scholars are not fond of authenticating new words) came upon me uncalled for :

The Seaman, safe on shore, with joy doth tell

What cruel dangers him at sea befell.

With these, Sir, and an hundred more, wise adages, which I have always at my fingers end, will I (when reduced to form and method) entertain Miss ; and as she is a well-read, and (I might say, but for this one great error) a wise young Lady, I make no doubt but I shall prevail upon her, if not by mine own arguments, by those of wits and capacities that have a

congeniality (as I may say) to her own, to take heart,

—Nor of the laws of fate complain,

Since, tho' it has been cloudy, now 't clears up again.—

Oh! what wisdom is there in these noble classical authors! A wise man will (upon searching into them) always find that they speak his sense of men and things. Hence it is, that they so readily occur to my memory on every occasion—Tho' this may look like vanity, it is too true to be omitted: And I see not why a man may not know those things of himself, which every-body seeth and saith of him; who, nevertheless, perhaps know not half so much as he, in other matters.

I know but of one objection, Sir, that can lie against my going; and that will arise from your kind care and concern for the safety of my person, in case that fierce and terrible man, the wicked Mr. Lovelace (of whom every one standeth in fear) should come cross me, as he may be resolved to try once more to gain a footing in Miss's affections: But I will trust in providence for my safety, while I shall be engaged in a cause so worthy of my function; and the more trust in it, as he is a learned man, as I am told.

Strange too, that so vile a Rake (I hope he will never see this!) should be a learned man; that is to say, that a learned man should find leisure to be a Rake. Altho', possibly, a learned man may be a sly sinner, and take opportunities, as they come in his way—Which, however, I do assure you, I never did.

I repeat, That as he is a learned man, I shall vest myself, as I may say, in classical armour; beginning meekly with him (for, Sir, bravery and meekness are qualities very consistent with each other, and in no persons so shiningly exert themselves, as in the Christian priesthood; beginning meekly with him, I say) from Ovid,

Corpora

Corpora magnanimo satis est prostrâsse leoni :

So that, if I should not be safe behind the *shield* of mine own *prudence*, I certainly should behind the *shields* of the ever-admirable *classics*: Of *Horace* particularly; who, being a *Rake* (and a *jovial Rake* too) himself, must have great weight with all learned *Rakes*.

And who knoweth but I may be able to bring even this *Goliath* in *wickedness*, altho' in *person* but a little *David* myself (armed with the *slings* and *stones* of the *antient sages*), to a due sense of his errors? And what a victory would that be!

I could here, Sir, pursuing the allegory of *David* and *Goliath*, give you some of the *stones* (*Hard arguments* may be called *stones*, since they *knock down* a *pertinacious opponent*) which I could *pelt him with*, were he to be wroth with me; and this in order to take from you, Sir, all apprehensions for my *life*, or my *bones*; but I forbear them till you demand them of me, when I have the honour to attend you in person.

And now (my dear Sir) what remaineth, but that, having shewn you (what yet, I believe, you did not doubt) how *well qualified* I am to attend the Lady with the *olive-branch*, I beg of you to dispatch me with it *out of hand*? For if she be so *very ill*, and if she should not live to receive the grace, which (to my knowlege) all the *worthy family* design her, how much will that grieve you all! And then, Sir, of what avail will be the *eulogies* you shall all, peradventure, join to give to her memory? For, as *Martial* wisely observeth,

—*Post cineres gloria sera venit.*

Then, as *Ausonius* layeth it down with equal propriety, that *those favours, which are speedily conferred, are the most graceful and obliging*—

And to the same purpose Ovid :

Gratia ab officio, quod mora tardat, abest.

And, Sir, whatever you do, let the *Lady's* pardon be as ample, and as *cheerfully* given, as she can *wish* for it ; that I may be able to tell her, that it hath your *hands*, your *countenances*, and your *whole hearts*, with it—For, as the Latin verse hath it (and I presume to think I have not weakened its sense by my humble advice)

Dat bene, dat multum, qui dat cum munere vultum.

And now, Sir, when I survey this long Letter (a), (albeit I see it enamelled, as a *beautiful meadow* is enamelled by the *spring* or *summer flowers*, very glorious to behold !) I begin to be afraid, that I may have tired you ; and the more likely, as I have written without that *method* or *order*, which think constituteth the *beauty* of *good writing* : Which *method* or *order*, nevertheless, may be the *better excused* in a *familiar epistle* (as this may be called), you pardoning, Sir, the *familiarity* of the *word* : But yet not altogether *here*, I must needs own ; because this is a *Letter*, and not a *Letter*, as I may say ; but a kind of *short* and *pithy Discourse*, touching upon *various* and *sundry topics*, every one of which might be a *fit theme* to enlarge upon, even to volumes : If this *Epistolary Discourse* (then let me call it) should be pleasing to you (as I am inclined to think it will, because of the *sentiments* and *aphorisms* of the *wisest* of the *antients*, which *glitter thro'* it like so many

(a) And here, by way of Note, permit me to say, that no *sermon*, I ever composed, cost me half the *pains* that this Letter hath done--- But I know your great *appetite* after, as well as *admiration* of, the *ancient wisdom*, which you so justly prefer to the *modern*--And indeed I join with you to think, that the *modern* is only *borrowed* (as the *moon* doth its light from the *sun*) ; at least, that we *excel* them in nothing ; and that our *best cogitations* may be found, generally speaking, more *elegantly* dressed and expressed by *them*.

dazling

dazling sun-beams), I will (at my leisure) work it up into a *methodical Discourse*; and perhaps may one day print it, with a *dedication* to my *honoured patron* (if, Sir, I have your leave) *singly* at first (but not till I have thrown out anonymously two or three *smaller things*, by the success of which I shall have made myself of *some account* in the *Commonwealth of Letters*), and afterwards in my *Works*—Not for the *vanity* of the thing (however) I will say, but for the *use* it may be of to the *public*; for (as one well observeth) *Tho' glory always followeth virtue, yet it should be considered only as its shadow.*

*Contemnit laudem virtus, licet usque sequatur
Gloria virtutem, corpus ut umbra suum.*

A very pretty saying, and worthy of all mens admiration!

And now (*most worthy Sir*, my very good friend and patron) referring the whole to *yours*, and to your *two Brothers*, and to *young Mr. Harlowe's* consideration, and to the wise consideration of good *Madam Harlowe*, and her excellent Daughter *Miss Arabella Harlowe*; I take the liberty to subscribe myself, what I *truly am*, and *ever shall delight to be*, in all cases, and at all times,

Your and their most ready and obedient

as well as faithful Servant,

ELIAS BRAND.

Vol. vii. p. 267. l. 9. from the bottom, after whose more transient? insert,

Now, Lovelace, let me know if the word *Grace* can be re'd from my pen without a sneer from thee and thy associates? I own that once it sounded oddly in my ears. But I shall never forget what a grave man once said on this very word—That with him it was a
Rake's

Rake's *Shibboleth* (a). He had always hopes of one who could bear the mention of it without ridiculing it; and ever gave him up for an abandoned man, who made a jest of it, or of him who used it.

Don't be disgusted, &c.

Vol. vii. p. 344. l. 13. after thy wise consideration,
insert,

Mr. Belford returns a very serious Answer to the preceding Letter; *which appears not.*

In it, he most heartily wishes that he had withstood Mr. Lovelace, whatever had been the consequence, in designs so elaborately-bafe and ungrateful, and so long and steadily pursued, against a Lady whose merit and innocence entitled her to the protection of every man who had the least pretences to the title of a *Gentleman*; and who deserved to be even *the Public Care*.

He most severely censures himself for his false notions of Honour to his Friend, on this head; and recollects what the Divine Lady, as he calls her, said to him on this very subject, as related by himself in his Letter to Lovelace, Vol. VI. p. 178, 179. to which Lovelace also (both *Instigator* and *Accuser*, refers, and to his own regret and shame on the occasion. He distinguishes, however, between an irreparable injury intended to a *CLARISSA*, and one designed to *such* of the Sex, as contribute by their weakness and indiscretion to their own fall, and thereby entitle themselves to a large share of the guilt which accompanies the crime.

He offers not, he says, to palliate or extenuate the crimes he himself has been guilty of: But laments, for Mr. Lovelace's own sake, that he gives him, with so ludicrous and unconcerned

an

(a) See Judges xii. 6,

an air, such solemn and useful Lessons and Warnings. Nevertheless, he resolves to make it his whole endeavour, he tells him, to render them efficacious to himself: And should think himself but too happy, if he shall be enabled to set him such an example, as may be a means to bring about the Reformation of a man so dear to him as he has always been, from the first of their acquaintance; and who is capable of thinking so rightly and deeply; tho' at present to such little purpose, as makes his very Knowledge add to his Condemnation.

Vol. vii. p. 354. l. 8. after pursue his vengeance, insert,

And the rather, as thro' an absence of six years (high as just report, and the promises of her early youth from childhood, had raised her in his esteem) he could not till now know one half of her excellencies—Till now! that we have lost, for ever lost, the admirable creature!—

But I will force myself from the subject, &c.

Vol. vii. p. 357. l. 10. from the bottom, after all the authority with her that, dele the rest of that, and the following Paragraph; and read,

—A Mother ought to have. Miss Howe is indeed a woman of fine sense; but it requires a high degree of good understanding, as well as a sweet and gentle disposition of mind, and great discretion, in a child, when grown up, to let it be seen, that she mingles Reverence with her Love, to a Parent, who has talents visibly inferior to her own.

Miss Howe is open, generous, noble. The Mother has not any of her fine qualities. Parents, in order to preserve their childrens veneration for them, should take great care not to let them see any-thing in their conduct, or behaviour, or principles, which they themselves would not approve of in others.

Mr. Hickman has, however, this consideration to comfort himself with ; that the same vivacity by which *he* suffers, makes Miss Howe's own *Mother*, at times, *equally sensible*. And as he sees enough of this beforehand, he will have more reason to blame himself than the Lady, should she prove as lively a Wife, as she was a Mistress, for having continued his addresses, and married her, against such threatening appearances.

There is also another circumstance which good-natured men who engage with even lively women, may look forward to with pleasure ; a circumstance which generally lowers the spirits of the Ladies, and *domesticates* them, as I may call it : And which, as it will bring those of Mr. Hickman and Miss Howe nearer to a par, that worthy gentleman will have *double* reason, when it happens to congratulate himself upon it.

But, after all, &c.

Vol. vii. p. 381. l. penult. after will confirm this, delete the four following Paragraphs ; and read,

In her dress she was elegant beyond imitation ; and generally led the fashion to all the Ladies round her without seeming to intend it, and without being proud of doing so.

She was rather tall, than of a middling stature ; and had a dignity in her aspect and air, that bespoke the mind that animated every feature.

This *native* dignity, as I may call it, induced some superficial persons, who knew not how to account for the reverence which involuntarily filled their hearts on her appearance, to impute pride to her. But these were such as knew that they should have been proud of any *one* of her perfections : Judging therefore by their own narrowness, they thought it impossible that the Lady who possessed *so many*, should not think herself superior to them all.

Indeed, I have heard her noble aspect found fault with, as indicating pride and superiority: But people
awed

awed and controuled, tho' but by their own consciousness of inferiority, will find fault, right or wrong, with those of whose rectitude of mind and manners, their own culpable hearts give them to be afraid. But, in the bad sense of the word, Miss Clarissa Harlowe knew not what pride was.

You may, if you touch upon this subject, &c.

Vol. vii. p. 383. l. 12. after to condemn it, insert,

Once I remember in a large circle of Ladies, every one of which [I among the rest] having censured a generally reported indiscretion in a young Lady—Come, my Miss Howe, said she [for we had agreed to take each other to task when either thought the other gave occasion for it; and when by blaming each other, we intended a *general* reprehension, which, as she used to say, it would appear arrogant or assuming to level *more properly*] let *me* be Miss Fanny Darlington. Then removing out of the circle, and standing up,—Here I stand, unworthy of a seat with the rest of the company, till I have cleared myself. And now, suppose me to be her, let *me* hear your charge, and do *you* hear what the poor culprit can say to it in her own defence. And then answering the *conjectural* and *unproved* circumstances, by circumstances as *fairly* to be supposed *favourable*, she brought off triumphantly the censured Lady; and so much to every one's satisfaction, that she was led to her chair, and voted a double rank in the circle,—as the reinstated Miss Fanny Darlington, and as Miss Clarissa Harlowe.

' Very few persons, she used to say, would be condemned, or even accused, in the circles of Ladies, were they present: It is generous therefore, nay, it is but just, said she, to take the part of the absent, if not flagrantly culpable.'

But tho' *Wisdom* was her *birthright*, as I may say, yet she had not lived years enow to pretend to so much *experience*, as to exempt her from the necessity of some-

sometimes altering her opinion both of persons and things : But, when she found herself obliged to do this, she took care that the particular instance of mistaken worthiness in the person should not narrow or contract her almost universal charity into general doubt or jealousy. An instance of what I mean, occurs to my memory. You must every-where, &c.

Vol. vii. p. 383. dele the four last lines ; and p. 384. line 9. after caution and prudence, insert,

Indeed, when she was convinced of *any* error or mistake (however seemingly derogatory to her judgment and sagacity) no one was ever so acknowledging, so ingenuous, as she. ' It was a merit, she used to say, ' next in degree to that of having avoided error, ' frankly to own an error. And that the offering at ' an excuse in a blameable matter, was the undoubted ' mark of a disingenuous, if not of a perverse mind.'

But I ought to add, on this head [of her great charity where character was concerned, and where there was *room* for charity] that she was always deservedly severe in her reprehensions of a *wilful* and *studied* villainy. How could she then forgive the wretch by whose *premeditated* villainy she was entangled ?

If you mention, &c.

Vol. vii. p. 383. l. 22. after with him than before, insert,

And yet his behaviour before her was too specious, to have been very exceptionable to a woman who had a less share of that charming delicacy, and of that penetration, which so much distinguished her.

In obedience, &c.

Ibid. l. 7. from the bottom, after discard him for ever, insert,

She was an admirable mistress of all the graces of elocution. The hand she wrote, for the neat and free

free cut of her letters (like her mind solid, and above all *flourish*) for its fairness, evenness, and swiftness, distinguished her as much as the correctness of her orthography, and even punctuation, from the generality of her own Sex, and left her none amongst the most accurate of the other, who excelled her.

Her ingenuity, &c.

Vol. vii. p. 384. l. 27. *after* all natural beauty,
insert,

Then, stiffened and starched [Let me add] into dry and indelectable affectation, *one sort* of these scholars, assume a style as rough as frequently are their manners: They spangle over their productions with *metaphors*: They rumble into *bombast*: The *sublime*, with them, lying in *words* and not in *sentiment*, they fancy themselves most exalted when least understood; and down they sit, fully satisfied with their own performances, and call them MASCULINE. While a *second sort*, aiming at *wit*, that wicked misleader, forfeit all title to *judgment*. And a *third*, sinking into the *classical pits*, there poke and scramble about, never seeking to shew genius of their own; all their lives spent in common-place *quotation*; fit only to write *Notes and Comments* upon other peoples *Texts*; all their pride, that they know those beauties of two thousand years old in another tongue, which they can only *admire*, but not *imitate*, in their own.

And these, truly, must be learned men, and despisers of our *insipid* Sex!

But I need not mention the exceptions which my beloved friend always made [and to which I subscribe] in favour of men of sound learning, true taste, and extensive abilities: Nor, in particular, her respect even to reverence for gentlemen of the cloth: Which, I dare say, will appear in every paragraph of her Letters where-ever any of the Clergy are mentioned. Indeed the pious Dr. Lewen, the worthy Dr. Blome, the ingenious

genious Mr. Arnold, and Mr. Tompkins, gentlemen whom she names in one article of her will, as learned Divines with whom she held an early correspondence, well deserved her respect ; since to their conversation and correspondence she owed many of her valuable acquirements.

Nor were the little slights she would now-and-then (following, as I must own, my lead) put upon such *mere* scholars [And her stupid and pedantic Brother was one of those who deserved those slights] as despised not only *our Sex*, but all such as had not had their opportunities of being acquainted with the *Parts of Speech* [I cannot speak low enough of such] and with the dead Languages, owing to that contempt, which some affect for what they have not been able to master ; for she had an admirable facility in learning languages, and re'd with great ease both Italian and French. She had begun to apply herself to Latin ; and having such a critical knowlege of her own tongue, and such a foundation from the two others, would soon have made herself an adept in it.

And one hint, &c.

Vol. vii. p. 385. l. 10. after what she acquires, delete the two next Paragraphs ; and read,

‘ All that a woman *can* learn, she used to say [ex-
 ‘ patiating on this maxim, above the useful knowlege
 ‘ proper to her Sex, *let her learn*. This will shew that
 ‘ she is a good housewife of her time ; and that she
 ‘ not a narrow or confined genius. But then let her
 ‘ not give up for these, those *more necessary*, and there-
 ‘ fore, not *meaner*, employments, which will qualify
 ‘ her to be a good *Mistress* of a family, a good *Wife*,
 ‘ and a good *Mother* : For what can be more disgrace-
 ‘ ful to a woman, than either, thro’ negligence of *dress*,
 ‘ to be found to be a *learned Slattern* ; or, thro’ igno-
 ‘ rance of *household-management*, to be known to be a
 ‘ stranger to domestic oeconomy ?’

Then

Then would she instance to me two particular Ladies ; one of which, while she was fond of giving her opinion, in the company of her Husband, and of his learned friends, upon doubtful or difficult passages in Virgil or Horace, knew not how to put on her cloaths with that necessary grace and propriety, which should preserve to her the love of her Husband, and the respect of every other person : While the other, affecting to be thought as learned as men, could find no better way to assert her pretensions, than by despising her own Sex, and by dismissing that characteristic delicacy, the loss of which no attainment can supply.

She would have it indeed, sometimes, from the frequent ill use learned Women make of that respectable acquirement, that it was no great matter whether the Sex aimed at any-thing but excelling in the knowledge of the beauties and graces of their mother-tongue : And once she said, that this was field enough for a woman ; and an ampler was but endangering her family usefulness. But I, who think our Sex inferior in nothing to the other, but in want of opportunities, of which the narrow-minded mortals industriously seek to deprive us, lest we should surpass them as much in what they chiefly value themselves upon, as we do in all the graces of a fine imagination, could never agree with her in *that*. And yet I was entirely of her opinion, that those women who were solicitous to obtain that knowledge or learning, which they supposed would add to their significance in sensible company, and in their attainment of it imagined themselves above all domestic usefulness, deservedly incurred the contempt which they hardly ever failed to meet with.

Perhaps you will not think it amiss, &c.

Vol. vii. p. 385. l. 19. after who saw her in it, dele *that and the following Paragraph* ; and read,

Her Grandfather, in honour of her dexterity, and of her skill in all the parts of the dairy-management, as well as of the elegance of the offices allotted for that use, would have his Seat, before known by the name of *The Grove*, to be called, *The Dairy-house*. She had an easy, convenient, and graceful habit made on purpose, which she put on when she employed herself in these works ; and it was noted of her, that in *the same hour* that she appeared to be a most elegant Dairy-maid, she was, when called to a change of dress, the finest Lady that ever graced a circle.

Her Grandfather, Father, Mother, Uncles, Aunt, and even her Brother and Sister, made her frequent visits there, and were delighted with her silent ease, and unaffected behaviour in her works ; for she always out of modesty chose rather the *operative* than the *directive* part, that she might not discourage the servant whose proper business it was.

Each was fond of taking a regale from her hands in her *Dairy-house*. Her Mother and Aunt Hervey generally admired her in silence, that they might not give uneasiness to her Sister ; a spiteful, perverse, unimitating thing, who usually looked upon her all the time with speechless envy. Now-and-then, however, the pouting creature would suffer extorted and sparing praise to burst open her lips ; though looking at the same time like Saul meditating the pointed javelin at the heart of David, the glory of his kingdom. And now, methinks, I see my Angel-friend (too superior to take notice of her gloom) courting her acceptance of the milk-white curd from hands more pure than that.

Her skill and dexterity in every branch of family management, seem to be the only excellence of her innumerable ones, which she owed to her family : Whose narrowness, immensely rich, and immensely

carking, put them upon indulging her in the turn she took to this part of knowlege ; while her elder Sister affected dress without being graceful in it ; and the Fine Lady, which she could never be ; and which her Sister was without studying for it, or seeming to know she was so.

It was usual with the one Sister, when company was expected, to be half the morning dressing ; while the other would give directions for the whole business and entertainment of the day ; and then go up to her dressing-room, and, before she could well be missed, [*having all her things in admirable order*] come down fit to receive company, and with all that graceful ease and tranquillity as if she had had nothing else to think of.

Long after *her* [hours perhaps of previous preparation having passed] down would come rustling and bustling the tawdry and aukward Bella, disordering more her native disorderliness at the sight of her serene Sister, by her sullen envy, to see herself so much surpassed with such little pains, and in a sixth part of the time.

Yet was this admirable creature mistress of all these domestic qualifications without the least intermixture of narrowness. She knew how to distinguish between *Frugality*, a necessary virtue, and *Niggardliness*, an odious vice : And used to say, ‘ That to define Generosity, it must be called the happy medium betwixt parsimony and profusion.’

She was the most graceful *Reader* I ever knew. She added by her melodious voice graces to those she found in the parts of books she re’d-out to her friends ; and gave grace and significance to others where they were not. She had no tone, no whine. Her accent was always admirably placed. The emphasis she always forcibly laid, as the subject required. No buskin-elevation, no tragedy-pomp, could mislead her ; and yet poetry was poetry *indeed*, when she re’d it,

But

But if her voice was melodious when she *re'd*, it was all harmony when she *sung*. And the delight she gave by that, and by her skill and great compass, was heightened by the ease and gracefulness of her air and manner, and by the alacrity with which she obliged.

Nevertheless she generally chose rather to hear others sing or play, than either to play or sing herself.

She delighted to give praise where deserved: Yet she always bestowed it in such a manner, as gave not the least suspicion that she laid out for a return of it to herself, tho' so universally allowed to be her due.

She had a talent of saying uncommon things in such an easy manner, that every-body thought they could have said the same; and which yet required both genius and observation to say them.

Even severe things appeared gentle, tho' they lost not their force, from the sweetness of her air and utterance, and the apparent benevolence of her purpose.

We form the truest judgment of persons, by their behaviour on the *most familiar* occasions. I will give an instance or two of the correction she favoured me with on such a one.

When *very young*, I was guilty of the fault of those who want to be courted to sing. She cured me of it, at the first of our happy intimacy, by her own *example*; and by the following correctives, occasionally, yet privately enforced.

' Well, my dear, shall we take you at your word?
' Shall we suppose, that you sing but indifferently? Is
' not, however, the *act of obliging* (the company so
' worthy!) preferable to the *talent of singing*? And
' shall not young Ladies endeavour to make up for
' their defects in *one part* of education, by their ex-
' cellence in *another*?'

Again, ' You must convince us, by attempting to
' sing, that you *cannot* sing; and then we will rid

' you,

‘you, not only of *present*, but of *future* importunity.’
—An indulgence, however, let me add, that but *tolerable* singers do not always wish to meet with.

Again, ‘I know you will favour us by-and-by; and what do you by your excuses, but raise our expectations, and enhance your own difficulties?’

At another time, ‘Has not this accomplishment been a part of your *education*, my Nancy? How then, for *your own* honour, can we allow of your excuses?’

And I once pleading a cold, the usual pretence of those who love to be entreated—‘Sing, however, my dear, *as well as you can*. The greater the difficulty to you, the higher the compliment to the company. Do you think you are among those who know not how to make allowances? You *should* sing, my Love, lest there should be any-body present who may think your excuses owing to affectation.’

At another time, when I had *truly* observed, that a young Lady present sung better than I; and that therefore I chose not to sing before that Lady—‘Fie!’ said she (drawing me on one side) ‘Is not this pride, my Nancy? Does it not look as if your principal motive to oblige, was to obtain applause? A generous mind will not scruple to give advantage to a *person of merit*, tho’ not always to *her own* advantage. And yet she will have a high merit in *doing that*. Supposing this excelling person absent, who, my dear, if your example spread, shall sing after you? You know every one *else* must be but as a foil to you. Indeed I must have you as much superior to other Ladies in these *smaller* points, as you are in *greater*.—So she was pleased to say, to shame me.

She was as much above Reserve, &c.

Vol. vii. p. 385. l. 6. from the bottom, after the sweet instructress, delete the two next Paragraphs; and read,

She had a pretty hand at drawing, which she obtained

tained with a very little instruction. Her time was too much taken up, to allow, tho' to so fine an art, the attention which was necessary to make her greatly excel in it : And she used to say, ' That she was afraid ' of aiming at *too many* things, for fear she should not ' be tolerable at *any-thing* ?'

For her years, and her opportunities, she was an extraordinary judge of Painting. In this, as in every-thing else, *Nature* was her *Art*, her *Art* was *Nature*. She even prettily performed in it. Her Grandfather, for this reason, bequeathed to her all the family pictures. Charming was her fancy : Alike sweet and easy was every touch of her pencil and her pen. Yet her judgment exceeded her performance. She did not practise enough to excel in the executive part. She could not in every-thing excel. But, upon the whole, she knew what every subject required, according to the nature of it : In other words, was an absolute Mistress of the *should-be*.

To give a familiar instance, for the sake of young Ladies ; she (untaught) observed *when but a child*, that the Sun, Moon, and Stars, never appeared at once ; and were therefore never to be in one piece : That bears, tygers, lions, were not natives of an English climate, and should not therefore have place in an English landshap : That these ravagers of the forest consoorted not with lambs, kids, or fawns : Nor kites, hawks, and vulturs, with doves, partridges, and pheasants.

And, alas ! she knew, before she was nineteen years of age, by fatal experience she knew ! that all these beasts and birds of prey were outdone in treacherous cruelty by MAN ! Vile, barbarous, plotting, destructive Man ! who, infinitely less excuseable than those, destroys thro' wantonness and sport, what those only destroy thro' hunger and necessity !

The mere pretenders to those branches of Science which she aimed at acquiring, she knew how to detect ; and

and all from *Nature*. *Propriety*, another word for *Nature*, was (as I have hinted) her Law, as it is the foundation of all true judgment. But nevertheless, she was always uneasy, if what she said exposed those pretenders to knowledge, even in their *absence*, to the ridicule of lively spirits.

Let the *modern Ladies*, who have not any one of her excellent qualities; whose whole time, in the short days they generally make, and in the inverted night and day, where they make them longer, is wholly spent in dress, visits, cards, plays, operas, and musical entertainments; wonder at what I have written, and shall further write: And let them look upon it as an incredible thing, that when, at a maturer age, they cannot boast one of her perfections, there should have been a Lady so young, who had so many.

These must be such as know not how she employ'd her time; and cannot form the least idea of what may be done in those hours, in which they lie *enveloped with the shades of death*, as she used to call sleep.

But before I come to mention the distribution she usually made of her time, let me say a few words upon another subject, in which she excelled all the young Ladies I ever knew.

This was her skill in almost all sorts of fine Needle-works: Of which, however, I shall say the less, since possibly you will find it mentioned in some of the Letters.

That piece which she bequeaths, &c.

Vol. vii. p. 386. l. 17. *after* and not presents, delete to the words against playing high; and read,

As to her diversions, the accomplishments and acquirements she was mistress of, will shew, what they must have been. She was far from being fond of *Cards*, the fashionable foible of modern Ladies: Nor, as will be easily perceived from what I have said, and more from what I shall further say, had she much time for

Play. She never therefore promoted their being called for; and often insensibly diverted the Company from them, by starting some entertaining subject, when she could do it without incurring the imputation of particularity.

Indeed very few of her intimates would propose Cards, if they could engage her to read, to talk, to touch the keys, or to sing, when any new book, or new piece of music, came down. But when company was so numerous, that conversation could not take that agreeable turn which it ofteneft does among four or five friends of like years and inclinations, and it became in a manner necessary to detach off some of it, to make the rest better company, she would not refuse to play, if, upon casting-in, it fell to her lot. And then she shewed, that her disrelish to cards was the effect of choice only; and that she was an easy mistress of every genteel game played with them. But then she always declared against playing high. Except for trifles, &c.

Vol. vii. p. 386. l. 9. from the bottom, after what is our neighbour's, dele the four next Paragraphs; and read,

She was exceedingly charitable; the only one of her family that knew the meaning of the word: And this with regard both to the souls and the bodies of those who were the well-chosen objects of her benevolence. She kept a list of these, whom she used to call *her Poor*, entering one upon it, as another was provided for, by death, or any other way: But always made a reserve, nevertheless, for unforeseen cases, and for accidental distresses. And it must be owned, that in the prudent distribution of them, she had neither Example nor Equal.

The Aged, the Blind, the Lame, the Widow, the Orphan, the unsuccessful Industrious, were particularly the objects of it; and the contributing to the schooling

of some, to the putting out to trades and husbandry the children of others of the labouring or needy poor, and setting them forward at the expiration of their servitude, were her great delights; as was the giving good books to others, and, when she had opportunity, the instructing the poorer sort of her honest neighbours, and Father's tenants, in the use of them. 'That charity, she used to say, which provides for the *morals*, as well as for the *bodily wants* of the poor, gives a double benefit to the *Public*, as it adds to the number of the *hopeful*, what it takes from that of the *profligate*. And can there be, in the eyes of that God, she was wont to say, who requires nothing so much from us as acts of beneficence to one another, a charity more worthy?'

Her Uncle Antony, when he came to settle in England, with his vast fortune obtained in the Indies, used to say, 'This girl by her charities will bring down a blessing upon us all.' And it must be owned they trusted pretty much to this presumption.

But I need not say more on this head; nor perhaps was it necessary to say so much; since the charitable bequests in her Will sufficiently set forth her excellence in this branch of duty.

She was extremely moderate in her diet. 'Quantity in food,' she used to say, was more to be regarded than *quality*: That a full meal was the great enemy both to study and industry: That a well-built house required but little repairs.'

By this moderation in her diet, she enjoyed, with a delicate frame of body, a fine state of health; was always serene, lively; chearful of course. And I never knew but of one illness she had; and that was by a violent cold caught in an open chaise, by a sudden storm of hail and rain, in a place where was no shelter; and which threw her into a fever, attended with dangerous symptoms, that no doubt were lightened by her temperance; but which gave her friends,

who *then* knew her value, infinite apprehensions for her (a).

In all her Readings, and in her Conversations upon them, she was fonder of finding beauties than blemishes, and chose to applaud both Authors and Books, where she could find the least room for it. Yet she used to lament, that certain writers of the first class, who were capable of exalting virtue, and of putting vice out of countenance, too generally employed themselves in works of *imagination only*, upon subjects *merely speculative, disinteresting, and unedifying*; from which no useful moral or example could be drawn.

But she was a severe Censurer of pieces of a *light or indecent* turn, which had a tendency to corrupt the morals of youth, to convey polluted images, or to wound religion, whether in itself, or thro' the sides of its professors, and this whoever were the authors, and how admirable soever the execution. She often pitied the celebrated Dr. Swift for so employing his admirable pen, that a pure eye was afraid of looking into his works, and a pure ear of hearing any-thing quoted from them. 'Such authors,' she used to say, 'were not *honest* to their own talents, nor grateful to the God who gave them.' Nor would she, on these occasions, admit their beauties as a palliation; on the contrary, she held it as an aggravation of their crime,

(a) In her Common-place-book she has the following note upon the recollection of this illness, in the time of her distress.

'In a dangerous illness, with which I was visited a few years before I had the unhappiness to know this ungrateful man! [Would to Heaven I had died in it!] my Bed was surrounded by my dear Relations—Father, Mother, brother, Sister, my two Uncles weeping, kneeling round me, then put up their vows to Heaven for my recovery; and I, fearing that I should drag down with me to my grave, one or other of my sorrowing friends, wished and prayed to recover for *their sakes*.—Alas! how shall Parents in such cases know what to wish for! How happy for them, and for me, had I then been denied to their prayers!—But now am I eased of that care. All those dear Relations are living still—But not one of them (such, as they think, has been the heinousness of my error!) but, far from being grieved, would rejoice to hear of my death.'

that

that they who were so capable of *mending the heart*, should in any places shew a *corrupt one* in themselves; which must weaken the influences of their good works, and pull down with one hand what they built up with the other.

All she said, and all she did, was accompanied with a natural ease and dignity, which set her above affectation, or the suspicion of it; insomuch that that degrading fault, so generally imputed to a learned woman, was never laid to her charge. For, with all her excellencies, she was forwarder to *hear* than *speak*; and hence no doubt derived no small part of her improvement.

Altho' she was well read in the English, French, and Italian Poets, and had read the best translations of the Latin Classics; yet seldom did she quote or repeat from them, either in her Letters or Conversation, tho' exceedingly happy in a tenacious memory; principally thro' modesty, and to avoid the imputation of that *affectation* which I have just mentioned.

Mr. Wyerley once said of her, she had such a fund of knowledge of her own, and made naturally such fine observations upon persons and things, being capable by the Egg [that was his familiar expression] of *judging of the BIRD*, that she had seldom either room or necessity for foreign assistances.

But it was plain from her whole conduct and behaviour, that she had not so good an opinion of herself, however deserved; since, whenever she was urged to give her sentiments on any subject, altho' all she thought fit to say was clear and intelligible; yet she seemed in haste to have done speaking. Her reason for it, I know, was two-fold; That she might not lose the benefit of other peoples sentiments, by engrossing the conversation; and lest, as were her words, she should be praised into *loquaciousness*, and so forfeit the good opinion which a person always maintains with her friends, who knows when she has said enough.—It was, finally, a rule with her, 'to leave her hearers

‘wishing her to say more, rather than to give them
‘cause to shew, by their *inattention*, an uneasiness that
‘she had said so much.—’

You are curious to know, &c.

*Vol. vii. p. 387. l. 25. after Age and Sex, insert,
Her Sex,* did I say? What honour to the *other* does
this imply! When one might challenge the proudest
Pedant of them all, to say he has been *disciplined* into
greater improvement than she had made from the mere
force of genius and application. But it is demonstra-
ble to all who know how to make observations on their
acquaintance of both Sexes, arrogant as some are of their
superficialities, that a Lady at Eighteen, take the world
thro’, is more prudent and conversable than a man at
Twenty-five. I can prove this by Nineteen instances
out of Twenty in my own knowlege. Yet how do
these poor boasters value themselves upon the advan-
tages their education gives them! Who has not seen
some one of them, just come from the University, dis-
dainfully smile at a mistaken or ill-pronounced *word*
from a Lady, when her *sense* has been clear, and her
sentiments just; and when he could not himself utter a
single sentence fit to be repeated, but what he borrowed
from the authors he had been obliged to study, as a
painful exercise to slow and creeping parts? But how I
digress! This excellent young Lady used to say, &c.

*Vol. vii. p. 390. l. 12. after dispensed with her rules,
insert,*
—in mere indulgence to my foibles, and idler habits;
for I also (tho’ I had the benefit of an example I so much
admired) am too much of a *Modern*. Yet, as to *morn-
ing Risings*, I had corrected myself by such a prece-
dent in the summer-time; and can witness to the be-
nefit I found by it in my health; as also to the many use-
ful things I was enabled by that means with ease and
pleasure to perform. And in her Account-Book, &c.

Vol. vii. p. 390. l. 6. from the bottom, after for my reward, dele the next Paragraph; and read,

I had indeed too much impatience in my temper, to observe such a regularity in accounting between me and myself. I satisfied myself in a *Lump Account*, as I may call it, if I had nothing greatly wrong to reproach myself with, when I looked back on a past week, as she had taught me to do.

For she used indulgently to say, 'I do not think ALL I do necessary for another to do: Nor even for myself: But when it is more pleasant to me to keep such an account, than to let it alone; why may I not proceed in my supererogatories?—There can be no harm in it. It keeps up my attention to accounts; which one day may be of use to me in more material instances. Those who will not keep a *strict* account, seldom long keep any. I neglect not more useful employments for it. And it teaches me to be covetous of Time; the only thing of which we can be *allowably* covetous; since we live but once in this world; and when gone, are gone from it for ever.'

She always reconciled the necessity under which these *interventions*, as she called them, laid her, of now-and-then breaking into some of her appropriations; saying, 'There was good sense, and good manners too, in the common lesson, *When at Rome, do as they do at Rome*: And that to be easy of persuasion, in matters where one could oblige without endangering virtue, or worthy habits, was an Apostolical excellency; since, if a person conformed with a view of making herself an interest in her friend's affections, in order to be heeded in greater points, it was imitating his example, who *became all things to all men, that he might gain some*.' Nor is it to be doubted, had life been spared her, that the sweetness of her temper, and her chearful piety, would have made Virtue and Religion appear so lovely, that her example would have

had no small influence upon the minds and manners of those who would have had the honour of conversings with her.

O Mr. Belford ! &c.

Vol. vii. p. 416. dele the two last paragraphs; and read,

And still the less, as the inconsolable Mother rested not, till she had procured, by means of Colonel Morden, large extracts from some of the Letters that compose this History, which convinced them all, that the very correspondence which Clarissa, while with them, renewed with Mr. Lovelace, was renewed for *their sakes*, more than for *her own* : That she had given him no encouragement contrary to her duty, and to that prudence for which she was so early noted : That had they trusted to a discretion which they owned she had never brought into question, she would have extricated them and herself (as she once proposed (a) to her Mother) from all difficulties as to Lovelace : That she, if any woman ever could, would have given a glorious instance of a passion conquered, or at least kept under, by Reason, and by Piety, the man being too immoral to be implicitly beloved.

The unhappy Parents and Uncles, from the perusal of these Extracts, too evidently for their peace, saw, That it was entirely owing to the avarice, the ambition, the envy of her implacable Brother and Sister, and to the senseless confederacy entered into by the whole family, to compel her to give her hand to a man she must despise, or she had not been a CLARISSA, and to their consequent persecutions of her, that she ever thought of quitting her Father's house : And that even when she first entertained such a thought, it was with intent, if possible, to procure for herself a private asylum with Mrs. Howe, or at some other place of safety (but not with Mr. Lovelace, nor with any of the
Ladie

(a) See Vol. I. p. 117.

Ladies of his family, tho' invited by the latter) from whence she might propose terms which ought to have been complied with, and which were entirely consistent with her duty—That tho' she found herself disappointed of the hoped-for refuge and protection, she intended not by meeting Mr. Lovelace, to put herself into his power; all that she aimed at by taking that step, being to endeavour to pacify so fierce a spirit, lest he should (as he indeed was determined to do) pay a visit to her friends which might have been attended with fatal consequences; but was spirited away by him in such a manner, as made her an object of pity, rather than of blame.

These Extracts further convinced them all, that it was to her unaffected regret, that she found, that Marriage was not in her power afterwards for a long time; and at last, but on one occasion, when their unnatural cruelty to her (on a new application she had made to her Aunt Hervey, to procure mercy and pardon) rendered her incapable of receiving his proffer'd hand; and so obliged her to suspend the day; intending only to suspend it, till recovered.

They saw, with equal abhorrence of Lovelace, and of their own cruelty, and with the highest admiration of her, That the majesty of her virtue had awed the most daring spirit in the world, so that he durst not attempt to carry his base designs into execution, till, by wicked potions, he had made her senses the previous sacrifice.

But how did they in a manner adore her memory! How did they recriminate upon each other! when they found, that she had not only preserved herself from repeated outrage, by the most glorious and intrepid behaviour, in defiance, and to the utter confusion, of all his Libertine notions; but had the fortitude, constantly, and with a noble disdain, to reject Him.—Whom?—Why, the Man she once could have loved, kneeling for pardon, and begging to be per-

mitted to make her the best reparation then in his power to make her; that is to say, by Marriage. His fortunes high and unbroken. She his prisoner at the time in a vile house: Rejected by all her friends; upon repeated application to them, for mercy and forgiveness, rejected—Mercy and forgiveness, and a last blessing, afterwards imploring; and that as much to lighten their future remorse, as for the comfort of her own pious heart—Yet, tho' savagely refused, on a supposition that she was not so near her End, as was represented, departed, forgiving and blessing them all.

Then they recollected, that her posthumous Letters, instead of reproaches, were filled with comfortings: That she had in her Last Will, in their own way, laid obligations upon them all; obligations which they neither deserved nor expected; as if she thought to repair the injustice which self-partiality made some of them conclude done to them by her Grandfather in his Will.

These intelligences and recollections were perpetual subjects of recrimination to them: Heightened their anguish for the loss of a child who was the glory of their family; and not seldom made them shun each other (at the times they were accustomed to meet together) that they might avoid the mutual reproaches of Eyes that spoke, when Tongues were silent—Their stings also sharpened by time; what an unhappy family was This! Well might Colonel Morden, in the words of Juvenal, challenge all other miserable families to produce such a growing distress as that of the Harlowes (a few months before so happy!) were able to produce.

*Humani generis mores tibi nōsse volenti
Sufficit una domus: paucos consume dies, &
Dicere te miserum, postquam illinc veneris, aude.*

Mrs.

Mrs. HARLOWE lived about two years and an half, after the lamented death of her CLARISSA.

Mr. HARLOWE had the additional affliction to survive his Lady about half a year; her death, by new-pointing his former anguish and remorse, hastening his own.

Both, in their last hours, &c.

Vol. vii. p. 419. l. 5. after names and families, delete the following Paragraph; and read,

As those Sisters in iniquity, SALLY MARTIN and POLLY HORTON, had abilities and education superior to what creatures of their cast generally can boast of; and as their Histories are no-where given in the preceding Papers, in which they are frequently mentioned; it cannot fail of gratifying the reader's curiosity, as well as answering the good ends designed by the publication of this Work, to give a brief account of their Parentage, and manner of Training-up, preparative to the vile courses they fell into, and of what became of them, after the dreadful exit of the infamous Sinclair.

SALLY MARTIN was the Daughter of a substantial Mercer at the Court end of the town; to whom her Mother, a Grocer's Daughter in the city, brought a handsome fortune; and both having a gay turn, and being fond of the fashions which it was their business to promote; and which the wives and daughters of the uppermost tradesmen (especially in that quarter of the town) generally affect to follow; it was no wonder that they brought up their Daughter accordingly: Nor that she, who was a very sprightly and ready-witted girl, and reckoned very pretty and very genteel, should every year improve upon such examples.

She early found herself mistress of herself. All she did was right: All she said was admired. Early, very early, did she dismiss blushes from her cheek. She could not blush, because she could not doubt: And silence, whatever were the subject, was as much a stranger to her, as diffidence. She

She never was left out of any party of pleasure, after she had passed her Ninth year ; and, in honour of her prattling vein, was considered as a principal person in the frequent Treats and Entertainments which her parents, fond of luxurious living, gave with a view to encrease their acquaintance for the sake of their business. Not duly reflecting, that the part they suffered her to take in what made for their interest, would probably be a means to quicken the appetites and ruin the morals of that Daughter, for whose sake, as an only child, they were solicitous to obtain wealth.

The CHILD so much a Woman, what must the WOMAN be?

At Fifteen or Sixteen, she affected, both in dress and manners, to ape such of the quality, as were most Apish. The richest silks in her Father's shop were not too rich for her. At all public diversions, she was the leader, instead of the led, of all her female kindred and acquaintance ; tho' they were a third older than herself. She would bustle herself into a place, and make room for her more bashful companions, through the frowns of the first possessors, at a crowded theatre ; leaving every one near her amazed at her self-consequence, wondering she had no servant to keep place for her ; whisperingly enquiring who she was ; and then sitting down admiring her fortitude.

She officiously made herself of consequence to the most noted Players ; who, as one of their patronesses, applied to her for her interest, on their Benefit-nights. She knew the *Christian*, as well as *Sur-Name* of every pretty fellow who frequented public places ; and affected to speak of them by their former.

Those who had not obeyed the call her eyes always made upon all of them for notice at her entrance, or before she took her seat, were spoken of with haughtiness, as, Jack's, or Tom's ; while her favourites,

favourites, with an affectedly-endearing familiarity, and a prettiness of accent, were Jackeys and Tommys ; and if they stood very high in her graces, Dear Devils, and Agreeable Toads.

She sat in judgment, and an inexorable judge she was, upon the actions and conduct of every man and woman of quality and fashion, as they became the subjects of conversation. She was deeply learned in the scandalous Chronicle : She made every character, every praise, and every censure, serve to exalt herself. *She should scorn to do so or so!—Or, That was ever her way ; and just what she did, or liked to do ;* and judging herself by the vileness of the most vile of her Sex, she wiped her mouth, and sat down satisfied with her own virtue.

She had her Chair to attend her where-ever she went, and found people among her *Betters*, as her pride stooped to call some of the most insignificant people in the world, to encourage her visits.

She was practised in all the arts of the Card-table: A true Spartan girl ; and had even courage, occasionally, to wrangle off a detection. Late hours (turning night into day, and day into night) were the almost unavoidable consequence of her frequent play. Her parents pleased themselves that their Sally had a charming constitution : And as long as she suffered not in her health, they were regardless of her morals.

The Needle she hated : And made the constant subjects of her ridicule the fine works that used to employ, and to keep out of idleness, luxury, and extravagance, and at *home* (were they to have been of no other service) the women of the last age, when there were no Vaux-halls, Ranelaghs, Marybones, and such-like places of diversion, to dress out for, and gad after.

And as to Family-management, her parents had not required any knowlege of that sort from her ; and she considered it as a qualification only necessary for

for hirelings, and the low-born, and as utterly unworthy of the attention of a modern fine Lady.

Altho' her Father had great business, yet, living in so high and expensive a way, he pretended not to give her a fortune answerable to it. Neither he nor his Wife, having set out with any notion of frugality, could think of retrenching. Nor did their Daughter desire that they should retrench. They thought glare or ostentation reputable. They called it living *genteelly*. And as they lifted their heads above their neighbours, they supposed their credit concerned to go forward rather than backward in outward appearances. They flattered themselves, and they flattered their girl, and she was *entirely* of their opinion, that she had charms and wit enough to attract some man of rank; of *Fortune* at least: And yet this Daughter of a Mercer-Father and Grocer-Mother could not bear the thoughts of a creeping Cit; encouraging herself with the few instances (*comparatively* few) which she had always in her head as *common ones*, of girls much inferior to herself in station, talents, education, and even fortune, who had succeeded—as she doubted not to succeed. Handsome Settlements, and a Chariot, that tempting gewgaw to the vanity of the middling class of females, were the least that she proposed to herself. But all this while, neither her parents nor herself considered, that she had appetites indulged to struggle with, and a turn of education given her, as well as a warm constitution, unguarded by sound principles, and unbenefited by example, which made her much better qualified for a Mistress than a Wife.

Her Twentieth year, to her own equal wonder and regret, passed over her head, and she had not had one offer that her pride would permit her to accept of. A girl from Fifteen to Eighteen, her beauty then beginning to blossom, will, as a new thing, attract the eyes of men: But if she make her face cheap at public places, she will find, that *new faces* will draw more at-

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tention than *fine* faces constantly seen. Policy therefore, if nothing else were considered, would induce a young Beauty, if she could tame her vanity, just to shew herself, and to be talked of, and then withdrawing, as if from discretion (and discreet it will be to do so) expect to be *sought after*, rather than to be thought to *seek for*; only reviving now-and-then the memory of herself, at the public places in turn, if she find herself likely to be forgotten; and then she will be new again. But this observation ought young Ladies always to have in their heads, that they can hardly ever expect to gratify their vanity, and at the same time gain the admiration of men worthy of making partners for life. They may, in short, have many admirers at public places, but not one Lover.

Sally Martin knew nothing of this doctrine. Her beauty was in its bloom, and yet she found herself neglected. ‘Sally Martin, the Mercer’s Daughter: she never fails being here;’ was the answer, and the accompanying observation, made to every Questioner, Who is that Lady?

At last, her destiny approached. It was at a Masquerade, that she first saw the gay, the handsome Lovelace, who was just returned from his travels. She was immediately struck with his figure, and with the brilliant things that she heard fall from his lips as he happened to sit near her. He, who was not then looking out for a Wife, was taken with Sally’s smartness, and with an air that at the same time shewed her to be equally genteel and self-significant; and signs of approbation mutually passing, he found no difficulty in acquainting himself where to visit her next day. And yet it was some mortification to a person of her self-consequence, and gay appearance, to submit to be known by so fine a young gentleman as no more than a Mercer’s daughter. So natural is it for a girl brought up as Sally was, to be occasionally ashamed of those whose folly had set her above herself.

But

But whatever it might be to Sally, it was no disappointment to Mr. Lovelace, to find his Mistress of no higher degree ; because he hoped to reduce her soon to the lowest condition that an unhappy woman can fall into.

But when Miss Martin had informed herself, that her Lover was the Nephew and presumptive Heir of Lord M. she thought him the very man for whom she had been so long and so impatiently looking out ; and for whom it was worth her while to spread her toils. And here it may not be amiss to observe, that it is very probable, that Mr. Lovelace had Sally Martin in his thoughts, and perhaps two or three more whose hopes of marriage from him had led them to their ruin, when he drew the following whimsical picture, in a Letter to his friend Belford, not inserted in the preceding Collection.

‘ Methinks, says he, I see a young couple in courtship, having each a design upon the other : The girl plays off : She is very happy as she is : She cannot be happier : She will not change her single state : The man, I will suppose, is one who does not *confess*, that he desires not that she *should* : She holds ready a net under her apron ; he another under his coat ; each intending to throw it over the other’s neck ; she over his, when her pride is gratified, and she thinks she can be sure of him ; he over hers, when the watched-for yielding moment has carried consent *too far*—And suppose he happens to be the more dextrous of the two, and whips his net over her, before she can cast hers over him ; how, I would fain know, can she be justly entitled to cry out upon cruelty, barbarity, deception, sacrifices, and all the rest of the exclamatory nonsense with which the pretty fools, in such a case, are wont to din the ears of their conquerors ? Is it not just, thinkest thou, when she makes her appeals to gods and men, that both gods and men should laugh at her, and hitting her in the teeth with her

‘ own

‘own felonious intentions, bid her sit down patiently under her deserved disappointment?’

In short, Sally’s parents, as well as herself, encouraged Mr. Lovelace’s visits. They thought they might trust to a discretion in her which she herself was too wise to doubt. Pride they knew she had. And that, in these cases, is often called discretion—Lord help the Sex, says Lovelace, if they had not Pride!—Nor did they suspect danger from that specious air of sincerity, and gentleness of manners, which he could assume or lay aside whenever he pleased.

The second Masquerade, which was no more than their third meeting abroad, completed her ruin, from so practised, tho’ so young a deceiver; and that before she well knew she was in danger: For, having prevailed on her to go off with him about Twelve o’clock to his Aunt Forbes’s, a Lady of honour and fortune, to whom he had given reason to expect her *future Niece* [the only hint of Marriage he ever gave her], he carried her to the house of the wicked woman, who bears the name of Sinclair in these Papers: And there, by promises which she understood in the favourable sense (for where a woman loves, she seldom doubts enough for her own safety) obtained an easy conquest over a virtue that was little more than nominal.

He found it not difficult to induce her to proceed in the guilty commerce, till the effects of it became too apparent to be hid. Her Parents then (in the first fury of their disappointment, and vexation for being deprived of all hopes of such a Son-in-law) turned her out of doors.

Her disgrace thus published, she became hardened; and, protected by her seducer, whose favourite Mistress she then was, she was so incensed against her Parents, for an indignity so little suiting with her pride, and the head they had always given her, that she refused to return to them, when, repenting of their passionate treatment of her, they would have been reconciled to her:

And,

And, becoming the favourite Daughter of her Mother Sinclair, at the persuasions of that abandoned woman, she practised to bring on an abortion, which she effected, tho' she was so far gone, that it had like to have cost her her life.

Thus, unchastity her first crime, murder her next, her conscience became seared; and, young as she was, and fond of her deceiver, soon grew indelicate enough, having so thorough-paced a School-mistress, to do all she could to promote the pleasures of the man who had ruined her; scrupling not, with a spirit truly diabolical, to endeavour to draw in others to follow her example. And it is hardly to be believed what mischiefs of this sort she was the means of effecting; woman confiding in, and daring woman; and she a creature of specious appearance, and great art.

A still viler wickedness, if possible, remains to be said of Sally Martin.

Her Father dying, her Mother, in hopes to reclaim her, as she called it, proposed to her to quit the house of the infamous Sinclair, and to retire with her into the country, where her disgrace, and her then wicked way of live, would not be known; and there so to live, as to save appearances; the only virtue she had ever taught her; besides that of endeavouring rather to delude than to be deluded.

To this Sally consented; but with no other intention, as she often owned (and gloried in it) than to cheat her Mother of the greatest part of her substance, in revenge for consenting to her being turned out of doors long before, and by way of reprisal for having persuaded her Father, as she would have it, to cut her off, in his last Will, from any share in his fortune.

This unnatural wickedness, in half a year's time, she brought about; and then the Serpent retired to her obscene den with her spoils, laughing at what she had done; even after it had broken her Mother's heart,

heart, as it did in a few months time : A severe, but just punishment for the unprincipled education she had given her.

It ought to be added, that this was an iniquity, of which neither Mr. Lovelace, nor any of his friends, could bear to hear her boast ; and always check'd her for it whenever she did ; condemning it with one voice : And it is certain, that this and other instances of her complicated wickedness, turned early Lovelace's heart against her ; and, had she not been subservient to him in his other pursuits, he would not have endured her : For, speaking of her, he would say, Let not any one reproach us, Jack : *There is no wickedness like the wickedness of a woman (a).*

A bad education was the preparative, it must be confessed : And for this Sally Martin had reason to thank her Parents : As they had reason to thank themselves, for what followed : But, had she not met with a Lovelace, she had avoided a Sinclair ; and might have gone on at the common rate of wives so educated ; and been the Mother of children turned out to take their chance in the world, as she was ; so many lumps of soft wax, fit to take any impression that the first accident gave them ; neither happy, nor making happy ; every-thing but useful ; and well off, if not extremely miserable.

POLLY HORTON was the Daughter of a gentleman well descended ; whose Husband, a man of family, and of honour, was a Captain in the Guards.

He died when Polly was about Nine years of age, leaving her to the care of her Mother, a lively young Lady of about Twenty-six ; with a genteel provision for both.

Her Mother was extremely fond of her Polly ; but had it not in herself to manifest the true, the genuine fondness of a Parent, by a strict and guarded education ; dressing out, and visiting, and being visited by the

the gay of her own Sex, and casting out her eye abroad, as one very ready to try her fortune again in the married state.

This induced those airs, and a love to those diversions, which make a young widow, of so lively a turn, the unfittest Tutress in the world, even to her own Daughter.

Mrs. Horton herself having had an early turn to Music, and that sort of Reading, which is but an earlier debauchery for young minds, preparative to the grosser at riper years, to wit, Romances and Novels, Songs and Plays, and those without distinction, moral or immoral, she indulged her Daughter in the same taste; and at those hours, when they could not take part in the more active and lively amusements and *Kill-times*, as some call them, used to employ Miss to read to her; happy enough in her own imagination, that, while she was diverting her own ears, and sometimes, as the piece was, corrupting her own heart, and her child's too, she was teaching Miss to read, and improve her mind; for it was the boast of every tea-table half-hour, *That Miss Horton, in propriety, accent, and emphasis, surpassed all the young Ladies of her age*: And, at other times, complimenting the pleased Mother—*Bless me, Madam, with what a surprising grace Miss Horton reads!*—*She enters into the very spirit of her subject—This she could have from nobody but you!* An intended praise; but, as the subjects were, would have been a severe satire in the mouth of an enemy!—While the fond, the inconsiderate Mother, with a delighted air, would cry, *Why, I cannot but say, Miss Horton does credit to her Tutress!* And then a *Come-hither, my best Love!* And, with a kiss of approbation, *What a pleasure to your dear Papa, had he lived to see your improvements, my Charmer!*—Concluding with a sigh of satisfaction; her eyes turning round upon the circle, to take in all the silent applauses of theirs!

But

But little thought the fond, the foolish Mother, what the plant would be, which was springing up from these seeds! Little imagined she, that her own ruin, as well as her child's, was to be the consequence of this fine education; and that, in the same ill-fated hour, the honour both of Mother and Daughter was to become a sacrifice to the intriguing Invader.

This the laughing girl, when abandoned to her evil destiny, and in company with her Sister Sally, and others, each recounting their settings-out, their progress, and their fall, frequently related to be her education and manner of training-up.

This, and to see a succession of Humble Servants buzzing about a Mother, who took too much pride in addresses of that kind, what a beginning, what an example, to a constitution of tinder, so prepared to receive the spark struck from the steely forehead, and flinty heart, of such a Libertine, as at last it was their fortune to be encountered by!

In short, as Miss grew up under the influences of such a Directress, and of books so light and frothy, with the inflaming additions of Music, Concerts, Opera's, Plays, Assemblies, Balls, and the rest of the rabble of amusements of the modern life, it is no wonder, that, like early fruit, she was soon ripened to the hand of the insidious gatherer.

At Fifteen, she own'd, she was ready to fancy herself the Heroine of every Novel, and of every Comedy she read, so well did she enter into the *spirit* of her subject: She glowed to become the object of some Hero's flame; and perfectly longed to begin an intrigue, and even to be *run away with* by some enterprising Lover: Yet had neither *Confinement* nor *Check* to apprehend from her indiscreet Mother: Which she thought absolutely necessary to constitute a Parthenissa!

Nevertheless, with all these fine modern qualities, did she complete her Nineteenth year, before she met
with

with any address of consequence: One half of her admirers being afraid, because of her gay turn, and but middling fortune, to make serious applications for her favour; while others were kept at distance, by the superior airs she assumed; and a third sort, not sufficiently penetrating the foibles either of Mother or Daughter, were kept off by the supposed watchful care of the former.

But when the man of intrepidity and intrigue was found, never was Heroine so soon subdued, never Goddess so early stript of her celestials! For, at the Opera, a diversion at which neither she nor her Mother ever missed to be present, she beheld the specious Lovelace; beheld him invested with all the airs of heroic insult, resenting a slight affront offered to his Sally Martin, by Two gentlemen who had known her in her more hopeful state, one of whom Mr. Lovelace obliged to sneak away with a broken head, given with the pommel of his sword, the other with a bloody nose; neither of them well supporting that readiness of offence, which, it seems, was a part of their *known* characters to be guilty of.

The gallantry of this action drawing every bystander on the side of the Hero, *O the brave man!* cried Polly Horton aloud, to her Mother, in a kind of rapture, *How needful the protection of the Brave to the Fair!* with a softness in her voice, which she had taught herself, to suit her fancied *high* condition of life.

A speech so much in his favour, could not but take the notice of a man who was but too sensible of the advantages which his fine person, and noble air, gave him over the gentler hearts, who was always watching every female eye, and who had his ear continually turned to every affected voice; for that was one of his indications of a proper subject to be attempted—*Affectation of every sort*, he used to say, *is a certain sign of a wrong-turned head; of a faulty judgment: And upon such a basis I seldom build in vain.*

He instantly resolved to be acquainted with a young creature, who seemed so strongly prejudiced in his favour. Never man had a readier invention for all sorts of mischief. He gave his Sally her Cue. He called her *Sister* in their hearing. And Sally whisperingly gave the young Lady, and her Mother, in her own way, the particulars of the affront she had received; making herself an Angel of Light, to cast the brighter ray upon the character of her heroic Brother. She particularly praised his known and approved courage; and mingled with her praises of him, such circumstances relating to his birth, his fortune and endowments, as left him nothing to do but to fall in love with the enamoured Polly.

Mr. Lovelace presently saw what turn to give to his professions: *So brave a man! yet of manners so gentle!* hit the young Lady's taste: Nor could she suspect the heart, that such an aspect cover'd. *This was the man! the very man!* she whispered to her Mother: And, when the Opera was over, his servant procuring a coach, he undertook, with his specious Sister, to set them down at their own lodgings, tho' situated a quite different way from his: And there were they prevailed upon to alight, and partake of a slight repast.

Sally pressed them to return the favour to her at her Aunt Forbes's, and hoped it would be before her Brother went to his own seat.

They promised her, and named their evening.

A splendid entertainment was provided. The guests came, having in the interim found all that was said of his name, and family, and fortune, to be true. Persons of so little strictness in their own morals, took it not into their heads to be very inquisitive after his.

Music and dancing had their share in the entertainment: These opened their hearts, already half-opened by Love: The Aunt Forbes, and the Lover's Sister, kept them open by their own example: The Hero

fung, vowed, promised : Their gratitude was moved, their delights were augmented, their hopes increased; their confidence was engaged ; all their appetites up in arms ; the rich wines co-operating ; beat quite off their guard, and not *Thought* enough remaining so much as for suspicion ; Miss, detach'd from her Mother by Sally, soon fell a sacrifice to the successful Intriguer.

The widow herself, half intoxicated, and raised as she was with artful mixtures, and inflamed by Love unexpectedly tendered by one of the libertines his constant companions (to whom an *Opportunity* was contrived to be given to be alone with her, and that closely followed by *Importunity*) fell into her Daughter's error. The consequences of which, in length of time, becoming apparent, grief, shame, remorse, seized her heart (her own indiscretion not allowing her to arraign her Daughter's) ; and she survived not her delivery ; leaving Polly with child likewise : Who, when delivered, being too fond of the gay Deluder to renounce his company, even when she found herself deluded, fell into a course of extravagance and dissoluteness ; ran through her fortune in a very little time ; and, as an high preferment, at last, with Sally, was admitted a quarter-partner with the detestable Sinclair.

All that is necessary to add to the History of these unhappy women, will be comprised in a very little compass.

After the death, &c.

Vol. vii. p. 424. l. 5. from the bottom, on the words deny it him, add the following Note :

Several worthy persons have wished, that the heinous practice of Duelling had been more forcibly discouraged, by way of Note, at the Conclusion of a work designed to recommend the highest and most important Doctrines of Christianity. It is humbly presumed, that those persons

have not sufficiently attended to what is already done on that subject in Vol. ii. Letter x. and in Vol. vii. Letters lxix. xciii. xciv. xcv.

Vol. vii. p. 425. add the following POSTSCRIPT; in which several Objections that have been made, as well to the Catastrophe as to different Parts of the preceding History, are briefly considered.

The foregoing Work having been published at three different periods of time, the Author, in the course of its publication, was favoured with many anonymous Letters, in which the Writers differently expressed their wishes with regard to the apprehended catastrophe.

Most of those directed to him by the gentler Sex, turned in favour of what they called a *Fortunate Ending*. Some of the fair writers, enamoured, as they declared, with the character of the Heroine, were warmly solicitous to have her made happy: And others, likewise of their mind, insisted that *Poetical Justice* required that it should be so. And when, says one ingenious Lady, whose undoubted motive was goodness and humanity, it must be concluded, that it is in an author's power to make his piece end as he pleases, why should he not give pleasure rather than pain to the Reader whom he has interested in favour of his principal characters?

Others, and some Gentlemen, declared against Tragedies in general, and in favour of Comedies, almost in the words of Lovelace, who was supported in his taste by all the women at Mrs. Sinclair's, and by Sinclair herself. 'I have too much *Feeling*, said he (a). There is enough in the world to make our hearts sad, without carrying grief into our diversions, and making the distresses of others our own.'

And how was this happy ending to be brought about? Why, by this very easy and trite expedient;

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(a) See Vol. IV. p. 97.

to wit, by reforming Lovelace, and marrying him to Clarissa—Not, however, abating her one of her trials, nor any of her sufferings [for the sake of the sport her distresses would give to the *tender-hearted* reader as she went along] the last outrage excepted: That indeed, partly in compliment to Lovelace himself, and partly for delicacy-sake, they were willing to spare her.

But whatever were the fate of his work, the Author was resolved to take a different method. He always thought, that *sudden Conversions*, such especially, as were left to the candour of the Reader to *suppose* and *make out*, had neither *Art*, nor *Nature*, nor even *Probability*, in them; and that they were moreover of very *bad* example. To have a Lovelace for a series of years glory in his wickedness, and think that he had nothing to do, but as an act of grace and favour to hold out his hand to receive that of the best of women, whenever he pleased, and to have it thought, that Marriage would be a sufficient amends for all his enormities to others, as well as to her; he could not bear that. Nor is Reformation, as he has shewn in another piece, to be secured by a fine face; by a passion that has sense for its object; nor by the goodness of a Wife's heart, or even example, if the heart of the Husband be not graciously touched by the Divine Finger.

It will be seen by this time, that the Author had a great end in view. He has lived to see Scepticism and Infidelity openly avowed, and even endeavoured to be propagated from the *Press*: The great doctrines of the Gospel brought into question: Those of self-denial and mortification blotted out of the catalogue of christian virtues: And a taste even to wantonness for out-door pleasure and luxury, to the general exclusion of domestic as well as public virtue, industriously promoted among all ranks and degrees of people.

In this general depravity, when even the Pulpit has

lost great part of its weight, and the Clergy are considered as a body of *interested* men, the Author thought, he should be able to answer it to his own heart, be the success what it would, if he threw in his mite towards introducing a Reformation so much wanted: And he imagined, that if in an age given up to diversion and entertainment, he could *steal in*, as may be said, and investigate the great doctrines of Christianity under the fashionable guise of an amusement; he should be most likely to serve his purpose; remembering that of the Poet:

*A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.*

He was resolved therefore to attempt something that never yet had been done. He considered, that the Tragic poets have as seldom made their heroes true objects of pity, as the Comic theirs laudable ones of imitation: And still more rarely have made them in their deaths look forward to a *future Hope*. And thus, when they die, they seem totally to perish. Death, in such instances, must appear terrible. It must be considered as the greatest evil. But why is Death set in shocking lights, when it is the universal lot?

He has indeed thought fit to paint the death of the wicked as terrible as he could paint it. But he has endeavoured to draw that of the good in such an amiable manner, that the very Balaams of the world should not forbear to wish that their latter end might be like that of the Heroine.

And after all, what is the *Poetical Justice* so much contended for by some, as the generality of writers have managed it, but another sort of dispensation than that with which God, by Revelation, teaches us, He has thought fit to exercise mankind; whom placing here only in a state of probation, he hath so intermingled good and evil, as to necessitate us to look forward for a more equal dispensation of both?

The Author of the History (or rather Dramatic Narrative) of *Clarissa* is therefore well justified by the *Christian System*, in deferring to extricate suffering Virtue to the time in which it will meet with the *Completion* of its Reward.

But we have no need, &c.

Vol. 7. p. 429. l. 11. dele Thus far Mr. Addison, and read,

This subject is further considered in a Letter to the *Spectator* (a).

I find your opinion, says the author of it, concerning the *late-invented* term called *Poetical Justice*, is controverted by some eminent critics. I have drawn up some additional arguments to strengthen the opinion which you have there delivered; having endeavoured to go to the bottom of that matter. . . .

The most perfect man has vices enough to draw down punishments upon his head, and to justify Providence in regard to any miseries that may befall him. For this reason I cannot think but that the instruction and moral are much finer, where a man who is virtuous in the main of his character falls into distress, and sinks under the blows of fortune, at the end of a Tragedy, than when he is represented as happy and triumphant. Such an example corrects the insolence of human nature, softens the mind of the beholder with sentiments of pity and compassion, comforts him under his own private affliction, and teaches him not to judge of mens virtues by their successes (b). I cannot think of one real hero in all antiquity so far raised above human infirmities, that he might not be very naturally represented in a Tragedy as plunged in misfortunes and calamities. The Poet may still find out some prevailing passion or indiscretion in his cha-

(a) See *Spect.* Vol. VII. N^o 548.

(b) A caution that our Blessed Saviour himself gives in the case of the Eighteen persons killed by the fall of the tower of Siloam, *Luke xiii. 4.*

character,

‘rafter, and shew it in such a manner as will sufficiently
 ‘acquit Providence of any injustice in his sufferings :
 ‘For, as Horace observes, the best man is faulty, tho’
 ‘not in so great a degree as those whom we generally
 ‘call vicious men (a).

‘If such a strict *Poetical Justice* (proceeds the Letter-
 ‘writer) as some gentlemen insist upon, were to be
 ‘observed in this art, there is no manner of reason why
 ‘it should not extend to heroic Poetry, as well as Tra-
 ‘gedy. But we find it so little observed in Homer,
 ‘that his Achilles is placed in the greatest point of glory
 ‘and success, tho’ his Character is morally vicious, and
 ‘only *poetically* good, if I may use the phrase of our
 ‘modern Critics. The *Aeneid* is filled with innocent
 ‘unhappy persons. Nisus and Euryalus, Lausus and
 ‘Pallas, come all to unfortunate ends. The Poet takes
 ‘notice in particular, that, in the sacking of Troy,
 ‘Ripheus fell, who was the most just man among the
 ‘Trojans :

‘——*Cadit & Ripheus, justissimus unus*
 ‘*Qui fuit in Teucris, & servantissimus æqui.*
 ‘*Diis aliter visum est* ——

‘The gods thought fit.—So blameless Ripheus fell,
 ‘Who lov’d fair Justice, and observ’d it well.’

‘And that Pantheus could neither be preserved by
 ‘his transcendent piety, nor by the holy fillets of
 ‘Apollo, whose priest he was :

‘——*Nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,*
 ‘*Labentem pietas, nec Apollinis infula texit. Æn. II.*

‘Nor could thy piety thee, Pantheus, save,
 ‘Nor ev’n thy priesthood, from an early grave.

‘I might here mention the practice of antient Tra-
 ‘gic Poets, both Greek and Latin; but as this parti-

(a) *Vtalis nemo sine nascitur : optimus ille,*

Qui minimis urgetur. ——

cular is touched upon in the paper above-mentioned, I shall pass it over in silence. I could produce passages out of Aristotle in favour of my opinion: And if in one place he says, that an absolutely virtuous man should not be represented as unhappy, this does not justify any one who should think fit to bring in an absolutely virtuous man upon the stage. Those who are acquainted with that author's way of writing, know very well, that to take the whole extent of his subject into his divisions of it, he often makes use of such cases as are imaginary, and not reducible to practice. . . .

I shall conclude, says this gentleman, with observing, that tho' the *Spectator* above-mentioned is so far against the rule of *Poetical Justice*, as to affirm, that good men may meet with an unhappy Catastrophe in Tragedy, it does not say, that ill men may go off unpunished. The reason for this distinction is very plain; namely, because the best of men [as is said above] have faults enough to justify Providence for any misfortunes and afflictions which may befall them; but there are many men so criminal, that they can have no claim or pretence to happiness. The *best* of men may deserve punishment; but the *worst* of men cannot deserve happiness.

Mr. Addison, as we have seen above, tells us, that Aristotle, in considering the Tragedies that were written in either of the kinds, observes, that those which ended unhappily had always pleased the people, and carried away the prize, in the public disputes of the Stage, from those that ended happily.

Our fair Readers, &c.

Vol. vii. p. 430. l. 7. after chaste and virtuous, insert,
These are the great authorities so favourable to the stories that end unhappily. And we beg leave to reinforce this inference from them, That if the temporary sufferings of the Virtuous and the Good can be

accounted

accounted for and justified on Pagan principles, many more and infinitely stronger reasons will occur to a Christian Reader in behalf of what are called unhappy Catastrophes from the consideration of the doctrine of future rewards; which is every-where strongly enforced in the History of Clarissa.

Of this (to give but one instance) an ingenious Modern, distinguished by his rank, but much more by his excellent defence of some of the most important doctrines of Christianity, appears convinced in the conclusion of a pathetic *Monody*, not long ago published; in which, after he had deplored, as a man *without hope* (expressing ourselves in the Scripture phrase) the loss of an excellent Wife; he thus consoles himself:

*Yet, O my soul! thy rising murmurs stay,
Nor dare th' All-wise Disposer to arraign,
Or against his supreme decree
With impious grief complain.
That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade,
Was his most righteous Will: And be that Will obey'd.*

*Would thy fond love his grace to her controul,
And in these low abodes of sin and pain
Her pure, exalted soul,
Unjustly, for thy partial good, detain?
No—rather strive thy grow'ling mind to raise
Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heav'nly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd she now with pity sees,
How frail, how insecure, how slight
Is ev'ry mortal bliss.*

But of infinitely greater weight than all that has been above produced on this subject, are the words of the Psalmist.

'As for me, says he (a), my feet were almost gone,
'my steps had well-nigh slipt: For I was envious at
K 5 the

(a) Psalm lxxiii.

the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked. For their strength is firm: They are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men—Their eyes stand out with fatness: They have more than their heart could wish—Verily I have cleansed mine heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocence; for all the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning. When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me. Until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end—Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.

This is the Psalmist's comfort and dependence. And shall man, presuming to alter the common course of nature, and, so far as he is able, to elude the tenure by which frail mortality indispensably holds, imagine, that he can make a better dispensation; and by calling it *Poetical Justice*, indirectly reflect on the *Divine*?

The more pains have been taken to obviate the objections arising from the notion of *Poetical Justice*, as the doctrine built upon it had obtained general credit among us; and as it must be confessed to have the appearance of *humanity* and *good-nature* for its supports. And yet the writer of the History of Clarissa, &c.

Vol. vii. p. 431. l. 9. after Heaven only could reward,
insert,

We shall now, according to expectation given in the *Preface* to this Edition, proceed to take brief notice of such other objections as have come to our knowledge: For, as is there said, 'This work being addressed to the Public as an History of *Life and Manners*, those parts of it which are proposed to carry with them the force of Example, ought to be as unobjectionable as is consistent with the *design of the whole*, and with *human Nature*.'

Several persons have censured the Heroine as too cold

cold in her love, too haughty, and even sometimes provoking. But we may presume to say, that this objection has arisen from want of attention to the Story, to the Character of Clarissa, and to her particular Situation.

It was not intended that she should be in *Love*, but in *Liking* only, if that expression may be admitted. It is meant to be every-where inculcated in the Story, for *Example-sake*, that she never would have married Mr. Lovelace, because of his immoralities, had she been left to herself; and that her ruin was principally owing to the persecutions of her friends.

What is too generally called *Love*, ought (perhaps as generally) to be called by another name. *Cupidity*, or a *Paphian Stimulus*, as some women, even of condition, have acted, are not words too harsh to be substituted on the occasion, however grating they may be to delicate ears. But take the word *Love* in the gentlest and most honourable sense, it would have been thought by some highly improbable, that Clarissa should have been able to shew such a command of her passions, as makes so distinguishing a part of her Character, had she been as violently in *Love*, as certain warm and fierce spirits would have had her to be. A few Observations are thrown in by way of Note in the present Edition, at proper places, to obviate this Objection, or rather to bespeak the Attention of hasty Readers to what lies obviously before them. For thus the Heroine anticipates this very Objection, expostulating with Miss Howe on her contemptuous treatment of Mr. Hickman; which [far from being guilty of the same fault herself] she did on all occasions, and declares she would do, whenever Miss Howe forgot herself, altho' she had not a day to live:

' O my dear, says she, that it had been my Lot (as I was not permitted to live single) to have met with a man, by whom I could have acted generously and unreservedly!

Mr. Lovelace, it is now plain, in order to have a pretence against me, taxed my behaviour to him with stiffness and distance. You, at one time, thought me guilty of some degree of Prudery. Difficult situations should be allowed for; which often make seeming occasions for censure unavoidable. I deserved not blame from *him*, who made mine difficult. And if I had had any other man to deal with than Mr. Lovelace, or had he had but half the merit which Mr. Hickman has, you, my dear, should have found, that my Doctrine, on this subject, should have governed my Practice.' See this whole Letter (a); see also Mr. Lovelace's Letter N^o cxi. Vol. VII. p. 403, & *seq.* where, just before his Death, he entirely acquits her conduct on this head.

It has been thought by some worthy and ingenious persons, that if Lovelace had been drawn an *Infidel* or *Scoffer*, his Character, according to the Taste of the present worse than Sceptical Age, would have been more natural. It is, however, too well known, that there are very many persons, of his Cast, whose actions discredit their belief. And are not the very Devils, in Scripture, said to *believe and tremble*?

But the Reader must have observed, that great, and, it is hoped, good Use, has been made throughout the Work, by drawing Lovelace an *Infidel* only in *Practice*; and this as well in the arguments of his friend Belford, as in his own frequent Remorses, when touched with temporary Compunction, and in his last Scenes; which could not have been made, had either of them been painted as *sentimental* Unbelievers. Not to say, that Clarissa, whose great Objection to Mr. Wyerley was, that he was a Scoffer, must have been inexcusable had she known Lovelace to be so, and had given the least attention to his Addresses. On the contrary, thus she comforts herself, when she thinks she

must

must be his— ‘ This one consolation, however, remains: He is not an Infidel, an Unbeliever. Had he been an Infidel, there would have been no room at all for hope of him; but (priding himself as he does in his fertile invention) he would have been utterly abandoned, irreclaimable, and a Savage (a).’ And it must be observed, that Scoffers are too witty in their own opinion; in other words, value themselves too much upon their profligacy, to aim at concealing it.

Besides, had Lovelace added ribbald jests upon Religion, to his other liberties, the freedoms which would then have passed between him and his friend, must have been of a nature truly infernal. And this farther hint was meant to be given, by way of inference, that the man who allowed himself in those liberties either of speech or action, which Lovelace thought shameful, was so far a worse man than Lovelace. For this reason is he every-where made to treat jests on sacred things and subjects, even down to the Mythology of the Pagans, among Pagans, as undoubted marks of the ill-breeding of the jesters; obscene images and talk, as liberties too shameful for even Rakes to allow themselves in; and injustice to creditors, and in matters of *Meum* and *Tuum*, as what it was beneath him to be guilty of.

Some have objected to the meekness, to the tameness, as they will have it to be, of the character of Mr. Hickman. And yet Lovelace owns, that he rose upon him with great spirit in the interview between them; once, when he thought a reflection was but implied on *Miss Howe* (b); and another time, when he imagined *himself* treated contemptuously (c). Miss Howe, it must be owned (tho’ not to the credit of her own character) treats him ludicrously on several occasions. But so she does her Mother. And perhaps a Lady of her lively turn would have treated as

(a) See Vol. IV. p. 246.

(b) See Vol. VI. p. 207.

(c) See Vol. VI. p. 210.

whimsically any man but a Lovelace. Mr. Belford speaks of him with honour and respect (a). So does Colonel Morden (b). And so does Clarissa on every occasion. And all that Miss Howe herself says of him, tends more to his reputation than discredit (c), as Clarissa indeed tells her (d).

And as to Lovelace's treatment of him, the Reader must have observed, that it was his way to treat every man with contempt, partly by way of self-exaltation, and partly to gratify the natural gaiety of his disposition. He says himself to Belford (e), 'Thou knowest I love him not, Jack; and whom we love not, we cannot allow a merit to; perhaps not the merit they should be granted.' 'Modest and diffident men,' writes Belford, to Lovelace, in praise of Mr. Hickman, 'wear not soon off those little precisenesses, which the confident, if ever they had them, presently get over.'

But, as Miss Howe treats her Mother, as freely as she does her Lover; so does Mr. Lovelace take still greater liberties with Mr. Belford, than he does with Mr. Hickman, with respect to his person, air, and address, as Mr. Belford himself hints to Mr. Hickman (f). And yet he is not so readily believed to the discredit of Mr. Belford, by the Ladies in general, as he is when he disparages Mr. Hickman. Whence can this partiality arise?—

Mr. Belford had been a Rake: But was in a way of reformation.

Mr. Hickman had always been a good man.

And Lovelace confidently says, That the women love a man whose regard for them is founded in the knowlege of them (g).

(a) Vol. VI. p. 260, 261.

(b) Vol. VII. p. 357.

(c) Vol. II. p. 4—8, and Vol. III. p. 194.

(d) See Vol. II. p. 51.

(e) Vol. VI. p. 199.

(f) Vol. VII. p. 315.

(g) See Vol. V. p. 76.

Never

Nevertheless, it must be owned, that it was not proposed to draw Mr. Hickman, as the man of whom the Ladies in general were likely to be very fond. Had it been so, *Goodness of heart*, and *Gentleness of manners*, great *Affiduity*, and *inviolable and modest Love*, would not of themselves have been supposed sufficient recommendations. He would not have been allowed the least share of *preciseness* or *formality*, altho' those defects might have been imputed to his reverence for the object of his passion: But in his character it was designed to shew, that the same man could not be every-thing; and to intimate to Ladies, that in chusing companions for life, they should rather prefer the honest heart of a Hickman, which would be all their own, than to risque the chance of sharing, perhaps with scores, (and some of those probably the most profligate of the Sex) the volatile mischievous one of a Lovelace: In short, that they should chuse, if they wished for durable happiness, for rectitude of mind, and not for speciousness of person or address: Nor make a jest of a good man in favour of a bad one, who would make a jest of them and of their whole Sex.

Two Letters, however, by way of accommodation, are inserted in this edition, which perhaps will give Mr. Hickman's character some heightening with such Ladies, as love spirit in a man; and had rather suffer by it, than not meet with it.—

*Women, born to be controul'd,
Stoop to the Forward and the Bold,*
Says Waller—And Lovelace too!

Some have wished that the Story had been told in the usual narrative way of telling Stories designed to amuse and divert, and not in Letters written by the respective persons whose history is given in them. The Author thinks he ought not to prescribe to the taste of others; but imagined himself at liberty to follow his own. He perhaps mistrusted his talents for the narrative

rative kind of writing. He had the good fortune to succeed in the Epistolary way once before. A Story in which so many persons were concerned either principally or collaterally, and of characters and dispositions so various, carried on with tolerable connexion and perspicuity, in a series of Letters from different persons, without the aid of digressions and episodes foreign to the principal end and design, he thought had novelty to be pleaded for it: And that, in the present age, he supposed would not be a slight recommendation.

But besides what has been said above, and in the *Preface*, on this head, the following opinion of an ingenious and candid Foreigner, on this manner of writing, may not be improperly inserted here.

‘ The method which the Author has pursued in the History of Clarissa, is the same as in the Life of Pamela: Both are related in familiar Letters by the parties themselves, at the very time in which the events happened: And this method has given the author great advantages, which he could not have drawn from any other species of narration. The minute particulars of events, the sentiments and conversation of the parties, are, upon this plan, exhibited with all the warmth and spirit, that the passion supposed to be predominant at the very time, could produce, and with all the distinguishing characteristics which memory can supply in a History of recent transactions.

‘ Romances in general, and Marivaux’s amongst others, are wholly improbable; because they suppose the History to be written after the series of events is closed by the catastrophe: A circumstance which implies a strength of memory beyond all example and probability in the persons concerned, enabling them, at the distance of several years, to relate all the particulars of a transient conversation: Or rather, it implies a yet more improbable confidence and familiarity between all these persons and the author.

There

There is, however, one difficulty attending the Epistolary method; for it is necessary, that all the characters should have an uncommon taste for this kind of conversation, and that they should suffer no event, nor even a remarkable conversation, to pass, without immediately committing it to writing. But for the preservation of the Letters *once written*, the author has provided with great judgment, so as to render this circumstance highly probable (a).²

It is presumed that what this gentleman says of the difficulties attending a Story thus given in the Epistolary manner of writing, will not be found to reach the History before us. It is very well accounted for in it, how the two principal Female characters come to take so great a delight in writing. Their subjects are not merely subjects of amusement; but greatly interesting to both: Yet many Ladies there are who now laudably correspond, when at distance from each other, on occasions that far less affect their mutual welfare and friendships, than those treated of by these Ladies. The two principal gentlemen had motives of gaiety and vain-glory for their inducements. It will generally be found, that persons who have talents for familiar writing, as these correspondents are presumed to have, will not forbear amusing themselves with their pens, on less arduous occasions than what offer to these. These **FOUR** (whose Stories have a connexion with each other) out of a great number of characters which are introduced in this History, are only eminent in the Epistolary way: The rest appear but as occasional writers, and as drawn in rather by necessity than

(a) This quotation is translated from a **CRITIQUE** on the **HISTORY** of **CLARISSA**, written in French, and published at Amsterdam. The whole **Critique** is rendered into English, and inserted in the **Gentleman's Magazine** of June and August 1749. The author has done great honour in it to the History of **Clarissa**; and as there are Remarks published with it, answering several objections made to different passages by that candid Foreigner, the Reader is referred to the aforesaid Magazines, for both.

choice, from the different relations in which they stand with the four principal persons.

Vol. vii. p. 432. l. 2. after the principal characters, insert,

Some there are, and Ladies too! who have supposed that the excellencies of the Heroine are carried to an improbable, and even to an impracticable height, in this History. But the education of Clarissa from *early childhood* ought to be considered, as one of her very great advantages; as, indeed, the foundation of *all* her excellencies: And it is hoped, for the sake of the doctrine designed to be inculcated by it, that it will.

She had a pious, a well-re'd, a not meanly-descended woman for her Nurse, who with her milk, as Mrs. Harlowe says (*a*), gave her that nurture which no other Nurse could give her. She was very early happy in the conversation-visits of her learned and worthy Dr. Lewen, and in her correspondencies, not with him only, but with other Divines mentioned in her last Will. Her Mother was, upon the whole, a good woman, who did credit to her birth and her fortune; and *both* delighted in her for those improvements and attainments, which gave her, *and them in her*, a distinction that caused it to be said, that when she was out of the family, it was considered but as a common family (*b*). She was moreover a Country Lady; and, as we have seen in Miss Howe's character of her (*c*), took great delight in rural and household employments; tho' qualified to adorn the brightest circle.

It must be confessed, that we are not to look for *Clarissa's* among the *constant frequenters* of Ranelagh and Vaux-hall, nor among those who may be called *Daughters of the Card-table*. If we do, the character

(*a*) See Vol. IV. p. 34. (*b*) See Vol. VII. p. 37. See also her Mother's praises of her to Mrs. Norton, Vol. I. p. 258. (*c*) See Vol. VII. p. 385.

of our Heroine may then indeed be justly thought not only improbable, but unattainable. But we have neither room in this place, nor inclination, to pursue a subject so invidious. We quit it therefore, after we have repeated, that we know there are *some*, and we hope there are *many*, in the British dominions [or they are hardly any-where in the European world] who, as far as *occasion* has called upon them to exert the like *humble* and *modest*, yet *steady* and *useful*, virtues, have reached the perfections of a Clarissa.

Having thus briefly taken notice of the most material objections that have been made to different parts of this History, it is hoped we may be allowed to add, That had we thought ourselves at liberty to give copies of some of the many Letters that have been written on the other side of the question, that is to say, in approbation of the Catastrophe, and of the general Conduct and Execution of the work, by some of the most eminent judges of composition in every branch of Literature; most of what has been written in this Postscript might have been spared.

But as the principal objection with many has lain against the length of the piece, we shall add to what we have said above on that subject, in the words of one of those eminent writers: 'That, *If*, in the History before us, &c.'





TO THE

Author of CLARISSA.

IF, 'mid their round of pleasure, to convey
 An useful Lesson to the Young and Gay;
 To swell their eyes with pearly drops, and share,
 With Cards and Dress, the converse of the Fair;
 If, with the boasted Bards of Classic Age,
 Th' attention of the Learned to engage,
 And in the bosom of the Rake to raise
 A tender, social Feeling—merit praise;
 The Gay, the Fair, the Learn'd, ev'n Rakes, agree
 To give that praise to Nature, Truth, and Thee.

Transported now to Harlowe-Place, we view
 Thy matchless Maid her godlike tasks pursue;
 Visit the Sick or Needy, and bestow
 Drugs to relieve, or words to soften woe;
 Or, with the pious Lewen, hear her soar
 Heights unattain'd by female minds before.
 Then to her Ivy-Bow'r she pleas'd retires,
 And with light touch the trembling keys inspires;
 While wakeful Philomel no more complains,
 But, raptur'd, listens to her sweeter strains.

Now (direful contrast!) in each gloomy shade
 Behold a pitying Swain, or weeping Maid!
 And, hark! with sullen swing, the tolling bell
 Proclaims that loss which language fails to tell.

In awful silence soon a sight appears,
That points their sorrows, and renews their tears :
For, lo ! far-black'ning all the verdant meads,
With slow parade, the fun'ral pomp proceeds :
Methinks ev'n now I hear th' encumber'd ground,
And pavement, echo with a rumbling sound ;
And see the servants tearful eyes declare
With speaking look, The herse, the herse, is here !

But, O thou Sister of Clarissa's heart,
Can I the anguish of thy soul impart,
When, from your chariot flown with breathless haste,
Her clay-cold form, yet beauteous, you embrac'd ;
And cry'd with heaving sobs, and broken strains,
Are these — are these — my much-lov'd Friend's Re-
mains ?

Then view each Harlowe-Face ; remorse, despair,
And self-condemning grief, are pictur'd there.
Now first the Brother feels, with guilty sighs,
Fraternal passions in his bosom rise :
By shame and sorrow equally oppress'd,
The Sister wrings her hands, and beats her breast.
With streaming eyes, too late, the Mother blames
Her tame submission to the tyrant James :
Ev'n he, the gloomy Father, o'er the herse
Laments his Rashness, and recalls his Curse.
And thus each Parent, who, with haughty sway,
Expects his child to tremble and obey ;
Who hopes his pow'r by rigour to maintain,
And meanly worships at the shrine of gain ;
Shall mourn his error, and, repenting, own,
That Bliss can ne'er depend on wealth alone.
Riches may charm, and Pageantry invite :
But what are these, unless the minds unite ?
Drive then insatiate Av'rice from your breast,
Nor think a Solmes can make Clarissa blest.

And you, ye Fair, the wish of ev'ry heart,
Tho' grac'd by Nature, and adorn'd by Art,
The'

214 *To the Author of CLARISSA.*

Tho' sprightly Youth its vernal bloom bestow,
And on your cheeks the blush of Beauty glow,
Here see how soon those roses of a day,
Nipt by a frost, fade, wither, and decay
Nor Youth nor Beauty could Clarissa save,
Snatch'd to an early, not untimely grave.
But still her own unshaken Innocence,
Spotless and pure, unconscious of offence,
In the dread hour of death her bosom warm'd
With more than manly courage, and disarm'd
The grieved king: In vain the tyrant try'd
His awful terrors—for she smil'd, and dy'd.

You too, ye Libertines, who idly jest
With Virtue wrong'd, and Innocence distressed;
Who vainly boast of what should be your shame,
And triumph in the wreck of female fame;
Be warn'd, like Belford, and behold, with dread,
The Hand of Vengeance hov'ring o'er your head!
If not, in Belton's Agonies you view
What dying horrors are reserv'd for you.

In vain ev'n Lovelace, healthy, young, and gay,
By Nature form'd to please, and to betray,
Try'd from himself, by change of place, to run;
For that intruder, *Thought*, he could not shun.
Tasteless were all the pleasures that he view'd
In foreign courts; for CONSCIENCE still pursu'd:
The lost Clarissa, each succeeding night,
In starry garment, swims before his sight;
Nor ease by day her shrill complaints afford,
But far more deeply wound than Morden's sword.

O if a Sage had thus on Attic plains
Improv'd at once and charm'd the list'ning swains;
Had he, with matchless energy of thought,
Great Truths like these in antient Athens taught;
On fam'd Ilyssus' banks in Parian stone
His breathing Bust conspicuous would have shone;

Ev'n

Ev'n Plato, in Lyceum's awful shade,
Th' instructive page with transport had survey'd;
And own'd its author to have well supply'd
The place his Laws to Homer's self deny'd (a).

(a) By the Laws of Plato's ideal Commonwealth, Homer was deny'd a place there, on account of the bad tendency of the morals he ascribes to his Gods and Heroes. 'But (says the philosopher) as it is fitting that every degree of merit should have its proper reward, pour fragrant oil on the poet's head, and crown him with a woollen wreath, and then banish him to some other city.' Plato de Repub. lib. 3.



To the Author of CARRIAGE

Even Plato in Lycium's winding roads,
The labyrinthine maze with transport had surveyed;
And even'd in author to have well supply'd
The place he leaves to Homer's ill deny'd.

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A C O L



A
C O L L E C T I O N
OF SUCH of the
Moral *and* Instructive SENTIMENTS,
CAUTIONS, APHORISMS, REFLECTIONS,
and OBSERVATIONS,
CONTAINED IN THE
HISTORY of CLARISSA,
As are presumed to be of
-GENERAL USE and SERVICE.
Digested under Proper HEADS.

Adversity. Affliction. Calamity. Misfortune.



REAT allowance ought to be made for the warmth of a spirit embitter'd by undeserved disgraces.

People in Misfortune are apt to construe even unavoidable accidents into slights or neglects.

Adversity is the state of trial of every good quality.

People in Adversity should endeavour to preserve laudable customs, that so, if sunshine return, they may not be losers by their trials.

When Calamities befall us, we ought to look into ourselves, and *fear*.

Misfortunes are often sent to reduce us to a better reliance than that we have been accustomed to fix upon.

No one is out of the reach of Misfortune. No one therefore should glory in his prosperity.

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218 SENTIMENTS, &c. *extracted from*

Be a person's Provocations ever so great, her Calamities ever so heavy, she should always remember, that she is God's creature, and not her own.

Persons in Calamity, when they wish for death, should be sure that they wish for it from proper motives. Worldly Disappointments will not, of themselves, warrant such wishes.

Adversity will call forth graces in a noble mind, which could not have been brought to light in prosperous fortune.

People in Affliction or Distress cannot be hated by generous minds.

People who thro' Calamity are careless of their health, will not perhaps be able to escape death when they would wish to do so.

In the school of Affliction we are taught to know ourselves, to be compassionate and bear with one another, and to look up to a better state.

The unhappy never want enemies.

The person who makes a proper use of Calamity, may be said to be in the direct road to glory.

Persons who labour under *real* Evils, will not puzzle themselves with *conjectural* ones.

Calamity is the test of integrity.

Distress makes the humbled heart diffident.

Calamity calls out the fortitude that distinguishes a spirit truly noble.

Certainty in a deep Distress is more eligible than suspense.

[See Consolation.]

Advice and Cautions to Women.

EVery one's eyes are upon the conduct, the visits, the visitors, of a young Lady made early independent.

Encroaching and designing men make an artillery of a woman's hopes and fears, and play it upon her at their pleasure.

Artful men frequently endeavour to entangle thoughtless women by bold supposals and offers, and, if not checked, to reckon upon silence as concession.

Women should be cautious how they give up their own Sex in conversation with the other, in articles that relate to delicacy.

Women, however prudent and reserved, should be careful that they do not give the man they intend to encourage, reason to think that they balance on other competitions.

Men who want to get a woman into their power, seldom scruple the means.

A woman who lends an ear to a Seducer, may, by *gentle* words, be *insensibly* drawn in to the perpetration of the most *violent* acts.

When women once enter themselves as Lovers, there is hardly any receding.

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The man can have no good design, who affects to a meek-spirited woman an anger which is evidently manageable.

A daughter ought to look upon a man, who would tempt her to go off with him clandestinely, as the vilest and most selfish of seducers.

The woman who will correspond with a known Libertine, indirectly defies him to do his worst.

A woman who is above flattery, and despises all praise, but that which flows from the approbation of her own heart, is, *morally speaking*, out of the reach of seduction.

Women ought to be careful not to give cause to the man they love to think lightly of them, for favours, granted even to himself, which may be supposed to spring from natural weakness.

Women ought not to think gentleness of heart despicable in a man.

That man's natural disposition is to be suspected, whose politeness is not regular, nor constant, nor wrought into habit; but appears only in fits, starts, and fallies.

An acknowledged Love sanctifies every little freedom, and little freedoms beget great ones.

To give a woman an high opinion of her own sagacity, is the measure that a designing man often takes to bring her to his will.

I love, when I dig a pit, *says Lovelace*, to have my prey tumble in with secure feet and open eyes; for then a man can look down upon her with an O-ho, charmer! how came you there?

A woman in courtship, for her own sake, should so behave to the man she intends to marry, as to shew the world, that she thinks him worthy of respect.

Libertines consider all those of the Sex, over whom they obtain a power, as fair prize.

There seldom can be *peculiarity* in the Love of a rakish heart.

If a woman be not angry at indecent pictures or verses shewn her by a Libertine, but smiles at them, she may blame herself, if she suffer from his after-attempts.

Even innocent freedoms are not to be allowed to a Libertine.

To be punished by the consequences of our own choice, what a moral, *insultingly says Lovelace*, lies there!

A judgment may be generally formed of the reading part of the Sex by their books,

The man who complains of the distance a Lady keeps him at, wants to come *too near*.

One concession to a man is but a prelude to another.

The confidence which a woman places in a man for his respectful behaviour to her, ought to be withdrawn the moment that she sees in him an abatement of that reverence or respect, which be gat her consideration.

220 SENTIMENTS, &c. *extracted from*

A man who means honourably will not be fond of treading in crooked paths.

How vain a thing is it for a woman, who has put herself into the power of a man, to say what she *will* or *will not* do !

How can a woman, who (treating *herself* unpolitely) gives a man an opportunity to run away with her, expect him to treat her politely ?

The man who makes a flagrant, tho' unsuccessful attempt, and is forgiven, or expostulated with, meets with encouragement to renew it at an opportunity which he may think more favourable.

Women of penetration, falling *accidentally* into company with a Libertine and his associates, will make them reflecting-glasses to one another for her own service.

One devious step at first setting out frequently leads a person into a wilderness of doubt and error.

The man who is backward in urging a Lady to give him her hand at the Altar, ought not to press her to favour him with it at public entertainments.

Libertines, in order the better to carry on their designs upon the unwary of the Female Sex, *particularly against those who are prudish*, frequently make pretences to *Platonic Love*.

If a woman suffers her Lover to see she is loth to disoblige him, let her beware of an encroacher.

The Libertine, who by his specious behaviour has laid asleep a woman's suspicion and caution, is in the way to complete all his views.

If a woman will keep company with a man who has reason to think himself suspected by her, *I am sure*, says *Lovelace*, it is a very hopeful sign.

Women are apt to allow too much to a kneeling Lover.

Nine parts in ten of women who fall, says *Lovelace*, owe their disgrace to their own vanity or levity, or want of circumspection and proper reserve.

Libertines, *equally tyrannical and suspicious*, expect that a wife should have no will, no eyes, no love, no hate, but at their direction.

Travelling together gives opportunities of familiarity between the Sexes, says *Lovelace*. *Women therefore should be choice of the company they travel with.*

Women should be early taught to think highly of their Sex ; for pride, as *Lovelace* says, is an excellent substitute for virtue.

A woman of the brightest talents, who throws herself into the power of a Libertine, brings into question those talents, as well as her discretion, not only with himself, but with his lewd companions, to whom, in secret triumph, he will be proud to shew his prize.

A modest woman fallen into gross company should avow her correctives by her eye, and not affect ignorance of meanings too obvious to be concealed,

A woman who has put herself into the power of a designing man, must be satisfied with very poor excuses and pretences, for delay of marriage.

Want of power is the only bound that a libertine puts to his views upon any of the Sex.

A fallen woman is the more inexcusable, as, from the cradle, the Sex is warned against the delusions of men.

Men presume greatly on the liberties taken, and laughed off, in Rumping.

A Lady conscious of dignity of person should mingle with it a sweetness of manners, to make herself beloved, as well as respected, by all who approach her.

A man who insults the modesty of a woman, as good as tells her, that he has seen something in her conduct, that warranted his presumption.

A man who has offered the last indignity to a woman, yet expects forgiveness from her, must think *her* as weak as *he* is wicked.

The woman who behaves with disrespect, either to her accepted Lover, or to her Husband, gives every vain man hope of standing well with her.

Clarissa apprehends that Lovelace might have ground to doubt her conduct, from having been able to prevail upon her to correspond with him against paternal prohibition, and the light of her own judgment.

The nicest circumstances cannot be too nice to be attended to by women who are obliged either to converse or correspond with free livers.

A woman who, when attempted, descends to *expostulation*, lets the offender know, that she intends to forgive him.

A man, whatever are his professions, always thinks the *reverse* of a woman, who forgives him for making an attempt on her virtue.

A man, who offers indecencies to a woman, depends for secrecy and forgiveness upon his own confidence, and her bashfulness.

The woman who takes any indirect steps in favour of a libertine, if she escape *present* ill-treatment from him, intitles herself, when his Wife, to his future jealousy and censure.

She who puts herself out of a natural protection, is not to expect miracles in her favour.

The woman who hopes to reclaim a Libertine, *may* have reason to compare herself to one, who, attempting to save a drowning wretch, is drawn in after him, and perishes with him.

Men take great advantages of even women of character, who

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can bear their free talk and boasts of Libertinism without resentment.

Chastity, like piety, is an uniform grace. If in look, if in speech, a girl give way to undue levity, depend upon it, *says Lovelace*, the devil has already got one of his cloven feet in her heart.

That woman must be indeed unhappy, whose conduct has laid her under obligations to a man's silence.

A bold man's effrontery in company of women must be owing to his low opinion of them, and his high one of himself.

A good woman who vows duty to a wicked man, knowing him to be such, puts to hazard her eternal happiness.

How dreadfully sunk is the woman who supplicates for marriage to a man who has robbed her of her honour; and who can be thankful to him for doing her such poor justice!

How must such a one appear before *his* friends and *her own*, divested of that noble confidence which arises from a mind unconscious of deserving reproach!

How does she subject herself to the violator's upbraidings, and to his insults of generosity and pity, exerted in her favour!

It must cut to the heart a thoughtful Mother, whose Husband continues in his profligate courses, to look round upon her Children, with the reflection that she has given them a Father destin'd without a miracle to perdition.

It would be as unpardonable in a Lady, *says Lovelace (in the true Libertine spirit)* to break her word with me, as it would be strange, if I kept mine to her. In Love-cases I mean; for as to the rest, I am an honest moral man.

If a woman is conscious of having shewn weakness to a man who has insulted her modesty, she may then come to a composition with him, and forgive him.

I never knew a man, *says Miss Howe*, who deserved to be thought well of for his morals, who had a slight opinion of our Sex in general.

If a woman consents to go off with a man, and he prove ever so great a villain to her, she must take into her own bosom [*the whole reproach, and*] a share of his guilty baseness.

Offences against women, and those of the most heinous nature, constitute and denominate the *Man of Gallantry*.

The pen, next to the needle, of all employments, whether for improvement or amusement, is the most proper and best adapted to the genius of women.

The woman who neglects the *useful* and the *elegant*, which distinguishes her own Sex, for the sake of obtaining the learning which is supposed peculiar to men, incurs more contempt by what she foregoes, than she gains credit by what she acquires.

The practical knowlege of the domestic duties is the principal glory of a woman.

The woman who aims at more than a knowlege of the beauties and graces of her mother tongue, too often endangers her family usefulness.

Young Ladies should endeavour to make up for their defects in one part of their education, by their excellence in another.

[See the articles Courtship. Duty. Husband and Wife. Libertine. Marriage. Parents and Children. Reflections on Women. Vows.

Air and Manner. Address.

AIR and Manner are often more expressive than words.

That Address in a man for which he is often most valued by a woman, is generally owing to his assurance.

A concession should be made with a grace, or not at all.

What a mere personal advantage is a plausible Address without morals!

A specious address frequently abates even a *justly*-conceiv'd displeasure.

There is a Manner in speaking that may be liable to exception, when the words without that Manner will bear none.

Anger. Displeasure.

Anger and disgust alter the property, at least the appearance, of things.

People hardly ever do any-thing in Anger, of which they do not repent.

A person of hard features should not allow himself to be very angry.

We should not be angry at a person's *not* doing that for us, which he has a right either to do, or to let alone.

Faulty people should rather be sorry for the occasion they have given for Anger, than resent it.

Nothing can be lovely in a man's eye with which he is displeased.

An angry or offended man will not allow to the person with whom he is displeased, the merit which is his due.

Angry people should never write while their passion holds.

Anger unpolishes the most polite.

The Displeasure of friends is to be borne even by an innocent person, when it unquestionably proceeds from love.

An innocent person may be thankful for that Displeasure in her friend, which gives her an opportunity of justifying herself.

But then it is ungenerous in a displeased friend not to acknowledge, and ask excuse for, the mistake which caused the Displeasure, the moment he or she is convinced.

People of little understanding are most apt to be angry when their sense is called into question. [See Passion.

Apprehensions. Fear.

THE tender mind, drawn in to pursue an irregular adventure, will be ready to start at every unexpected appearance.

The most apprehensive beginnings often make the happiest conclusions.

The certainty even of what we fear, is often more tolerable than the suspense.

The very event of which we are most apprehensive, is sometimes that which we ought to wish for.

Threateners, where they have an opportunity to put in force their threats, are seldom to be feared.

It is better, in a critical and uncertain situation, to apprehend without cause, than to subject one's self to surprize, for want of forethought.

Evils are often greater in *Apprehension*, than in *reality*.

An earnest disavowal of Fear often proceeds from Fear.

Few men fear those whom they do not value.

Beauty. Figure.

COMeliness, not having so much to lose as Beauty has, will hold when Beauty will evaporate or fly off.

Personal advantages are oftener snares than benefits.

Tho' Beauty is generally the creature of fancy, yet are there some who will be Beauties in every eye.

A good Figure, or Person, in man or woman, gives credit at first sight to the choice of either.

Men, more especially, ought to value themselves rather for their intellectual, than personal qualifications.

The pretty fool, in all she says, in all she does, will please, we know not why.

Who would grudge the pretty fool her day?

When her butterfly flutters are over, she will feel, in the general contempt she will meet with, the just effects of having neglected to cultivate her better faculties.

While the discreet matron, who from youth has maintained her character, will find solid veneration take place of airy admiration, and more than supply the want of the latter.

A lovely woman, whether angry or pleased, will appear lovely.

That cruel distemper, which often makes the greatest ravages in the finest faces, is not always to be thought an evil.

Goodness and generosity give grace and lustre to Beauty.

Blushes.

Blushes. Blushing.

A Distinction is to be made between the confusion which guilt will be attended with, and the noble consciousness that overspreads the face of a fine spirit, on its being thought capable of an imputed evil.

Silence and Blushes are now no graces, *says Lovelace*, with our fine Ladies.

Harden'd by frequent public appearances, our modern fine Ladies would be as much ashamed as men to be found guilty of blushing, *Lovel.*

The woman who at a gross hint puts her fan before her face, seems to be conscious that her Blush is not quite ready, *Lovel.*

[See Modesty.]

Censure. Character.

THE world, ill-natur'd as it is said to be, is generally more just in giving Characters (speaking by what it *feels*) than is usually imagined.

Those who complain most of the Censoriousness of the world, perhaps ought to look *inward* for the occasion oftener than they do.

A wrong step taken by a woman who aims to excel, subjects her to more severe censures from the world, whose envy she has excited, than that world would cast on a less perfect character.

Characters very good, or extremely bad, are seldom justly given.

We should be particularly careful to keep clear of the faults we censure,

Hasty Censurers subject themselves to the charge of variableness in judgment.

We should always make allowances for the Characters, whether bad or good, that are given us by interested persons.

Many of those who have escaped censure, have not merited applause.

Where reputation is concerned, we should not be in haste to censure.

We should never judge peremptorily on first appearances.

Good people, [*or rather those who affect to be thought good*] *says Lovelace*, are generally so uncharitable, that I should not chuse to be good, were the consequence to be, that I must think hardly of every-body else.

Every man and woman, *says Lovelace*, is apt to judge of others by what they know of themselves,

A man who proves base to the confidence a woman places in him, justifies the harshest censures of such of his enemies, as would have persuaded her to reject him.

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Character runs away with, and byasses all mankind.

In the very Courts of Justice, character acquits and condemns as often as fact, and sometimes in spite of fact, *Lovel.*

It is not always just to censure according to events.

Difficult situations make seeming occasions for censure unavoidable.

Censoriousness and narrowness generally prevail with those who affect to be thought more pious than their neighbours.

Very few Ladies would be condemned, or even accused, in the circles of Ladies, were they present.

Human depravity, it is feared, will oftener justify those who judge harshly, than those who judge favourably; yet will not good people part with their charity.

Nevertheless it is right to make that charity consist with caution and prudence.

Charity. Beneficence. Benevolence.

Benevolent spirits are sufficiently happy in the noble consciousness that attends their Benevolence.

'Tis a generous pleasure in a Landlord, to love to see all his tenants look fat, sleek, and contented.

That spirit ought not to have the credit of being called bountiful, that reserves not to itself the power of being just.

In cases where great good is wished to be done, it is grievous to have the will without having the power.

True Generosity is Greatness of soul: it incites us to do more by a fellow-creature than can be strictly required of us.

Innocent and benevolent spirits are sure to be considered as aliens, and to be made to suffer, by the genuine sons and daughters of earth.

A beneficent person, diverted from her course by calamity, will resume it the moment she can, and go on doing good to all about her, as before.

The power of conferring benefits is a godlike power.

A truly generous and beneficent person will, in a sudden distress, find out the unhappy before the fighting heart is overwhelmed by it.

A prudent person will suit her Charities to the person's usual way of life.

Persons blest'd with a *will*, should be doubly careful to preserve to themselves the *power*, of doing good.

The honest, industrious, labouring poor, whom sickness, lameness, or unforeseen accidents, have reduced, ought to be the principal objects of our Charity.

Small helps will set forward the sober and industrious poor: An ocean of wealth will not be sufficient for the idle and profligate.

It is not Charity to relieve the dissolute, if what is given to them deprive the worthy poor of such assistance as would set the wheels of their industry going.

That Charity which provides for the *morals*, as well as for the bodily wants of the poor, gives a double benefit to the public, as it adds to the number of the hopeful, what it takes from that of the profligate.

Can there be in the eyes of that God, who requires nothing so much from us as acts of beneficence to one another, a Charity more worthy than that of providing for the souls as well as the bodies, of our fellow-creatures? [See Generosity.

Church. Clergy.

THE Church is a good place to begin a reconciliation in, if people mean any-thing by their prayers, *says Lovelace*.

Who that has views either worldly or cruel, can go to Church, and expect a blessing?

It is a juster satire upon human nature, than upon the Cloth, if we suppose, that those who have the *best* opportunities of being good, are less perfect than others.

Professional as well as *national* reflections are to be avoided.

The Church ought to be the only market-place for women, and domestic excellence their capital recommendation.

A good Clergyman must love and venerate the Gospel he teaches, and prefer it to all other learning.

The young Clergyman, who throws about to a Christian audience scraps of Latin and Greek from the Pagan Classics, shews something wrong either in his heart or head, or in both.

A general contempt of the Clergy, *even Lovelace confesses*, is a certain sign of a man of free principles.

[See Conscience. Death. Religion.

Comedies. Tragedies. Music. Dancing.

Libertines (afraid to trust themselves with serious and solemn reflections) run to Comedies, in order to laugh away compunction, and to find examples of men as immoral as themselves.

Very few of our Comic Performances give good examples.

Mr. *Lovelace*, Mrs. *Sinclair*, Sally *Martin*, Polly *Horton*, Miss *Partington*, love not Tragedies. They have hearts too feeling. There is enough in the world, *say they*, to make the heart sad, without carrying grief into our diversions, and making the distresses of others our own.

Libertines love not any Tragedies, but those in which they themselves act the parts of tyrants and executioners.

The woes of others, well represented, will unlock and open a tender heart, *Lovel*.

The female heart expands, and forgets its forms, when its attention is carried out of itself at an agreeable or affecting Entertainment, *Lovel.*

[*Women, therefore, should be cautious of the company they go with to public Entertainments.*]

Music, and other maidenly amusements, are too generally given up by women, when married.

Music, *says Lovelate*, is an amusement that may be necessary to keep a young woman out of more active mischief.

Wine is an opiate in degree: How many women, *says Lovelace*, have been taken at advantage by wine and intoxicating viands!

Dancing is a diversion that women love; but they ought to be wary of their company.

Women to women, when warm'd by Dancing, Music, &c. are great darers and provokers.

Persons who sing and play tolerably, yet plead inability, wish not always to be believed.

Condescension.

Condescension that proceeds from force, or even from policy, may be often discovered to be forced, by observing the eyes and lips.

Condescension is not meanness, iv. 218. On the contrary, the very word implies dignity.

There is a glory in yielding, of which a violent spirit can hardly judge.

By Gentleness and Condescension, a requester leaves favourable impressions upon an angry person, which, on cooler reflection, may bring the benefit denied at the time.

That Condescension which has neither pride nor insult in it, gives a grace to the person, as well as to the action which demonstrates it.

Conscience. Consciousness.

Persons of Conscience will be afraid to begin the world unjustly.

A woman who by surprize, or otherwise, is brought to swerve, loses all that noble self-confidence, which otherwise would have given her a visible superiority over her tempter.

How uneasy are our reflections upon every doubtful occurrence, when we know we have been prevail'd upon to do a wrong thing!

It is a satisfaction to a worthy mind, to have borne its testimony against the vile actions of a bad one.

Self-complacency is necessary to carry a woman thro' this life, with tolerable satisfaction to herself.

The look of every person will be construed as a reproach, by one who is conscious of having capitally erred.

As to the world and its censures, *says Clarissa*, however desirous I always was of a fair fame, I never thought it right to give more than a second place to the world's opinion.

A pure intention, void of all undutiful resentments, is what must be my consolation, *says Clarissa*, whatever others may think of the measures I have taken, when they come to be known.

Consolation.

Those who have not deserved ill-usage, have reason to be the easier under it.

Who would not with patience sustain even a great evil, could she persuade herself, that it might most probably be dispensed in order to prevent a still greater?

How much lighter, on reflection, will the same evils sit on the heart of one who has not brought them upon herself, than upon one who has!

There is one common point in which all shall meet, err widely as they may.

Patience and perseverance overcome the greatest difficulties.

If a person in calamity can consider herself as called upon to give an example of patience and resignation, she will find her mind greatly invigorated.

All nature, and every-thing in it, has its bright and gloomy side. We should not always be thinking of the worst.

My mind, *says Clarissa to Lovelace and Tomlinson*, is prepared for adversity. That I have not deserved the evils I have met with, is my Consolation.

There must be a world after this to do justice to injured innocence, and to punish barbarous perfidy.

We often look back with pleasure on the heaviest griefs, when the cause of them is removed.

No one ought to think the worse of herself for having suffered what she could not avoid.

Temporary evils may be borne with, because they are *but* temporary.

None are made to suffer beyond what they *can* bear, and therefore *ought* to bear.

We know not the methods of Providence, nor what wise ends it may have to serve, in its seemingly severe dispensations.

A patient and innocent sufferer will look to a world beyond this for its reward.

Many happy days may persons greatly unhappy live to see, if they will not heighten unavoidable accidents into guilty despondency.

We

We should, in an heavy evil, comfort *ourselves*, as we would in the like circumstances comfort *others*.

This world is designed but for a transitory state of probation. A good person, considering herself as travelling thro' it to a better, will put up with all the hardships of the journey, in hopes of an ample reward at the end of it.

Had I, *says Clarissa* (*drawing near her end*) escaped the evils I labour under, I might have been taken in the midst of some gay promising hope; when my heart had beat high with desire of life; and when the vanity of this earth had taken hold of me.

What happiness, on reflection, does that person enjoy, who has not acted unworthy of herself in the time of trial and temptation!

All the *troubles* of this world, as well as its joys, are but of short duration.

Things the most grievous to human nature at the time, often in the event prove the happiest for us.

We remember those we have *long* lost, with more pleasure than pain.

Solemn impressions, that seem to *weaken* the mind, may, by proper reflection, be made to *strengthen* it.

Where there is a reliance made on Providence, it seldom fails to raise up a new friend for every old one that falls off.

There is often a *necessity* for a considerate person's being unhappy, in order to be happy.

Good motions wrought into habits will yield pleasure at a time when nothing else can.

Persons enured to afflictions, and who have lived in constant hope of a better life, and have no flagrant vices to reproach themselves with, are the fittest comforters of friends in distress.

When a man has not great good to comfort himself with, it is right, *says Lovelace*, to make the best of the *little* that may offer.

There never was any discomfort happen'd to mortal man, but some little ray of Consolation would dart in, if the wretch was not so *much* a wretch, as to *draw*, instead of *undraw*, the curtain, to keep it out,

[See Adversity. Conscience. Death. Grief. Human Life. Religion.

Controul. Authority.

NO extraordinary qualifications are to be expected from a man, who never, as a child, was subject to Controul.

Young Ladies on whom parental Controul is known to sit heavily, give a man of intrigue room to think, that they want to be parents themselves, *Lovel*.

A ge-

A generous mind will then only be jealous of Controul, when it imagines its laudable friendships, or its generosity, are likely to be wounded by it.

A man, by seeming afraid of Controul, often subjects himself to it.

People awed and controuled, tho' but by their own consciousness of inferiority, will find fault right or wrong with those of whose rectitude of mind and manners their own culpable hearts give them to be afraid.

[See Duty. Parents and Children.

Covetousness. Avarice.

A Covetous man acts as if he thought the world made for himself only.

Covetous people may bear with every one's ill word, since they are so solicitous to keep what they prefer to every one's good word.

The difference between obtaining a fame for generosity, and incurring the censure of being a miser, will not, prudently managed, cost fifty pounds a year.

A miser's heir may, at a small expence, obtain the reputation of generosity.

When was an ambitious or covetous mind satisfied with acquisition?

A prodigal man generally does more injustice than a covetous one.

What man or woman, who is covetous of wealth or of power, desires either for the sake of making a right use of it?

Time is the only thing of which we can be allowably covetous, since we live but once in this world; and when gone, are gone from it for ever.

[See Self.

Courtship.

Reverence to a woman in *Courtship* is the less to be dispensed with, as, generally, there is but little of it shewn afterwards.

A very ready consent often subjects a woman to contempt.

If a man cannot make a woman in *Courtship* own herself pleased with him, it is as much, and oftentimes more, to his purpose, to make her angry with him, *Lovel*.

That disgust must be sincere, which is conceived on a first visit, and confirmed in every after one.

A woman who shews a very great dislike to the *Lover*, whom afterward she is induced to marry, had need to have a double share of prudence to behave unexceptionably to her *Husband*.

He who perseveres in his addresses to a woman whose aversion or dislike to him he has no reason to doubt, wants the spirit that distinguishes a man.

Very

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Very few people in Courtship see each other as they are.

Our Courtship-days are our best days : Favour destroys Courtship, distance encreases it, *Miss Howe.*

A woman in Courtship has reason to resent those passions in her Lover, which are predominant to that he pretends to have for her.

One of the greatest indignities that can be cast on a woman in Courtship, is, for a man to be so profligate as to engage himself in lewd pursuits, at the time he pretends his whole heart to be hers.

A woman accustomed to be treated with obsequiousness, will expect obsequiousness to the end of the Courtship chapter, *says Miss Howe.*

The man who expresses high respect to a woman, is entitled, if not to *acceptance*, to *civility*.

A wise man will not discourage that discretion in a *mistress*, which will be his glory and security in a *wife*.

The woman who in Courtship treats haughtily or ill the man she intends to have, gives room for the world to think, either, That she has a mean opinion of him, and an high one of herself :

Or, That she has not generosity enough to use moderately the power which his great affection gives her.

Such a woman gives reason to free livers to suppose (and to presume upon it) that the man to whom she intends to give her hand has no share in her heart.

And if she shew that regard to him *after* marriage, of which she shewed none *before*, it will be construed as a compliment to the *Husband*, made at the expence of the *Wife's*, and even of the *Sex's* delicacy.

Such a one will teach the world, by *her* example, to *despise* the man, whom, when her Husband, she would wish it to *respect*.

To condescend with dignity, to command with kindness, and sweetness of manners, are points to be aimed at by a wise woman in Courtship.

She should let her Lover see, that she has generosity to approve of and reward a well-meant service :

That she has a mind that lifts her above the little captious follies which some attribute to the Sex :

That she resents not (if ever she has reason to be displeased) thro' pride, or with petulance :

That by insisting on little points, she aims not to come at or to secure great ones, perhaps not proper to be carried :

Nor leaves room to suppose that she thinks she has so much cause to doubt her own merit, as to make it needful to put her Lover upon disagreeable or arrogant trials :

But lets reason be the principal guide of her actions :

And then she will hardly ever fail of that respect which will make

make her judgment *after* marriage consulted, sometimes with a preference to a man's own; at other times as a delightful confirmation of his.

When judgment is at a loss to determine the choice of a Lady who has several Lovers, *fancy* may the more allowably predominate.

Women cannot put the question to a Lover, Whether he mean honourably, or not, in his address, without affronting their own virtue and personal graces.

[They should therefore never admit of the address of a Libertine.]

The woman who in Courtship uses ill the man she intends to have, reflects not on the obligations her pride is laying her under to him for his *patience* with her.

[See Advice to Women. Husband and Wife. Libertine. Love. Marriage. Parents and Children. Reflections on Women. Vows.]

Credulity.

WOMEN are sometimes drawn in to believe against probability, by the unwillingness they have to doubt their own merit.

Superstitious notions propagated in infancy, are hardly ever totally eradicated, not even in minds grown strong enough to despise the like credulous folly in others.

Credulity is the God of Love's prime minister, and they are never asunder.

Credulity permits us not, till we suffer by it, to see the defects of those of whom we think highly.

We are all very ready to believe what we like.

[See Courtship. Love. Lover.]

Cruelty. Hard-heartedness.

THAT Cruelty which children are permitted to shew to birds, and other animals, will most probably exert itself on their fellow-creatures, when at years of maturity.

Let the parents of such a child expect a Lovelace.

When we reflect upon the cruelties daily practised upon such of the animal creation as are given us for food, or which we ensnare for our diversion, we shall be obliged to own, *says even Lovelace*, that there is more of the savage in human nature, than we are aware of.

Infinite beauties are there to be found in a weeping eye, *Lovel.*

Hard-heartedness is an essential in the character of a Libertine.

No heart bursts, *says the savage Lovelace*, be the occasion for sorrow what it will, which has the kindly relief of tears.

[See Libertine. Tears.]

Death.

Death. Dying.

Melancholy objects and subjects will at times impress the most profligate spirits. [*They should not therefore be run away from.*

What is Death, but a cessation from mortal life?

It is but the finishing of an appointed course.

The refreshing Inn, after a fatiguing journey.

The end of a life of cares and troubles.

Those men who give themselves airs of bravery on reflecting upon the last scenes of others, may be expected, if sensible at the time, to behave the most pitifully in their own.

What a dreadful thing is Death, to a person who has not one comfortable reflection to revolve!

What would I give, *says the departing Belton*, to have but one year of life before me, and to have the same sense of things I now have!

[*See also the dying Belton's pleas to his Physician, and treatment of him, and of his own Sister, because they could give him no hope, vol. vii. p. 27, & seq.*

The seeds of Death are sown in us when we begin to live, and grow up, till, like rampant weeds, they choak the tender flower of life.

In beholding the Death of a friend, we are affected as well by what must one day be our own case, as by his agonies.

To be cut off by the sword of injured friendship is the most dreadful of all Deaths, next to Suicide.

Resignation in Death, and reliance on the Divine mercies, give great comfort to the friends of the dying.

A good conscience only can support a person in a sensible and gradual Death.

It is a choice comfort at the winding up of our short story, *says Clarissa*, to be able to say, "I have rather suffered injuries, than offered them."

Nothing that is of consequence should be left to be done in the last incapacitating hours of life.

[*See Clarissa's noble behaviour in the agonies of Death, vol. vii. p. 216, & seq.*

All sentiments of worldly grandeur vanish at that unavoidable moment which decides the destiny of men,

What, in the last solemn moments, must be the reflection of those (if capable of reflection) whose study and pride it has been to seduce the innocent, and to ruin the weak, the unguarded, and the friendless; perhaps, too, by themselves made friendless?

[*See the shocking and outrageous behaviour of Sinclair at her Death, vol. vii. p. 256, & seq.*

See also the violent Death of Lovelace, vol. vii. p. 413, & seq.

What are twenty or thirty years to look back upon?

In a long life, what friends may we not have to mourn for?

What temptations may we not have to encounter with ?

In the loss of a dear friend, it is an high satisfaction to be able to reflect, that we have no acts of unkindness to reproach ourselves with.

Time only can combat with advantage very heavy deprivations.

Nature will be given way to, till sorrow has in a manner exhausted itself ; then reason and religion will come in seasonably, with their powerful aids, to raise the drooping heart.

[See Consolation. Grief. Religion.

Delicacy. Decency. Decorum.

Much disagreeable evil will arise to a woman of the least Delicacy, from an Husband who is given to wine.

What young woman of Delicacy would be thought to have *inclinations* so violent, that she could not conquer them ? or a *will* so stubborn, that she would not, at the entreaty and advice of her friends, attempt the conquest ?

Punctilio is out of doors the moment a Daughter clandestinely quits her Father's house.

How inexcuseable are those giddy creatures, who in the same hour leap from a parent's window to an Husband's bed !

Numberless are the reasons that might be given why a woman of the least Delicacy should never think of going off with a man.

A woman who goes off with a man has no room either to practise Delicacy herself, or to expect it from the man.

A consent, in some nice Love-cases, were better taken for granted, than asked for.

Few, very few men are there, who have Delicacy enough to enter into those parts of the female character which are its glory and distinction.

Over-niceness may be under-niceness.

Men *need not* give indelicate hints to women on subjects that relate to themselves, *Lovel*.

A man who is gross in a woman's company, *adds be*, ought to be knock'd down with a club.

Delicate women make delicate women, and also decent men.

There are points so delicate, that it is a degree of dishonour to have a vindication of one's self from them thought necessary.

The free things that among us Rakes, *says Belford*, pass for wit and spirit, must be shocking stuff to the ears of persons of Delicacy.

[See Advice to Women. Courtship. Duty. Libertine. Love. Marriage. Men and Women, &c.

Despondency. Despair.

IF we despond, there can be no hope of cure.

To despond is to add sin to sin.

When

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When a profligate man, on being overtaken by a dangerous sickness, or inevitable calamity, desponds, what consolation can be given him either from his past life, or his future prospects?

This is the cause of my despair, *says Belton*, that God's justice cannot let his *mercy* operate for my comfort.

[See Consolation.

Deviation.

TO condemn a Deviation, and to follow it by as great a one, what is it but to propagate a general corruption?

The Deviation of a person of eminence is more inexcusable than that of a common person.

In unhappy situations it will be difficult, even for worthy persons, to avoid sometimes departing from the simple truth.

[*How necessary is it then for such persons to be careful that they do not, by their own inconsideration, involve themselves in difficulties!*

Worthy persons, if inadvertently drawn into a Deviation, will endeavour instantly to recover their lost ground, that they may not bring error into habit.

A criminal Deviation in one friend is likely to cast a shade upon the other.

To the pure every little Deviation, *says Lovelace*, seems offensive.

One devious step at first setting out, frequently leads a person into a wilderness of doubt and error.

When we are betrayed into a capital Deviation, lesser Deviations will hardly be avoidable.

She who is too ready to excuse a wilful Deviation in another, renders her own virtue suspectable, *Jam. Harl.*

[See Guilt. Human Nature.

Dignity. Quality.

UPON true Quality and hereditary Distinction, if sense be not wanting, honours and affluence sit easy.

If we assume a Dignity, and disgrace not by arrogance our assumption, every-body will treat us with respect and deference.

Hereditary Dignity conveys more disgrace than honour to descendants who have not merit to adorn it.

Gentleman is a title of distinction, which a Prince may not deserve.

The first Dignity ought to be accompanied with the first merit.

Grandeur, *says Lovelace*, always makes a man's face shine in a woman's eye.

People who are fenced in either by their Years or Quality, should not, *says Lovelace*, take freedoms that a man of spirit ought to resent from others.

True

True Dignity admits not of pride or arrogance.

Some men have a native Dignity in their manner, which will procure them more regard by a look, than others can obtain by the most imperious commands.

The man who is good by choice, as well as by education, has that *Quality* in himself [*that true-Dignity*], which ennobles human nature, and without which the most dignified by birth or rank are ignoble.

Women who will not assume some little Dignity, and exact respect from men, will render themselves cheap, and perhaps have their modesty and diffidence repaid with scorn and insult, *Miss Howe*.

[See Advice to Women. Courtship. Delicacy. Libertine, &c.]

Double Entendre.

IT is an odious thing in a man to look sly and leering at a woman, whose modesty is invaded by another by indecent hints or Double Entendre.

What a grossness is there in the mind of that man, who thinks to reach a Lady's heart by wounding her ears!

Well-bred men, who think themselves in virtuous company, will not allow in themselves such liberties of speech, as tho' not free enough for open censure, are capable of conveying impure images to the heart.

Men who go out of their way to hint free things, must either be guilty of absurdity, meaning nothing; or, meaning something, of rudeness.

Obscenity is so shameful even to the guilty, that they cannot hint at it, but under a double meaning.

Even Lovelace declares, that he never did, nor ever will, talk to a Lady in a way that modesty will not permit her to answer him in.

[See Delicacy.]

Dress. Fashions. Elegance.

THE genius of a man who is fond of his person, or Dress, seldom strikes deep into intellectual subjects.

A man vain of his person, endeavouring to adorn it, frequently renders himself ridiculous.

Women owe to themselves, and to their Sex, to be always neat, and never to be surprised, by accidental visitors, in such a dishabille as would pain them to be seen in.

All that hoops are good for, *says Miss Howe*, is, to clean dirty shoes, and to keep fellows at distance.

The mind is often indicated by outward Dress.

Homely persons, the more they endeavour to adorn themselves, the more they expose the defects they want to hide.

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If women, *says Lovelace*, would make themselves appear as elegant to an Husband, as they were desirous to appear to him while a Lover, the *Rake*, which all women love, would last longer in the *Husband* than it generally does.

A woman who would preserve a Lover's respect to her person, will be careful of her appearance before him when in dishabille.

Full Dress creates dignity, augments consciousness, and keeps at distance an encroacher.

An elegant woman, in her earliest hour, will, for *her own* pleasure, be as nice as others in full dress.

Elegant Dress contributes greatly to keep passion alive.

Dress gives great advantage to women who have naturally a genteel air, and have been well educated.

Persons who thro' misfortunes chuse not to dress, should not, however, give up neatness.

A Fop takes great pains to hang out a *sign*, by his Dress, of what he has in his *shop*.

A clumsy Beau seems to owe himself a double spite, making his ungracefulness appear the more ungraceful by his tawdriness in Dress, *Lovel*.

Singularity of Dress shews something wrong in the mind.

Plain Dress, for an ordinary man or woman, implies at least modesty, and procures kind quarter even from the censorious.

The Fashion or Dress that becomes one person, frequently misbecomes another.

Nature and Ease should be the guides in Dress or Fashion, *ibid*.

[See Advice to Women. Delicacy. Dignity.]

Duelling.

A Man of honour cannot go to law for verbal abuses given by people entitled to wear swords.

Duelling is so fashionable a part of brutal bravery, that a good man is often at a loss so to behave, as to avoid incurring either mortal guilt, or general contempt.

Those who throw contempt upon a good man, for chusing rather to pass by a verbal injury than imbrue his hands in blood, know not the measure of true magnanimity.

'Tis much more noble to forgive, and much more manly to despise, than to resent, an injury.

A man of spirit should too much disdain the man, who is capable of doing him wilfully a mean wrong, to put his life upon equal value with his own!

What an absurdity is it in a man, to put it in the power of one, who has done him a *small* injury, to do him (as it may happen) and those who love him, an irreparable one!

What a flagrant partiality is it in those men, who can *themselves* be guilty of crimes which they justly hold unpardonable in their nearest female relations!

Yet

Yet cannot commit them without doing such injuries to other families, as they think themselves obliged to resent unto death, when offered to their own!

An innocent man ought not to run an equal risk with a guilty one.

He who will arrogate to himself the province of the Almighty, who has declared, *that vengeance is His*, ought to tremble at what may be the consequence.

May it not, in case of the *offended* person's giving the challenge, be suitable to the Divine justice to punish the *presumptuous innocent* by the hand of the *self-defending guilty*, reserving him for a future day of vengeance?

Life is a short stage when longest: If Heaven will afford a wicked man time for repentance, who shall dare to deny it him?

The conscience of the offender, when it shall please God to strike it, shall be sharper than an avenger's sword.

Duelling is not only an usurpation of the Divine prerogative, but it is an insult upon magistracy and good government.

'Tis an impious act; 'tis an attempt to take away a life that ought not to depend upon a private sword.

An act, the consequence of which is to hurry a soul (all its sins upon its head) into perdition, endangering also that of the poor triumpher; since neither intend to give to the other that opportunity for repentance which each presumes to hope for himself.

Where shall the evil of Duelling stop? Who shall avenge on the avenger?

Who would not wish, that the aggressor should be still the *guilty* aggressor?

Often has the *more* guilty been the vanquisher of the *less* guilty.

[See Guilt. Libertine.]

Duty. Obedience.

A Good child will not seek to exculpate herself at the expence of the most revered characters.

If we suffer by an act of Duty, or even of generosity, we have this comfort on reflection, that the fault is in others, not in ourselves.

Altho' our parents or friends should not do every-thing for us that we may wish or expect, it becomes us nevertheless to be thankful to them for the benefits they have actually conferred on us.

A good child, upon ill terms with her parents, tho' hopeless of success, should leave no means unattempted to reconcile herself to them, were it but to acquit herself to herself.

A sufferer may not be able to forbear complaining of the ill treatment she meets with from her parents; but it may go
against

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against her to have even the person to whom she complains take the same liberties with them.

The want of reward is no warrant for us to dispense with our Duty.

The merit of Obedience consists in giving up an inclination.

In reciprocal Duties, the failure on one side justifies not a failure on the other.

Prudence and Duty will enable a person to overcome the greatest difficulties.

Where is the praise-worthiness of Obedience, if it be only paid in instances where we give up nothing?

If a passion *can* be conquered, it is a sacrifice a good child owes to indulgent parents; especially if they would be unhappy if she made not such a sacrifice.

No independency of fortune can free a child from her filial Duty.

Nor ought any change of circumstances to alter her notions of Duty.

A Duty exacted with too much rigour, is often attended with fatal consequences.

The Duty of a child to her parents may be said to be anterior to her very birth.

What is the precise stature or age at which a good child may conclude herself absolved from her filial Duty?

A good person cannot look with indifference on any part of a vow'd Duty.

A worthy person will make it her prayer, as well as her endeavour, that whatever trials she may be called upon to undergo, she may not behave unworthily in them, and may come out amended by them.

A Daughter who cheerfully gives up an inclination to the judgment of her parents, may be said to have laid them under obligation to her.

Can a fugitive Daughter enjoy herself, while her parents are in tears?

Other peoples not performing their Duty, is no excuse for the neglect of ours, *says even Lovelace.*

The world is too apt to set itself in opposition to a general Duty.

General Duties ought not to be weakened by our endeavouring to justify a single person, if faulty, however unhappily circumstanced.

There is no merit in performing a Duty.

A dutiful Daughter gives an earnest of making a dutiful and obliging Wife.

Duty upon principle will oblige to an uniformity of Duty in every relation of life.

Rigour

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Rigour makes it difficult for sliding virtue to recover itself.
[See Parents and Children.]

Education.

ENCOURAGEMENT and approbation bring to light talents that otherwise would never have appeared.

There is a docile season, a learning-time, in youth, which, suffered to elapse, and no foundation laid, seldom returns.

Some genius's, like some fruits, ripen not till late.

Industry and perseverance in study will do prodigious things.

What an uphill labour must it be to a learner, who has those first rudiments to master at twenty years of age, which others are taught at ten!

Parents ought to cultivate the minds of their Daughters, and inspire them with early notions of reserve and distance to men, *Level*.

It is not enough that a youth be put upon doing acts of beneficence; he must be taught to do them from proper motives.

A pious end, and a crown of glory, are generally the natural fruits of a virtuous Education.

The person who aims at acquiring too many things, will hardly excel in any.

Improvement must attend upon those who are more ready to hear than to speak.

[See Advice to Women. Duty. Parents and Children.]

Example.

PERSONS distinguished by their rank, or their virtues, are answerable to the public for their conduct in material points.

Persons of prudence, and distinguish'd talents, seem to be sprinkled thro' the world, to do credit by their example to religion and virtue.

No one should plead the errors of another, in justification of his own.

Persons who are fond of being thought of as examples, should look into themselves, watch, and fear.

Dearly do I love, *says Lovelace (speaking of M^{rs} Rawlins)* to engage with the Precept-givers and Example-setters.

The Example at church of persons conspicuous for virtue, rank, and sense, gives an high credit to religion.

[See Religion. Virtue.]

Expectation.

THERE is more joy in Expectation and preparation, than in fruition, *be the pursuit what it will*.

Mankind cheat themselves by their raised Expectations of pleasure in prospect,

M

Very

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Very seldom is it that high Expectations are so much as tolerably answered.

The joys of Expectation are the highest of all our joys.

Eyes.

A Weeping Eye indicates a gentle heart.

Sparkling Eyes, *says Lovelace*, when the poetical tribe have said what they will of them, are an infallible sign of a rogue, or room for a rogue, in the heart.

The Eye is the casement at which the heart generally looks out, *Lovel.*

Many a woman, who will not shew herself at the door, has tipt the fly, the intelligible wink from the window, *Lovel.*

[See Tears.

Faults. Folly. Failings. Error.

A Man who gives the world cause to have an ill opinion of him, ought to take the consequence of his own Faults.

Who ever was in Fault, Self being judge?

What an hero or heroine must that person be, who can conquer a constitutional fault!

It is not enough for a person convicted of a Fault, to own it, if he amend it not.

An enemy wishes not a man to be without the Faults he upbraids him with.

A woman who gives better advice than she takes, doubles the weight of her own Faults.

Faults which arise from generous attachments, are not easily detected.

No man has a right to be displeased at freedoms taken with him for Faults which he is not ashamed to confess.

It ought to be our care, that whatever Errors we fall into, they should be the Faults of our judgment, and not of our will.

Great Faults, and great Virtues, are often found in the same persons.

Repetition of Faults revives the remembrance of Faults forgotten.

When we are drawn into an Error, we should take care to make as few people as possible suffer by the consequence of it.

One Crime is generally the parent of another.

It is kind to endeavour to extenuate the Fault of one who is more ready to reproach than to excuse herself.

Wicked men will often abuse people for the consequence of their own Faults.

Worthy minds should not be more ready to fly from the rebuke than from the Fault.

We

We may be mortified by a calamity brought upon ourselves ; but this rather for the calamity's than the Fault's sake.

People are apt to make allowances for such Faults in others, as they will not amend in themselves.

Persons who will not be at the pains of correcting constitutional Faults or Failings, frequently seek to gloss them over by some nominal virtues. [See Guilt.

Favour.

Favours are ask'd by some with an air that calls for rejection. To exalt the person we favour above his merit, is but to depreciate him.

A worthy mind will not ask a Favour, till it has considered whether it is fit to be granted.

In our expectations of Favours, we should divest ourselves of *self*, so far as to leave to others the option they have a right to make.

Awe, reverence, and apprehended prohibition, make a Favour precious, *Lovel.*

To request a Favour is one thing ; to challenge it as our due is another.

A petitioner has no right to be angry at a repulse, if he has not a right to demand what he sues for as a debt.

The grace with which a Favour is conferred, may be as acceptable as the Favour itself.

Flattery. Compliments.

If we have power to oblige, our Flatterers will tell us any-thing sooner than what they know we dislike to hear.

Complimental flourishes are the poison of female minds.

Hyperbolic Compliments are elevated absurdities.

A man who flatters a woman hopes either to find her a fool, or to make her one.

It is not always wrong to take the man at his word, who, pretending to depreciate himself, lays out for a compliment.

Undue compliments ought to be looked upon as affronts to the understanding of the person to whom they are addressed.

Women, by encouraging Flatterers, teach men to be hypocrites ; yet, at other times, stigmatize them for deceivers, *Lovel.*

Great men do evil, and leave it to their Flatterers to find a reason for it afterwards.

Officious persons are always at hand to flatter, or sooth, the passions of the affluent.

Many persons endeavouring to avoid the imputation of Flattery, or Hypocrisy, run into rusticity, or ill-manners.

[See Advice to Women.

Fond. Fondness.

THE woman must expect to bear slights from the husband, of whom she was too visibly fond as a *lover*.

Fondness spoils more wives than it makes grateful, *Solmes*.

The fond mother ever makes an harden'd child.

Coy maids make fond wives, *says Mr. Solmes*.

The Fondness of a wife to an husband, whom in courtship she despised for mental imperfections, must be imputed either to dissimulation, or to very indelicate motives.

We are apt to be fond of any-body that will side with us when we are oppressed or provoked.

Fondness and Toying between a married pair before company, *Lovelace* himself condemns, not only as indiscreet, but as indecent and scandalous.

Single Ladies who shew too visible a Fondness for a man, discharge him from all complaisance.

Single Ladies should never be witnesses to those freedoms between fond husbands and wives (tho' ever so much the wife's friends) which they would not have offered to themselves, *Lovel*.

Forgiveness. Pardon.

MAny a young offender against modesty and decency, has been confirmed a libertine by a too easy forgiveness.

An easy Forgiveness, where a person *ought* to be forgiven, will increase the obligation with a mind not ungenerous.

A negative Forgiveness is an ungracious one.

The person who would exact a promise of Pardon, tacitly acknowledges that he deserves it not.

May those be forgiven, *prays Clarissa in the height of her calamities*, who hinder my Father from forgiving me! and this shall be the hardest thing, relating to them, that falls from my pen.

An accidental and unpremeditated error carries with it the strongest plea for Forgiveness.

Tell Mr. *Lovelace*, *nobly says Clarissa*, that I am endeavouring to bring my mind to such a frame, as to be able to pity him; and that I shall not think myself qualified for the state I am aspiring to, if, after a few struggles more, I cannot *forgive* him too.

Nothing can be more wounding than a generous Forgiveness.

The easy Pardon perverse children meet with, when they have done the most rash and undutiful thing they can do, occasions many to follow their example.

To be forgiven by injured Innocents is necessary, *Lovelace thinks*, to the divine Pardon.

Men are less unforgiving than women, *Lovel*.

Friendship.

TRUE Friendship admits not of reserve.

Friendship should never give a byass against judgment.

How shall we expect to avoid the censure of our enemies, if our Friends will not hold a looking-glass before us to let us see our imperfections in it?

Friend should judge Friend, as an indifferent person would be supposed to judge of him.

It is natural for the person who has the misfortune of losing old Friends, to be desirous of making new ones.

Such a difference in temper and constitution in two young Ladies as excludes all imaginary rivalry, may be the cement of a firm Friendship between them.

The part of a true Friend is to sooth, or conciliate, rather than to stimulate, or provoke, the anguish of a complaining spirit ill at ease with her nearest relations.

A Brother may not be a Friend, but a Friend will always be a Brother.

An ingenuous and worthy mind will say with *Clarissa*, " Spare me not *because* I am your Friend; but, rather, for that very reason spare me not."

No true Friend can ask to be relieved from a distress, which would involve a Friend in as deep a one.

But if, with a small inconvenience to ourselves, we could relieve our Friend from a great one, I would not, says *Miss Howe*, admit the reverse into the outermost fold of my heart.

To be displeased with a Friend for telling us our faults, is putting ourselves into the inconvenient situation of royalty, and out of the way of amendment.

Veneration is hardly compatible with that sweet familiarity which is necessary to unite two persons in the bands of Friendship.

The person who has been misled is obliged, as well in prudence, as in generosity and justice (that her own error may not spread) to caution a truly-beloved Friend not to fall into the like.

Freely to give reproof, and thankfully to receive it, is an indispensable condition of true Friendship.

An apology made for an honest and friendly freedom, is a sort of civil affront.

It is kind [*tho' it may be difficult*] to conceal from a dear Friend those griefs which cannot be relieved.

Misfortunes give a call to discharge the noblest offices of Friendship.

Great minds carry their Friendship beyond accidents, and ties of blood.

Fervent Friendships seldom subsist between two sister-beauties, both coaits.

There is a consentaneousness in some minds, which will unite them stronger to each other in a few hours, than can be done in years with some others whom yet we see not with disgust.

An active spirit in one Friend, and a passive one in the other, is likely to make their Friendship durable.

A great error ought less to be excused in one we value, than in one to whom we are indifferent.

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True Friendship will make a person careful to shun every appearance that may tend to debase it by selfish or sordid views.

No Friendship, but what is virtuous, can be worthy of that sacred name.

There are Friendships that are only bottle-deep.

Friendships with gay people, who became intimate because they were gay, the reason for their first intimacy ceasing, will fade.

The Friendship of gay people, and of free livers, ought more properly to be called *Companionship*.

Ladies, conspicuously worthy, give significance to those whom they honour with their intimacy.

The ties of pure Friendship are more binding and tender than those of nature.

It is disgraceful to be thought to be the intimate Friend of a profligate and incorrigible man.

There is an exalted pleasure in intellectual Friendship, that cannot be tasted in the gross fumes of sensuality.

Warmth becomes Friendship when our Friend is struggling with undeserved calamity.

I have no notion, *says Miss Howe*, of coolness in Friendship, be it disguised, or distinguished, by the name of *Prudence*, or what it will.

It is not every one who has a soul capable of Friendship.

One day profligate men will be convinced, that what they call Friendship is chaff and stubble; and that nothing is worthy of that sacred name that has not virtue for its base.

The good opinion we have entertain'd of a person we have once thought worthy of it, is not to be lightly given up.

Friendship, generally speaking, is too fervent a flame for female minds to manage, *Col. Morden*.

— A light that, but in few of their hands, burns steady, and often hurries the Sex into flight and absurdity; and, like other extremes, is hardly ever durable, *Col. Morden*.

Marriage, which is the highest state of Friendship, generally absorbs the most vehement Friendship of female to female.

What female mind is capable of two fervent Friendships at the same time?

The following are the requisites, according to *Col. Morden*, of fervent and durable female Friendship; to wit, That both should [*like Clarissa and Miss Howe*] have enlarged hearts, a good education, and minds thirsting after virtuous knowledge. —

That they should be nearly of equal fortunes, in order to be above that dependence on each other, which frequently destroys the familiarity that is the cement of Friendship. —

That each should excel in different ways, that there might not be room for either to envy the other. —

That each should see something in the other to fear, as well as to love. —

That it should be an indispensable condition of their Friendship, each to tell the other of her failings, and to be thankful for the freedom taken. —

That

That the one should be, *by nature*, gentle; the other *made so* by her love and admiration of her Friend.

Gaming.

Gaming is equally a waster of time and talents.

Except for trifles, what prudent person would submit to Chance what they are already sure of?

It is making my friends a very ill compliment, *says Clarissa*, to suppose they wish to be possessed of what belongs to me; and I should be very unworthy, if I desir'd to make myself a title to what is theirs.

High Gaming is an immorality, a sordid vice, the child of avarice, and a direct breach of that commandment which forbids us to covet what is our neighbour's.

Generosity. Generous Minds.

Reserves are painful to open and free spirits.

Generous Minds are rather to be invited than intimidated.

A generous spirited woman, to be happy, should take care not to marry a sordid man.

A generous mind will love the person who corrects her in love, the better for the correction.

The tenderest and most generous minds, when harshly treated, frequently become the most inflexible.

Generosity engages the noble-minded as strongly as Love.

Undue displeasure, when appearing to a generous Mind undue, will procure to the supposed offender high amends.

Noble-minded persons, in the exertion of their munificence, silently reproach the rest of the world.

Tho' a generous person may wish she had not been laid under obligations for a benefit unrequestedly conferr'd on herself, or her dependents, yet she cannot but love the obliger the more for the exertion of a spirit so like her own.

A generous person highly praised will endeavour to deserve the good opinion of the applauder, that she may not at once disgrace his judgment and her own heart.

A truly generous and candid Mind will often make excuses for other people in cases where it would not have allow'd of one for itself.

A generous Mind cannot abuse a generous confidence.

A truly generous Spirit will, in requisite cases, give advice against itself.

A frank, or open-minded person, at once, where he likes, mingles Minds, and is forward to dissipate diffidences.

A generous Spirit cannot enjoy its happiness without communication.

The person who has the advantage in an argument, and is incapable of insult or triumph upon it, will disappoint envy, and subdue ill-will.

True Generosity is more than Politeness, it is more than good Faith, it is more than Honour, it is more than Justice, since all these are but duties.

The Man who would be thought generous, must first be just.

A generous Mind will not take pleasure in vexing even those by whom it has been distress'd.

248 SENTIMENTS, &c. *extracted from*

Leave should not be waited for to do a right, a just, a generous thing, if it be in one's power to do it.

It may be very generous in one person to offer what it would be ungenerous in another to accept.

A person of a Mind not ungenerous, will rather be sorry for having given an offence, than displeased at being amicably told of it.

Generous Minds are always of kin.

A generous Mind must be uneasy when it is laid under obligations which are beyond its power to return.

Love and Gratitude will not be narrow'd down to mere family-considerations.

It is generous to take the part of an absent person, if not flagrantly culpable.

Generosity is the happy medium between parsimony, and profuseness.

A generous Mind will not scruple to give advantage to a person of merit, tho' not always to her own advantage.

[See Friendship. Goodness.

Goodness. Grace.

A Good person will not wilfully incur the censure even of an adversary.

A good man need not be afraid that his conduct should be pry'd into. Goodness is greatness.

A good person, far from being guilty of a falshood, will not have recourse to equivocation.

People, says *Lovelace*, who act like Angels, ought to have Angels to deal with.

How great a satisfaction is it to a good mind to be able to reflect, that it has rather *suffered*, than *offered*, wrong!

A good man will not make the slumbers of a worthy woman uneasy.

A worthy person will be always ready to draw favourable conclusions on the actions and words of others.

A good person will wish to make every one happy, even to her very servants.

Goodness and generosity of sentiments give grace and lustre to beauty.

A good woman will have other views in living, than the common ones of eating, sleeping, dressing, visiting, &c.

Goodness must be uniform.

The word Grace is the Rake's Shibboleth. There are no hopes of one who can make a jest of it, or of him who uses it.

A good-natured and polite person will not expose even pretenders to science in their absence to the ridicule of lively spirits.

[See Friendship. Virtue.

Gratitude. Ingratitude.

IT is Ingratitude and Tyranny in a woman to use a man the worse for his respect to her.

A thankful spirit is the same as a joyful one.

We must be greatly sensible of the Ingratitude of those we love.

To

To take advantage of an innocent creature's good opinion, to her own detriment, or ruin, is the most ungrateful wickedness that can be committed by man.

Particular instances of Ingratitude in another to us, should not be permitted to narrow and contract our charity into general doubt or jealousy.

Grief. Sorrow. Grievances.

WHen grievances are to be enumerated, slight matters are often thrown in to make weight, that otherwise would not have been complained of.

That silence wants not either merit or amiableness, which is owing to the person's being afraid of discovering by his *voice*, the depth of his concern.

What a poor passive machine is the body, when the mind is disordered!

Sorrow makes an ugly face odious, *Lovel*.

Those who mourn for a lost friend, will find their Grief very much abated, when they are themselves attacked by a dangerous, or painful illness, *Lovel*.

Grief, *says Lovelace*, is a slow worker, and gives time to pop in a little joy between its sullen fits.

It is the humble, silent Grief that only deserves pity.

How anxiously do we pray for the life of a dear child in its illness, which when grown to maturity we have reason to wish had not been granted to our prayers!

Those, who fly from home to avoid an heavy scene, labour under more distress in the intermediate suspense, than they could have were they to be present at it.

Seasonable and necessary employments should be found out, to amuse and to divert persons suffering under violent Grief, or loss of dearest friends.

It is natural for us, in every deep and sincere Grief, to interest in it all we know.

Grief [*for the loss of friends*] may be mellowed by time into remembrances more sweet than painful. [*See Adversity. Consolation.*]

Guilt. Vice. Wickedness. Evil Habits. Evil Courses.

HAbits are not easily changed.

Vice is a coward, and will hide its head when steadily opposed by an advocate for virtue.

What must be the force of evil Habits in a man, who *thinks* right, yet disgraces his knowledge by *acting wrong*!

The guilty eye will sink under an examining one that is innocent.

The Guilty less bear the detesting truth, than the innocent do the degrading falsehood.

Bad men take more pains to be wicked, than it would cost them to be good.

250 SENTIMENTS, &c. *extracted from*

The sun shines alike upon the bad and the good; but the guilty mind it cannot illuminate.

Every vice generally brings on its own punishment.

The injured will often sweetly sleep, when the injurer cannot close his eyes.

There can hardly be a greater punishment hereafter, *says Lovelace*, reflecting on his last outrage on *Clarissa*, than that which I at this instant experience in my own remembrance.

What a dejection must ever fall to the lot of *Guilt*, *says Lovelace* on *Clarissa's* behaviour in the *Penknife Scene*, were it given to *Innocence* always thus nobly to exert itself!

Many people are deterred from Evil rather by the fear of detection, than by principle.

To plunder a wreck, and to rob at a fire, are the most barbarous of all villainies.

Sins presumptuously committed against knowledge, and against warning, are the most unpardonable of all others.

Those who cannot stand the shock of public shame, ought to be doubly careful that they incur not private Guilt that may bring them to it.

Guilt, when detected, is, literally speaking, its own punisher even in this world, since it makes the haughtiest spirits look like miscreants.

Evil Courses can no longer yield pleasure than while thought and reflection can be kept off.

[See Innocence. Ingratitude. Libertine. Remorse. Repentance.

Happiness. Content.

IT is happy for a person to leave the world possessed of every one's love.

Happiness and Riches are two things, and very seldom meet together.

Were we perfect, which no one can be, we could not be happy in this life (even in the usual acceptation of the word) unless those with whom we have to deal, and more especially those who have any controul over us, were governed by the principles by which we ourselves are directed.

To know we are happy, and not to leave it to after-reflection to look back upon the preferable Past with an heavy and self-accusing heart, is the highest of human felicities.

What an happiness must that man know, who moves regularly to some laudable end, and has nothing to reproach himself with in his progress to it!

The Heiress to Content is the richest heiress that can be sought after.

[See Friendship. Generosity. Goodness.

Health.

SOUND Health will make the soul and body pleased with each other.

Poverty is the mother of Health.

Temperance will give Health and Vigour to an originally tender constitution.

Health

Health disposes us to be pleased with ourselves; and then we are in a way to be pleased with every one else.

In Health every hope rises upon us; every hour presents itself to us on dancing feet.

What Mr. Addison says of Liberty, may, with still greater propriety, be said of Health; for what is Liberty itself without Health?

It makes the gloomy face of Nature gay;

Gives beauty to the Sun, and pleasure to the Day.

Men of very strong bodily Health seldom know how to pity the sick or infirm. [See Physic. Vapours.

Heart. Humanity.

HE that wants an heart, wants every-thing.

A wrong head may be convinced; but who can give an Heart where it is wanting?

The person who wants a feeling Heart, wants the highest joy in this life. Yet is saved many griefs by that defect.

Where the Heart in all important cases involuntarily, as may be said, misgives, its misgivings ought generally to be attended to, as if the impulses of Conscience.

It is more to a man's praise to shew a kind Heart, than a cunning head.

Persons of Humanity will not be ashamed, on proper occasions, to shew by their eyes that they have feeling Hearts.

Women should make it a rule to judge of the Heart of a man, as he is or is not affected by the woes of others, whether real or represented.

He who can place his pride in a barbarous insensibility, is ignorant of the principal glory of the Human Nature.

Who can be happy, says *Lovelace*, and have a feeling Heart? yet he, who has it not, must be a Tyger, and no Man.

Even those people who have bad Hearts, will have a veneration for those who have good ones.

What the unpenetrating world call Humanity, is often no more than a weak mind pitying itself, *Lovel*.

A capacity of being moved by the distresses of our fellow-creatures is far from being disgraceful to a manly Heart.

Sweet is the pain which generous natures feel for the distresses of others.

A kind Heart is a greater blessing to its possessor, than it can be to any other person who may receive benefit from it.

[See Friendship. Generosity. Goodness.

Honesty.

WHat a praise is it to Honesty, that every man pretends to it, even at the instant that he knows he means to be a knave!

Honesty is the chief pride of the low. In the high, the love of power, of grandeur, of pleasure, mislead, and induce a paramount pride, which too often swallows up the more laudable one.

What is there in this dull word, or thing, call'd *Honestly*, asks *Love-lace*, that even I cannot help thinking the temporary emanation of it, in such a man as Tomlinson, amiable?

It is so much every one's duty to be honest, that no one has merit in being so; every honest man therefore may call himself honest without the imputation of vanity. [See Goodness.

Human Life.

THE plainest path in our journey thro' life, is, *as acknowledge, Lovelace*, the safest and the best.

In all human affairs, the convenient and inconvenient, the good and the bad, are so mingled, that there is no having the one without the other.

As Human Life is chequer-work, a person of prudence will set so much good against so much bad, in order to strike a balance.

When can creatures, who hold by so uncertain a tenure as that of Mortality, be said to be *out of danger*?

This is one of those common forms of speech, that prove the frailty and the presumption of poor mortals at the same time.

What are ten, twenty, or thirty years to look back to, in the longest of which periods forward, we shall all perhaps be mingled with the dust from whence we sprung?

What is even the longest Life that in high health we wish for? what, as we go along, but a Life of apprehensions, sometimes for our friends, and oftener for ourselves?

And at last, when arrived at the old age we covet, one heavy loss or deprivation having succeeded another, we see ourselves stripped, as may be said, of every one we lov'd; and exposed as uncompanionable poor creatures to the flights of jostling youth, who want to push us off the stage in hopes to possess what we have.

And, superadded to all, our own infirmities every day encreasing; of themselves enough to make the Life we wish for, the greatest disease of all.

To wish for an exemption from all infelicities, were to wish for that which can never happen in this world, and what perhaps ought not to be wish'd for, if by a wish we could obtain it, since we are not to live always. [See Consolation.

Human Nature.

NATURE gives us relations that choice would not have made such.

What a world is this! one half of the people in it tormenting the other half, yet being themselves tormented in tormenting!

What a contemptible rogue, whether in poor or rich, is Human Nature! *Lovel.*

How apt is Human Nature to justify a bias which it would give a person pain to contend with!

It is but shaping the bribe to the taste, and every one has his price, *Lovel.*

The clown, as well as his betters, practises what he censures, and censures what he practises.

In

In every human breast some one passion generally breaks thro' principle, and controuls us all, *Lowel.*

In some things we all err.

Those who err on the unfavourable side of a judgment, are like to be in the right five times in six: So vile a thing is Human Nature, says *Lovelace.* [See Detraction.

Humility.

Humility must be the ornament of an high condition.

Persons of Humility and Affability, by their sweetness of manners, insensibly draw people into their sentiments.

All human excellence is but comparative. There may be persons who excel us, as much as we fancy we excel the meanest.

The grace that makes every grace amiable is Humility.

[See Duty. Goodness.

Husband and Wife.

What an Husband must that man make, who is fond of prerogative, and yet stands in need of the instruction which a man should be qualified to give!

The heart, not the figure of a man, is what should determine a woman in the choice of an Husband.

Sobriety in a man is a great point to be secured, since so many mischiefs happen thro' excess.

As obedience is made a part of the matrimonial vow, a woman should not teach a man, by a failure in that, to dispense with perhaps more material parts of his.

The principal views of a good Wife, in adorning her person, should be to preserve her Husband's affection, and to do credit to his choice.

A married woman should be even *fearful* of attracting the eyes of any man but those of her Husband.

A gloomy spirit in an Husband will swallow up a chearful one in his Wife.

Greatness of soul is required in a woman of sense and generosity, to make her in her heart forbear to despise a low-minded Husband.

Husbands are often jealous of their authority and consequence with women who have wit.

A Wife is the keeper of her Husband's honour.

A Wife's faults in the world's eye, bring more disgrace upon the Husband than even upon herself.

The Wife, by infidelity, may do more injury to the Husband than the Husband can to the Wife.

Handsome Husbands often make a Wife's heart ache.

Handsome Husbands think the women they marry under obligation to them.

An Husband and Wife may be too much of one temper to agree.

Two persons of tempers not comparatively bad, may be very unhappy, if they will be both out of humour at one time.

It is a most affecting thing to be separated by death from a good Husband, and left in destitute circumstances, and that not by *his* fault.

254 SENTIMENTS, &c. *extracted from*

A wife man will rather endeavour to inspire a consciousness of dignity in the heart of his Wife, than to depress and humble her in her own eyes.

Prudence, virtue, and delicacy of mind in a Wife do a man more honour in the eyes of the world, than the same qualities in himself.

A good woman will be as delicate of her Husband's honour as of her own.

A good Wife will think it her duty to lay up out of her own separate provision, if not a too scanty one, for the family good, and for accidents.

A tyrant Husband, *says Lovelace*, makes a dutiful Wife.

The virtue of a woman who has a bad Husband is always in danger.

A proud and bad spirit cannot bear a superiority of talents in a Wife, tho' she and all her excellencies are his in full property.

A bountiful-temper'd Wife should take care that by doing more than justice to others, she does not *less* than justice by her Husband.

To bear much with some Wives, is to be under a necessity to bear more.

Husbands and Wives who live together in good understanding, give to strangers an almost unerring proof of the goodness of their hearts.

Happy is the marriage where neither Man nor Wife has any wilful or premeditated evil [*or low cunning*] to reproach each other with!

What good principles, *says Lovelace*, must that Wife have, who [*in temptation*] preserves her faith to a man who has no share in her affections!

It is impossible that a man of a cruel nature, of a sportive invention, and who has an high opinion of himself, and a low one of the Female Sex, should make a tender and good Husband.

A prudent Wife will conquer by yielding.

Women should consider, that a man who is made uneasy at home, can divert himself abroad; which a woman cannot so easily do, without scandal.

The managing Wife, if prudent, may lay a seeming obligation on a meek or good-natured Husband, by the performance of no more than her duty.

[See Advice to Women. Courtship. Marriage.]

Hypocrisy.

THE man who has actually prevail'd with a woman to throw herself into his power, has no occasion for Hypocrisy.

What an Hyæna is the woman who will put her handkerchief to her eye oftener than she wets it!

A text of scripture is often, *Lovelace says*, a cloak for an Hypocrite.

[See Human Nature.]

Ill-will. Envy. Hatred. Malice. Spite.

WHOM we fear more than love, we are not far from hating.

Ill-will, if it cannot find occasions of disgust, will make them.

Merit and excellence are the fuel that keeps envy alive.

Envy and Ill-will often extend their malignancy to the whole families of the hated person.

Ill-will has eyes ever open to the faulty side; as good-will, or love, is blind even to real imperfections.

Hatred is an enemy even to the common forms of civility.

Projects form'd in Malice, and founded in Selfishness, ought to be disappointed.

Hatred misrepresents all things.

Spiteful people will sometimes shew gaiety and favour to one they value not, merely to vex another, with whom they are displeased.

Absence heightens Malice.

Hatred and Anger are but *temporary* passions in worthy minds.

Where the ear is open to accusation, accusers will not be wanting.

Imagination.

THE Female Sex have great advantages over the other in all the powers that relate to the Imagination.

Persecution and Discouragement depress ingenuous minds, and blunt the edge of lively imaginations.

Whatever we strongly imagine is at the time more than imaginary, altho' it may not appear so to others.

Warm Imaginations are not without a mixture of Enthusiasm.

Fancy or Imagination, be the subject either joyous or grievous, is able to outgo fact.

People of strong imaginations are generally distinguished from people of judgment by their peculiar flights and whimsies.

Inclination.

Persons may be drawn in against inclination, till custom will make an Inclination.

Some people need no greater punishment than to be permitted to pursue their own Inclinations.

Whatever our hearts are in, says *Lovelace*, our heads will follow.

It is the art of the Devil, and of Libertines, to suit temptations to Inclinations. [See *Libertine*. Love.

Indiscretion. Inconsiderateness. Presumption.

THE Indiscretions of a reputedly prudent person are a wound to Virtue.

A great and wifful Indiscretion not only debases a person in her own eyes, but weakens her authority and influence over others.

It is one of the cruellest circumstances that attend the faults of the Inconsiderate, that she makes all who love her unhappy, and gives joy only to the enemies of her family.

Presumption join'd to Inexperience is often the ruin even of well-meaning persons.

A worthy mind drawn into an Indiscretion, will have as much concern for the pain given by it to those she loves, as for the disgraces brought upon herself, [See *Advice to Women*.

Infidel,

Infidel. Scoffer.

THERE can be no hope of a man of profligate life, whose vices have taken root in Infidelity.

Those who know least are the greatest Scoffers, *says Belford.*

Scoffers generally censure without knowledge, laugh without reason, and are noisy and loud on things of which they know the least, *Belf.*
[See Guilt. Religion.

Innocence.

AN innocent man may despise obloquy.

An innocent person doubted, will not fear his trial.

Innocence (according to its company) had better have a greater mixture of the serpent with the dove, than it generally has, *Lovel.*

Happy is the person who can say with *Clarissa*, "I should be glad that all the world knew my heart. Let my enemies sit in judgment upon my actions; fairly scann'd, I fear not the result."

"Let them even ask me my most secret thoughts; and whether the revealing of them make for me or against me, I will reveal them."

An innocent person, being apt to judge of others hearts by his own, is the easiest to be imposed upon. [See Goodness. Virtue.

Insolence.

THE man who can fawn and creep to those by whom he hopes to be a gainer, will be insolent and over-bearing to those on whom he can have no such view.

In-door Insolents, who frighten women, children, and servants, are generally cravens among men.

Insolent controul more effectually subdues a female spirit than kindness and concession.

Some people act by others, as if they thought patience and forbearance necessary on *one side* to be upon good terms together; but always take care rather to *owe*, than to *lay* the obligation.

People who find their anger has made them considerable, will seldom be pleased.

Concessions made to ungenerous spirits, serve only to confirm them in their insolence.

Insolence is the parent of meanness. [See Guilt. Libertine.

Judgment.

AN error *against* Judgment is infinitely worse than an error *in* Judgment.

In order to form a Judgment of the tempers of men with whom we incline to have a close connexion, we should attend to their behaviour upon slight disappointments or provocations; and then we shall be able perhaps to decide what is to be ascribed to art in them, and what to nature.

She who acts up to the *best* of her Judgment at the time she is called upon to act, has the less to blame herself for, tho' the event should prove unfavourable.

The

The eye and the heart, when too closely allied, are generally at enmity with the Judgment.

To judge of the reasonableness of the conduct and resentment of others, we ought to put ourselves exactly in their situations.

Justice. Injustice. Right. Wrong.

IN an unjust donation, the giver and receiver [*the latter knowing it to be so*] are both culpable.

There is a Right and Wrong in every-thing, let people put what gloss they will upon their actions.

A woman may then doubt the Justice of her cause, when those who loved her, and are not principals in the point in debate, condemn her.

A man reflects upon himself, and upon the company he has kept, if he treats common instances of Justice, Gratitude, and Benevolence, as extraordinary.

Libertine as I am thought to be, says *Lovelace*, I never will attempt to bring down the measure of Right and Wrong to the standard of my own actions.

Those who take advantage of the necessities of their fellow-creatures, in order to buy any-thing cheaper than the real worth, are no better than robbers for the difference.

There never was a woman so criminal, who had not some to justify and side with her.

In all Recommendations, the good and convenience of *both* parties should be consulted.

If reflections are justly thrown upon us, we ought, instead of resenting, to profit by them.

If unjust, we ought to despise them, and the reflector too, since it would be inexcusable to strengthen by anger an enemy, whose malice might be disarmed by contempt.

Justice, no less than Mercy, is an Attribute of the Almighty.

Keepers. Keeping.

A Man may keep a woman, but not his estate.

Rakes who despise matrimony, often become the dupes of low-bred women, who govern them more absolutely than a wife would attempt to do.

Keepers who are in possession of estates by legal descent, will not wish that their Fathers had despised Matrimony as they do.

Ought not Keepers to have the same regard for posterity as their Fathers had?

How can any-thing be expected but riot and waste, from creatures who know the uncertain tenure by which they hold, and who have an interest quite different from that of their Keepers?

Many considerations with-hold a wife from infidelity to a man's bed, that cannot weigh with a mistress.

Men who keep women, as little know how to part with them as if they were married to them.

Men will bear many things from a kept mistress, which they would not bear from a wife.

Kept

258 SENTIMENTS, &c. *extracted from*

Kept women, who are generally low-born, low-educated creatures, can make no other returns for the partnership in a man's fortunes into which they are lifted, but the libidinous ones which a man cannot boast of but to the disgrace of both.

A Keeper, as he advances into years, will find his appetite to Libertinism go off; and that the regular family-life will be more and more palatable to him.

Many considerations, respecting himself and his illegitimate children, should weigh with a man who keeps a mistress, and despises wedlock.

The man who is capable of fondness to his offspring, and has a feeling heart, will marry.

The natural fruits of treading in crooked paths are dangers, disgrace, and a too-late repentance.

Keepers are often the cullies of their own Libertinism, sliding into the married state with their well-worn doxies, which they might have enter'd into with their ladies or superiors.

[See the remarkable story of *Tony Jenyns*, a noted Keeper, vol. iv. p. 91. And of *Mr. Belton and his Thomazine*, vol. iv. p. 93.

Old men, imagining themselves under obligation to their young paramours, seldom keep any-thing from their knowledge.

A consuming malady, and a consuming mistress [as in *Belton's case*] are dreadful things to struggle with in the last stage of life.

Hardly ever was there a Keeper, that made not a Keepersess.

In the last stage of a Keeper's life, the Mistress's more favoured gallant has been sometimes his Physician; the dying man's Will has been ready made for him; and Widow's weeds have been provided the moment he is departed, in order to establish a marriage.

[See *Libertine*.

Law. Lawyer.

THE Law asserts not itself until it is offended.

Old Practisers in the Law value themselves too much, for dispatch, upon their skill as draughtsmen.

The Lawyers who, for the sake of a paltry-fee, undertake to make black white, and white black, endeavour to establish iniquity by quirks, and to rob the innocent --- And are as base, *Lovelace says*, as his and old Sinclair's vile implement Dorcas.

The Law is a word that carries in it natural terror to a guilty mind.

No wonder it should, *says Lovelace*, since those who will damn themselves to procure ease and plenty in the world, must tremble at every-thing that seems to threaten their methods of obtaining that ease and plenty.

It is but glossing over one part of a story, and omitting another, *says Lovelace*, that will make a bad cause a good one.

Learning.

A Letter'd education too generally sets the children of the poor above those servile offices, by which the business of the world is carried on.

Take the world thro', there are twenty happy people among the un-letter'd, to one among those who have had a school-education.

Yet who would not wish to lift to some little distinction, and genteel usefulness, the person he desires to reward!

The little words in the Republic of Letters, like the little folks in a nation, are the most useful and significant.

A man of the deepest Learning may hear something from even a mean preacher that he knew not before, or at least that he had not considered in the same light.

The early Learning of women, which chiefly consists in what they pick up from inflaming Novels, and improbable Romances, contributes greatly to enervate and weaken their minds.

Libertine. Rake.

THE man wants but an opportunity to put in practice the crimes he is not ashamed to have imputed to him.

A Libertine Lover, if preferred to a virtuous one, is more likely to justify the *dislike* of his opposers, than the *choice* of his favourer.

Rakes are more suspicious than honest men.

Libertines, by the frailty of those women they have triumphed over, judge of the whole Sex.

"Once subdued, and always subdued," is an article in the Rake's Creed.

A Libertine who is a man of sense and knowledge must have taken great pains to suppress many good motions and reflections as they arose in his mind, or levity must be surprisingly predominant in it.

The chief pleasure of a Libertine must arise from the pain, the suspense, the anguish of mind, which he gives to the heart of a woman he pretends to love.

A Libertine believes that no woman can be chaste or virtuous from principle.

Every woman who favours a Libertine, confirms him in his bad opinion of the Sex.

If a woman loves a Libertine, how will she bear the thought of sharing her interest in him with half the town, and those perhaps the deers of it?

Prayers, tears, and the most abject submission, are fuel to the pride of a Libertine.

Fortunes squander'd, estates mortgaged or sold, and posterity robb'd, are too often the result of a marriage with a Libertine.

A Libertine, familiarized to the distresses he occasions, is seldom betrayed into a tenderness foreign to his nature.

A Libertine will be more ashamed of shewing compassion by a weeping eye, than of the most atrocious crimes.

Libertines [*as well as women love them*] have not the ardors, *Miss Howe* says, that honest men have.

Libertines are generally more severe exactors of implicit obedience, and rigorous virtue, than other men.

No man, who can think but of half the plagues that pursue an intriguing spirit, would ever quit the fore-right path.

A man who when old would enjoy in peace his own reflections, *Lovelace* confesses, should never be a Rake.

The friendships and intimacies of Libertines are only calculated for strong life and health.

What

260 SENTIMENTS, &c. *extracted from*

What an ungrateful, what an unmanly, what a meaner than reptile pride is his, whose delight is in the ruin of a person who confides in his honour, and whom he ought to protect!

Men of gallantry and intrigue are the instruments of Satan, to draw poor souls into those subtle snares which at last will entangle their own feet.

Libertines are infinitely worse animals than beasts of prey; since these destroy thro' hunger and necessity only; those from wantonness and sport.

[See Advice to Women. Courtship. Cruelty. Men and Women, Parents and Children. Vows. Wit.

Little Spirits. Meanness. Narrowness.

SOME Persons have Meanness in their very pride; and their Narrowness goes hand in hand with it.

Like little Souls will find one another out, as well as like great ones.

Little Spirits will always accommodate themselves to the tempers of those they want to work upon.

Grudging and narrow Spirits know not how to confer a benefit with that grace, which gives the principal merit to a beneficent action.

One Meanness is not to be justified by another.

To be afraid of little Spirits is to encourage insults.

Meanness must ever be the portion of the man who is detected in acting vilely.

Tame Spirits will ever be imposed upon.

There is a malignancy in Little Minds, which makes them wish to bring down the worthy to their own level.

Nothing subjects the human mind to so much Meanness, as the consciousness of having done wilful wrong to our fellow-creatures.

People of narrow Spirits will praise generous ones, because they find it to their purpose, that all the world, but themselves, should be open-minded.

Narrow-minded persons, judging by their own hearts, impute pride and ostentation to worthy persons, as their motives to good actions.

[See Covetousness. Partiality. Self.

Love.

THE Love which has not taken root deep enough to shoot out into declaration, will not be brought forward by the blighting winds of anger or resentment.

Love takes deepest root in the steadiest minds.

Gratitude is not always to be construed into Love.

That Lion Love is not to be turned into a Lap-dog.

Prodigies, tho' they obtain our admiration, never attract our Love.

Love, to look back upon, must appear to be a very foolish thing, when it has brought a person, born to affluence, into indigence, and laid a generous mind under obligation and dependence.

What is commonly called Love, is a narrow, circumscribed, selfish passion; and, where the object of it is unworthy, a passion too ignoble for a pure mind to encourage.

Pride

Pride and vanity are often the source of Love.

A person truly in Love will be wholly engross'd by one object.

Love will acquit where Reason condemns.

A prudent person will watch over the first approaches of Love.

'Tis a degree of impurity in a woman to love a sensual man.

Great encouragement must be given to Love to make it unconquerable.

Unrequited [or slighted] Love frequently turns to deepest hate.

Love delights to tame the lion-hearted.

What a worse than Moloch-deity is Love, if it expects an offering to be made to its shrine of reason, duty, and discretion!

Love is a passion that often begins in folly, or thoughtlessness, and is carried on with perverseness.

Love is as busy as a Monkey, and as mischievous as a School-boy, says *Miss Howe*.

Violent Love is a fervor, like all other fervors, that lasts but a little while.

Love is generally founded on mere notional excellences.

Time and discretion will enable a woman to get over a first passion.

Love that deserves the name, obliges the Lover to seek the satisfaction of the beloved object, more than his own.

True Love is ever accompanied with fear and reverence.

A quarrel, says *Miss Howe*, has sometimes its conveniencies in Love. And more or less, adds *Lovelace*, all Lovers quarrel.

Love is a fleeting thing, little better than a name, where morality or virtue does not distinguish the object of it.

Silent awe, the humble, doubting eye, and even the hesitating voice, are the natural indications of true and respectful Love.

True Love is fearful of offending.

Weakness, *Lovelace* says, is the true name for Love.

All the world is ready to excuse a fault owing to Love, because all the world is apt to be misled by it.

Love was ever a traitor to its harbourer, *Lowel*.

Love is not naturally a doubter.

That avow'd Love which is follow'd by marriage, however headstrong and indiscreet, will have more excuses made for it than generally it ought to find.

It is all over with reasoning Ladies, *Lovelace* says, when once Love gets into their heads.

Platonic Love is Platonic Nonsense.

A first passion thoroughly subdued often makes the man a rover, the woman a tyranness.

If Love is allowed to be an excuse for the most unreasonable follies, what is meant by the doctrine of *subduing our passions*?

What must be that Love which has not some degree of purity for its object?

A worthy woman who consents to marry, need not be urged explicitly to declare her Love.

The proof of true Love is respect, not freedom.

Love is an encroacher: Love never goes backward. Nothing but the highest act of Love can satisfy an *indulged* Love.

Love

262 SENTIMENTS, &c. *extracted from*

Love and Compassion are hard to be separated.

Love is seldom the friend of Virtue, *Lovel.*

Love humanizes the fiercest spirits.

Love is a fire that, if play'd with, will burn the fingers.

Love hardly ever was under the dominion of prudence, or of any reasoning power, *Lovel.*

What *once* a woman hopes in Love-matters, she *always* hopes while there is room for hope, *Lovel.*

Respectful Love is an inspirer of actions worthy of itself.

As the graces of the *mind* are improveable in every added year of life, which will impair the transitory ones of *person*, upon what a firm basis does that man build his Love, who admires a woman for the former more than for the latter!

Love will draw an Elephant thro' a key-hole.

Love not always admits of an air of even *due* dignity to the object of it.

A first Love overcome, makes a person indifferent to a second.

Love at first Sight.

WE wish, in compliment to our own sagacity, to be confirmed in our first-sighted impressions.

But few first-sighted impressions ought to be encouraged.

Shall it be said of any young Lady, that the powers of fancy are too hard for her duty and prudence?

All women, from the Countess to the Cook-maid, are put into high good humour with themselves, when a man is taken with them at first sight, *Lovel.*

And be she ever so plain, she will find twenty good reasons to defend the judgment of such a man.

Lover.

WHEN a Lover is easy, he is sure.

The Lover gains a great point when he can bring a young Lady to correspond with him privately, and against prohibition.

Lovers disposed to write upon a plaintive subject, will often make their Ladies cruel, when they only *ought* to be so, and *are not*, *Lovel.*

The tempers of Lovers, whether gentle or ungentle, are to be found out by the manner of their address in courtship.

The man who shews tenderness for the calamities of others, gives a moral assurance that he will make a good husband.

A woman can have but small hopes of a Lover, over whom his own *worthy* relations can have no influence.

The small still voice of supplication denotes and becomes the modest Lover.

A Lady can hardly ever esteem as an husband, the man whom as a Lover she despises.

How pleasantly can a false Lover pass his time, while the gentle bosom of a Lady heaves with pity for his supposed sufferings for her!

A blustering braving Lover cannot deserve encouragement.

A Lover has not a right to be displeased with a Lady on her side of the solemnity.

It

the History of CLARISSA. 263

It is better for a Lady, that her Lover should go away displeased with her, than that he should leave her dissatisfied with herself.

A generous Lover must seek to oblige the object of his Love in every thing essential to her honour, and peace of mind.

When people set out wrong together, it is very difficult to avoid re-
rimination.

The more ardent the man is while a *Lover*, the more indifferent, very probably, will he be when an husband.

Lovers chuse to be alone, and are ashamed to have even a child present, to witness to their foolish actions, and more foolish expressions.

[See Advice to Women. Courtship. Duty. Love. Marriage. Parents and Children.

Magnanimity. Fortitude. Hope. Steadiness.

Steadiness of mind, when it sinks not into obstinacy, is an high virtue, which when tried and known, sets a person above the attempts of the meanly machinating.

To hope for better days is half to deserve them; for could we have ground for such an hope, if we did not resolve to merit what it bids us aspire to?

Some men behave as if they thought bluster was Magnanimity.

A man sometimes, by braving a danger, escapes it.

To exert spirit *only* where it is laudably call'd for, is the true Magnanimity.

Hope is the cordial that keeps life from stagnating.

How glorious it is for a woman reduced to the greatest distress by an ungrateful Lover to say, as *Clarissa* does, "You, Sir, I thank you, have lower'd my fortunes; but, I bless God, my mind is not sunk with my fortunes: It is, on the contrary, raised above Fortune, and above you!"

He who loves Bravery in a man, ought to admire Fortitude in a woman.

Little do those know the force of innate principles, who imagine, that penury, or a prison, can bring a right-turn'd mind to be guilty of a baseness, in order to avoid short-liv'd evils.

Great sentiments uttered with dignity by a good person, give, as it were, a visibility to the soul.

The sinner in his last hours will be generally found to be the real coward, the saint in *his* the true hero.

The woman who can, for virtue, and for honour's sake, subdue a passion which it is in her power to gratify, merits every-thing next to adoration.

[See Friendship. Goodness.

Marriage.

Exalted qualities may be sunk in a low and unequal Marriage.

A single Lady, who can be brought but to balance on the change of her state, may be easily determined by the glare and splendor of the nuptial preparations, and the pride of becoming the mistress of a family.

It is neither just nor honest to marry where there can be no Love.

Women should be allowed to judge of the person with whom they can or cannot live happily. It

264 SENTIMENTS, &c. *extracted from*

It is dreadful, *as well as dishonest*, to marry a man in hopes of his death.

Marriage, with the *best* prospects, is a very solemn engagement: Enough to make a young creature's heart ache, when she thinks seriously of it, *Cl.*

Marry first, and Love will come after, is a shocking assertion; since a thousand things may happen to make the state but barely *tolerable*, when it is entered into with mutual affection.

How unhappy must be that Marriage, in which the husband can have no confidence in the Love of his wife!

The woman who has a competency of her own, makes but an ill compliment to herself, when she changes her condition for *superfluities*, if she has not superior or stronger motives.

Honeymoon lasts now-a-days but a fortnight, *Ant. Harlowe.*

A prudent man will not wish to marry a woman who has not an heart to give.

How much easier and pleasanter is it for a woman to obey the man of her choice, than one she would not have had, could she have avoided it!

No matter whom that woman marries, who has a slight notion of the matrimonial duty.

That woman, who accompanies to the Altar a man to whom she is averse, will find it difficult, afterwards, if she prefers her own peace of mind, to avoid the necessity of playing the hypocrite with him.

Those who marry from motives of convenience and duty, are generally more happy than those who marry for Love.

Persons of discretion, *says Miss Howe*, are apt to consider too much to marry.

Invectives against Marriage are a reflection upon the laws and good order of society, and upon a man's own ancestors; and are more inexcusable in men of family, than in others.

A choice made by what is called Love, is seldom durably happy; because Love generally exalts the object above its merits, and makes the Lover blind to faults, which, on a nearer intimacy, are so obvious, that both parties often wonder how they could be so grossly cheated.

It is absolutely necessary, to complete happiness in the married State, *says Lovelace*, that one should be a fool: But then that fool should know the other's superiority, otherwise the obstinate one would disappoint the wise one.

A man of spirit would not marry a Princess, if he thought she but balanced a moment in her choice of him, or of an Emperor, *Lovel.*

The man who knows it to be in his power to marry, yet delays, or resignedly leaves it to the woman to name the day, is to be both suspected and despised.

Marriage is the highest state of friendship: If happy, it lessens our cares by dividing them, at the same time that it doubles our pleasures by mutual participation.

Stings of conscience, from a wrong behaviour in a first Marriage, may possibly make the faulty person tolerable in a second.

It is the most cruel of fates for a woman to be forced to marry a man whom she in her heart despises.

The *queernesses* which old Antony Harlowe says he has seen in families, where the man and wife lived upon the best terms, made him loth to marry.

Marriage is a state that ought not to be entered into with indifference on either side.

Large settlements in Marriage make a woman independent, and a rebel of course, *Lovel.*

In unequal Marriages, those frequently incur censure, who, more happily yoked, might be intitled to praise.

It is happy for giddy men, as well as for giddy women, in common cases, that ceremony and parade are necessary to Wedlock.

Let a man do what he will by a single woman, the world is encouragingly apt to think Marriage a sufficient amends (a).

What is *that* injury, on *this* principle infers *Lovelace*, which a Church-rite will at any time repair? (a).

Marriage, says *Lovelace*, is a true dramatic recompence for the worst that can be done to a woman (a).

[See Advice to Women. Courtship. Husband and Wife. Love. Lover.

Masters. Mistresses. Servants.

Judgments of persons tempers are to be made by their domestic behaviour, and by their treatment of their Servants.

Servants should take care, if there are any young Ladies where they live, how they make parties, or assist in clandestine correspondencies.

Policy, as well as generosity, will induce Masters and Mistresses to repose a confidence in their Servants.

People in low stations have often minds not sordid.

Take number for number, there are more honest low people, than high.

Many Servants will scorn to deceive a confidence.

That Servant cannot have sound principles, who can allow herself to say that her Mistress shall not suspect her for nothing.

A Master's communicativeness to his Servants is a means for an enemy to come at his secrets.

The Servants of people of quality generally talk of their Master's pedigree and descent, with as much pride as if they were related to him.

Servants seldom keep their Master's secrets from one another, be those secrets of ever so much importance to their Master.

Servants are generally worse to have concerns with than their Principals.

The greatest plagues people of condition meet with, proceed from the Servants they take with a view to lessen their cares.

(a) (a) (a) These three articles are recommended to the consideration of those who would have had *Clarissa* to marry *Lovelace*, after his outrage on her honour. The doctrine inculcated in them was what he depended on, and was what encouraged him to commit the outrage. It was necessary that he should be convinced of his mistake. The conviction was given by *Clarissa*; and his utter ruin was the consequence of his atrocious guilt.

Servants will be apt to take liberties with those Masters who employ them in a way that their duty will not warrant.

Servants united in one cause are intimate the moment they see one another.

They know immediately the kin, and the kin's kin, of each other, tho' dispersed over the three kingdoms, as well as the genealogies and kin's kin of those whom they serve.

[See *Lovelace's opinion of Servants*, vol. vii. 14, & seq.

Mild and humane-temper'd Masters are seldom duly observed by their Servants.

Servants often make excuses for faults with such looks, as shew they believe not what they themselves say.

It becomes not gentlemen to treat with insolence people who by their stations are humbled beneath their feet.

A Master owes protection to the meanest of his household.

He that rewards well, and punishes seasonably and properly, will be well served.

The art of governing the under-bred lies more in looks than in words.

The Master who pays not his Servants duly, or intrusts them with secrets, lays himself at their mercy.

Wit in a Servant, except to his companions, is sauciness, *Lovel*.

If a Servant ventures to expostulate upon a supposed unreasonable command, he should wait for a proper season, and do it with humility and respect.

[See *Generosity, Goodness*,

Meekness.

TEmpers that will bear much, will have much to bear.

The gentlest spirits, when provoked, are usually the most determined.

The man of temper is mostly the truly brave man.

Meekness of disposition, and servility of heart, are very distinct qualities.

Meekness and Patience are characteristic virtues in a woman.

Presence of mind on arduous occasions is very consistent with Meekness.

Meekness of temper shewn by a person defending her unjustly-questioned character, demonstrates a greatness of mind, superior, in that instance, to that of the censurer.

Meek men abroad are not always meek men at home.

And if they were, says *Miss Howe*, I should not, I verily think, like them the better for their Meekness.

Affability, Gentleness, Meekness, are the characteristics of a real fine Lady.

[See *Goodness. Violent Spirits*.

Men and Women.

ALL that dangling fellows are good for, says *Miss Howe*, is to give Women an air of vanity and assuredness in public places.

Heroes have their fits of fear, Cowards their brave moments, and virtuous Women their moments critical, *Lovel*.

It

It is not fit, *Lowell says*, that at any age, or in any station of life, a Woman should be independent.

Girls who are quite disengaged, seldom hate, tho' they may not love.

A Woman generally despises the Man she governs.

A Man of honour will not exculpate himself by loading a Woman.

Men are known by their companions.

So sensible, and so silly at the same time! what a various, what a foolish creature is Man!

Those Women who take delight in writing generally excel the Men in all the graces of the familiar style.

A Woman of eighteen, *Miss Howe takes upon her to say* (look the world thro'), is more prudent and conversable than a Man at twenty-five.

[See Advice to Women. Courtship. Duty. Friendship. Love. Marriage.

Merit. Demerit.

There cannot be a greater sign of want of Merit, than when a man seeks to pull down another's character, in order to build up his own.

Persons of Merit have a right to all the benefits conferred upon them.

There may be a Worthiness and Merit so superior, as will put envy itself to silence.

It is presumption to expect tokens of value, without resolving to deserve them.

We should endeavour to like and dislike according to the real Merit or Demerit of the object.

Great Merit is coy. Coyness has not always its foundation in pride.

[See Goodness. Praise.

Minutiæ.

Great consequences, like great folks, sometimes owe their greatness to small causes, and little incidents.

In all matters that admit of doubt or jealousy, the smallest circumstances are of more importance than the strongest asseverations.

Great engines are frequently moved by small springs.

The minutest circumstances are often of great service in matters of the last importance.

The Minutiæ are of consequence to be attended to in all critical undertakings.

Minutenesses may be observed, where greater articles are not neglected for them.

Modesty. Audacity.

A Modest person challenged will be diffident, tho' innocent.

The Bold and Forward, not being sensible of defects, assume, while the Modesty of the really worthy man permits him not to explain himself.

Why should a person who delights to find out what is praise-worthy in another, be supposed ignorant of his own worth?

268 SENTIMENTS, &c. *extracted from*

A modest woman will not despise those who have not every fine quality that may be conspicuous in herself,

A modest Lady, who throws herself into the power of a Rake, is very unequal to the adventure.

A modest man has generally a treasure in his mind, that requires only the key of encouragement to unlock it, to make him shine.

Shall not a modest woman wish to consort with a modest man, *before* whom, and *to* whom, she may open her lips, secure of his good opinion of all she says, and which therefore must inspire her with an agreeable confidence?

A truly modest woman may make even an audacious man keep his distance.

Rakish hearts can no more taste the beauty and delicacy of modest obligingness, than of modest love.

Modest or diffident men wear not soon off those little precisenesses, which the assured, if ever they had them, presently get over.

Well may women, *says Miss Howe*, who are fond of Libertines, be the sport and ridicule of such---Would not very little reflection teach us, that a man of merit must be a man of Modesty?

The characteristic of Virgin Modesty, adorned by conscious dignity, is, freedom and reserve happily blended.

A modest man should no more be made little in his own eyes, than in the eyes of others. If he be, he will have a diffidence which will give awkwardness to every thing he says or does.

[See Advice to Women. Blushes. Delicacy.]

Obligation. Oblige. Obliging Temper.

TO oblige in the fact, and disoblige in the manner, is obliging by halves.

An obliging temper is evermore disobliging itself.

He that can oblige, can disoblige. It is happy for some people, that they have it not in their power to offend, *Miss Howe*.

Persons in a state of Obligation must not complain.

How precious, to a beneficent mind, is the power of obliging!

It is good to be easy of persuasion, in matters where one can oblige without endangering virtue and worthy habits.

[See Friendship. Generosity.]

Obstinacy. Perverseness. Frowardness. Pertness.

Perverseness will both miscall and misinterpret.

It is better to be thought perverse, than insincere.

Frowardness often makes a girl object to proposals that come first from a parent or guardian, and for no other reason.

Pert women-grown daughters think their parents old, yet pay them not the reverence due to their years.

To argue with a man who is convinced he is doing a wrong thing, is but to make him ingenious to find out excuses for himself, and to harden his heart.

Men give not easily up what they have set their hearts upon, be it ever so unreasonable to be carried,

Obstinacy

Obstinacy and implacableness are bad signs in a person declining in health.

A pert daughter gives fair warning to a lover, of proving an unmanageable wife. [See Duty. Parents and Children.

General Observations and Reflections.

WHO will wonder at the intrigues and plots carried on by undermining courtiers against one another, when private families cannot be free from them?

Every one can be good, who has no provocation to the contrary; Prudence is too often called covetousness; covetousness, prudence; profligacy, gallantry, &c.

Policy may make a man give up one half of his character to save the other half, when the discussion might tend to detect him of being generally wicked.

Over-doers frequently give the offence they mean to avoid.

All extraordinaries will soon subside.

If our hearts do not harden and contract, [as we experience ill-treatment from the world, we shall be upon very unequal terms with it.

It is very difficult for a person who would avoid one extreme, to keep clear of another.

What we most delight in, is often made the instrument of our punishment.

He who will be bribed by one person to undertake a baseness, will be overbribed by another to retort it.

To borrow of relations, is to subject one's self to an inquisition into one's life and actions, *Lovel.*

Traders are dealers in pins, and will be more obliged by a penny-customer, than by a pound-present, because it is in their way; yet will refuse neither, *Lovel.*

What likelihood is there of corrupting a man who has no ambition?

The person who will obstinately vindicate a faulty step in another, seems to indicate, that, in the like circumstances, she would have been guilty of the same fault.

All the animal creation is more or less in a state of hostility.

We are apt to regret what happens to our dislike, yet know not whether we should have been more happy in the enjoyment of our own wishes.

There is hardly any-thing that a man will scruple, who will break the seal of a letter not designed for him to see.

It is easier to persist in a denial given, than to give it at first.

Be the motives to excess what they will, excess is excess.

Most of the troubles that fall to the lot of common mortals, arise either from their large desires, or from their little deserts.

Never was there a cause so bad, but that either from pity to the offender, or ill-will to the injured, it found some advocates.

In the progress to any event we may have in view, our minds may be too much engaged to see things in the same light, in which they will appear to us when all obstacles are removed, and we have nothing to do but to chuse.

270 SENTIMENTS, &c. *extratted from*

All our pursuits from childhood to manhood, are only trifles of different sorts and sizes, proportioned to our years and views.

The lower class of people are ever aiming at the stupid wonderful.

It is very easy for a person to part with a *secondary* appetite, when, by so doing, he can promote or gratify a *first*.

All human good and evil is comparative.

Ceremony is not civility. Civility is not ceremony.

The mixtures which agreeable things generally come to us with, are great abatements of the pleasures they bring with them.

The greatest acquisition, even that of an imperial crown, is nothing, when a man has been some time used to it.

Appeals give pride and superiority to the person appealed to, and tend to lessen the appellants even in their own eyes.

Opposition frequently cements friendship, and creates or confirms love.

A great difference will be generally found in the manners of the same man, as visitor and inmate.

Every-body, and every-thing, has a black and a white side, of which both well-willers and ill-willers may make advantage.

Evils that are small in the beginning, and only confined to a single person, frequently spread, and involve whose families.

Words of respect may be so pronounced, as to mean indignation and insult.

Those who can least bear a jest upon themselves, will be most diverted with one passed on others.

A bad cause gives a man great disadvantages.

Uncommon minds can hardly avoid doing things out of the common way.

We must not expect that our roses will grow without thorns; but then they are useful and instructive thorns, which, by pricking the fingers of the too hasty plucker, teach future caution.

Difficulty gives poignancy to our enjoyments. Those which are easily obtained, generally lose their relish with us.

The absent generally bear the load, when the blame is apparently due somewhere.

Actual distraction (take it out of its lucid intervals) must be a happier state, than the state of suspense and anxiety, which brings it on.

Resolutions depending upon future contingencies, are best left to future determinations.

The greatest punishment that can be inflicted on us, would often be the grant of our own wishes.

Free-will enables us to do every-thing well; while restraint and imposition make a light burden heavy.

Oeconomy. Frugality. Housewifry.

BY Frugality we are enabled to be both just and generous. Without Oeconomy no estate is large enough; with it, the least is not too small.

The young, they wished to be made for themselves.

The man who runs away from his accounts will in time be glad that he could run away from himself.

Fragility is a necessary virtue, niggardliness an odious vice.

It is incredible what may be done by early-rising, and by long days well fill'd up.

Persons who rise early, and make good use of their hours, may be said to have lived more years at sixteen, than some others at twenty-six.

Those who keep not a strict account, seldom keep any.

Palliation. Evasion. Excuse.

A Good person will not palliate with a view to deceive.

Artful Evasions are unworthy of a frank and open heart. It is no wonder, that he who can sit down premeditatedly to do a bad action, will content himself with a bad excuse.

No Palliation ought to be made for wilful and premeditated villainies.

Parents. Children.

Severity in some cases is clemency.

Needless watchfulness, and undue restraint, often produce artifice and contrivance.

Parents, by violently fighting against a Lover, frequently fight for him.

Daughters, says *James Harlowe*, are chickens brought up for a stranger's table.

Most unhappy is the situation of that *worthy Child*, who is obliged, in her own defence, to expose a Parent's failings.

It is impolitic in Parents to join two people in one interest, whom they wish for ever to keep asunder.

Tho' the parental authority should be deemed sacred, yet Parents should have reason in what they do.

Where the heart of a Child is sought to be engaged, the eye ought not to be disguised.

A worthy Daughter would rather wish to appear amiable in the eyes of her own Friends and Relations, than in those of all the world besides.

Disgraceful treatment will often bring about the very end which it is intended to frustrate.

In family contentions, when every expedient to bring about a reconciliation is tried, whatever be the event, the person so trying has the less to blame herself for.

How great must be the comfort of that young Lady in an unhappy marriage, who can reflect, that she followed the advice of her Friends, and owes not her unhappiness to her own headstrong will!

The difference between the hard usage a Child receives from a severe Parent, and the obsequious regard paid to her by a flattering Lover, is enough to make her run all risks with the latter, in order to get out of the hands of the former.

Parents sometimes make not those allowances for Youth, which, when young, they wished to be made for themselves.

Parents must not always expect, that *advice* should have the same force upon their Children, as *experience* has upon themselves.

In giving advice, and remonstrating, Parents and Guardians should proceed by patient reasoning and gentleness, that they may not harden where they wish to convince.

Unkind circumstances on the Parent's part, and heedless ones on the Child's, in a debate where both mean well, will make small differences great ones.

A Parent, by forcing a Child to marry the man she hates, may occasion an utter dissipation of the Child's morals, and of consequence, her everlasting perdition.

Aversion in a Child should be distinguished from wilfulness.

To endeavour to force a free mind, is to dishonour it.

Strings that are overstrained must either be relaxed, or break.

The time may come for a Child to consider, as the highest benefit to herself, those measures of a Parent which at present she may think grievous.

The more obstinate a Child is in her opposition to a Parent's will, the more will a Parent be apt to think his authority concerned to carry his point.

If Parents, by appeals or otherwise, needlessly expose a Child, she will be apt to think, that, do what she will, she cannot incur more disgrace than she already labours under.

Harsh and cruel treatment humbles a Child, and makes her seem *cheap* in her own eyes.

[Is she not then in the way to become the easy prey of a man whom otherwise she would have despised ?]

It is better for a good Child to be able to say, her Parents were unkind to *her*, than that she was undutiful to *them*.

The exertion of a seasonable lenity may save a penitent Child from utter destruction.

The Father and Mother who would secure to themselves the undivided love of their Children, should avoid such durable contentions with each other, as would distress their Children which side to take, when they would be glad to reverence both.

A good Parent must have greater pain in the *necessary* restraint of an headstrong Daughter, than she can give to such a Daughter.

At every age on this side matrimony it will be found, that a Parent's wings are the most effectual safeguards of Daughters, from the villainous birds of prey that hover round them.

A Parent, for a failure in her own duty, is not answerable to her Child.

Reverence is too apt to be forgot by Children, when Parents forget what belongs to their own characters.

Parents and Children, when separated, and seeing each other but seldom, like other lovers, shew their best sides to each other.

The bad qualities in which fond Parents too often indulge their Children when infants, not seldom, at riper years, prove the plague of their hearts.

It is as necessary to direct Daughters in the choice of their female companions, and to watch against the intrigues of women-servants, as it is to guard them against the designs of men, *Level*.

Parents

Parents the most indulgent in their own natures, often, from the errors of a Child, incur the censure of hardheartedness.

Doubly faulty is that Child, therefore, who, by a rash action, not only disgraces herself, but depreciates the most revered characters.

What confusion of mind must attend the reflections of a child, who, from the most promising outset, has brought ruin on herself, and distress on her Friends!

The voice of nature must at last be heard in favour of a Child truly penitent.

When a Daughter is strongly set upon a point, it is better for a Mother (if the point be of no high consequence) to make herself of her party, than violently to oppose her.

Parents should take care that they do not weaken their authority, by a needless exertion of it.

What an enormity is there in that crime of a Child, which can turn the hearts of Parents before indulgent against her?

The resentment which Children, and even the World, may ascribe to cruelty in an offended Parent, may be owing to excess of love, and disappointed hopes.

It is to be hoped, says *Miss Howe*, that unforgiving Parents were always good, dutiful, and passive Children to their Parents.

Parents who would cure a Child's impatience of spirit, should not betray a want of temper in themselves.

Children, depending on the weakness of their Parents tempers, too often harden their own hearts.

While Parents think a Child in fault, as they have a right to judge for themselves, they ought to have great allowances made for them; especially if, till their displeasure took place, they had always been kind and indulgent.

Good Children make their Parents happy in each other, as well as in them; bad Children unhappy in both.

When the nearest Friends give up an unhappy Child, every one is ready to propagate slander against her.

A good Child will be careful of making a party against even harsh and severe Parents.

It requires an high degree of understanding and discretion in a Daughter, when grown up, to let it be seen that she mingles reverence with her love to a Parent, who has talents visibly inferior to her own.

Parents, in order to preserve their Childrens veneration for them, should take great care not to let them see any-thing in their conduct, behaviour, or principles, which they themselves would not approve of in others.

Such Parents as have a visible narrowness of heart must needs weaken their own authority with Children of spirit.

[See Advice to Women. Courtship. Controul. Duty. Marriage. Love. Lover.

Partiality. Impartiality.

MEN frequently give advice to others, when consulted, with an indirect view to something similar in their own case.

Good-will, or Love, is often blind to real imperfections.

We are apt to praise our benefactors, because they are *our* benefactors; as if every-body did right or wrong, as they obliged or disoblige *us*.

We should endeavour to judge of ourselves, and of every thing that affects us, as we may reasonably imagine others will judge of us, and of our actions.

Were each person to tell his own story, and to be believed, there would not be a guilty person in the world.

No one should plead the errors of another, in justification of his own.

Human nature, sensible of its own defects, loves to be correcting; but chuses rather to turn its eye outward than inward.

We often look into ourselves with a resolution not fairly to try, but to acquit ourselves.

It is difficult for a woman to subscribe to a preference against herself in love-cases, tho' ever so visible.

Poor arguments will do, when brought in favour of what we like.

An artful man, bringing a case home to the passions or interest of his judges, will be likely to succeed where he ought not.

That cause must be well tried, where the offender takes his seat upon the same bench with the judge.

Whatever qualities we *wish* to find in one we love, we are ready to find.

Partiality to Self is a dangerous misleader.

An impartial spirit, having run into a punishable error, will not forgive itself, tho' its friends should forgive it.

Those least bear disappointment, who love most to give it.

Many men are apt to take their measures of right and wrong from what they themselves *are*, and cannot help *being*.

So awkwardness may be a perfection with the awkward.

It is difficult to go out of ourselves to give a judgment against ourselves; and yet oftentimes, to pass a just judgment, we ought.

Suffering persons are apt to be partial to their own cause and merits.

It is far from being difficult for a *worthy* heart to reject the man (however once favoured) whose actions it despises.

[See Prepossession.]

Passions.

THE command of her Passions was Clarissa's glory, and is one of the greatest glories of the human mind.

The

The manners and Passions of men and women are to be seen in miniature during their childhood.

If the irascible passions cannot be overcome, how shall those be subdued, to which bad habit, joined to greater temptation, gives stronger force?

It is easy to make a passionate spirit answer all our views upon it.

Turbulence and obsequiousness, used in turn, keep a woman's passions alive, and at last tire her into non-resistance, *Miss Howe*.

People in a Passion, tho' within a few yards of each other, hollow like travellers got out of their way, and wanting to get into it again.

How universally engaging it is, *says Lovelace*, to put a woman of sense in a Passion, let the reception given to the ranting scenes in Plays testify.

Those Passions in women, which they take no pains to subdue, may have one and the same source [and tendency] with those which hurry on the headstrong and violent of the other Sex to the commission of the most atrocious crimes.

Passion gives bodily strength; Fear takes it away.

Passion distorts the features, and makes even an handsome person ugly.

The Passions of the gentle, tho' slower to be moved than those of the quick, are generally the most flaming when raised.

It is both impudent and imprudent, *says Lovelace*, for a wife to be in a Passion.

Passion and ill-will are dreadful misrepresenters.

Violence of Passion is too often admitted as a plea [at least as an extenuation] for violence and indecency of action, both by the female sex, and by the world.

To be able to arrest a woman's Passion in the height of its career [on an offence given to her modesty] is, *says Lovelace*, a charming preface.

A woman of a violent Spirit is often in more danger from an artful man, than one of a steadier disposition.

Passionate women have high pulses, *says Lovelace*; and a clever fellow will make what sport he pleases with them.

Who can account for the workings and ways of a passionate and disappointed woman? *Lovelace*.

Passion has different ways of working in different bosoms, as humours or complexion induce.

The Passions of the Female Sex, if naturally drawn, will distinguish themselves from the masculine Passions, by a softness that will shine thro' rage and despair.

[See Anger. Violent Spirits.

Patience. Impatience.

PERSONS unaccustomed to controul, are impatient of controul.

If afflictions are sent for corrective ends, Impatience may lead into more punishable errors.

An impatient spirit subjects itself to deserved humiliation.

When a point is clear and self-evident, it is difficult to find Patience, on being obliged to enter into an argument in proof of it.

Patience and perseverance are able to overcome the greatest difficulties.

No man ought to be impatient at imputations he is not ashamed to deserve.

An innocent man *will not* be outrageous upon reports made to his disadvantage; a guilty man *ought not*,

The injured has a right to upbraid; the injurer ought to be patient.

Persons who by their rashness have made a breach in their duty, should not enlarge it by their Impatience.

Impatience is generally the child of self-partiality.

The person who is employed as a mediator, should not be himself over-ready to take offence.

People new to misfortune are often too easily moved to Impatience.

It is not just for two friends, more than for man and wife, to be out of Patience at one time.

In a deep distress, a man of an impatient spirit is apt to think that every face, and even the face of nature, should wear the marks of that woe which affects him,

Pedants. Colleges.

YOUTHS raw from the Colleges are not fit prescribers to the gentler Sex.

Colleges are too often classes of tyrants.

Young men of shallow parts, just come from College, are apt to despise those who cannot tell how an antient author expressed himself in Greek or Latin on a subject, upon which, however, they may know how, as well as the author, to express themselves in English.

[See Brand's *Letters in the History*, Vol. vii. p. 109, & seq. and *Addenda*, p. 139, & seq.

Physic. Physicians.

PUNISH and prescribe are synonymous terms in Physic.

Why, asks Lovelace, when Physicians can do no good, will they not study to gratify rather than nauseate the palates of their patients?

It

It is ill jesting with edged tools, and worse with physical ones, *Lovel.*

Those who treat contemptuously the professors of the art of healing, generally treat higher institutions as lightly, *Clarissa.*

Sharp or acute mental organs frequently whet out the bodily ones.

A generous physician, where he is hopeless of doing good, will put on the Friend, and lay aside the Doctor.

When physical men, *says Belford*, are at a loss what to prescribe to their patients, they enquire what it is they best like, or are most diverted with, and forbid them that.

Physicians, to do credit to their skill, will sometimes make a slight disease important, *Lovel.*

We ought to begin early to study what our constitutions will bear.

Physicians, when they find a case desperate, should generally decline the fee.

Friendship and Physician are not *absolutely* incompatible.

A skilful operator will endeavour to be intelligible, and, if honest, to make every one a judge of his practice.

Generally, *says Belford*, when the Physician enters, the air is shut out.

Quantity in diet is more to be regarded than quality.

A full meal is a great enemy both to study and industry.

A worthy Physician will pay a regular and constant attendance upon his patient, watching with his own eyes every change, and every new symptom, of his malady.

He will vary his applications as indications vary.

He will not fetter himself to rules laid down by the fathers of the art, who lived many hundred years ago, when diseases, and the causes of them, as also the modes of living, and climates, and accidents, were different from what they are now.

He should not be greedy of fees; but proportion his expectation of reward to the good in his conscience he thinks he does.

[See Health. Vapours.

Pity. Mercy.

Pity is a good preparative to Love.

We should shew Mercy or Lenity to unhappy persons, whose calamities, in a like situation, might have been our own.

Disgraces brought on persons by themselves ought not to be pitied.

In our attendances on a dying person, we pity him for what he suffers; and we pity ourselves for what we must one day in like manner suffer; and so are doubly affected.

The Pity which a rash child often meets with, when she has brought

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brought upon herself an irreparable evil, should generally be transferred to her parents and friends.

Pity from one often begets Pity from another, whether the occasion for it be either strong or weak.

God wants not any-thing of us for Himself. He enjoins us works of mercy to one another, as the means to obtain His mercy.

The brave and the wise know both how to pity and excuse.

[See Generosity. Goodness. Magnanimity.

Politeness. Travelling.

Politeness constrained, and not free, is to be suspected.

A person may not be polite, and yet not characteristically unpolite.

A manly sincerity, and openness of heart, are very consistent with true Politeness.

Politeness is, on the man's part, necessary to gain a footing in a woman's heart: But Miss Howe questions, whether a little intermingled insolence is not necessary to keep that footing.

A man's morality is often the price paid for travelling accomplishments.

A polite man, respecting a Lady, will not treat contemptuously any of her relations.

Men of parts and fortune frequently behave as if they thought they need not be gentlemen.

Men in years too often think their age a dispensation from Politeness.

Nothing can be polite, that is not just or good.

[See Dress.

Political Precepts.

A Man who thinks high'y of himself, and lowly of his audience, is best qualified to speak in public.

An administration is entitled to every vote a man can with a good conscience give it.

Drags should not needlessly be put to the wheels of government.

Neither can an opposition, neither can a ministry, be always wrong.

A plumb man must therefore mean more or worse than he will own.

The least trifles, says *Lovelace*, will set princes and children at loggerheads.

Poverty. Poor.

THE Almighty is very gracious to his creatures, in that he makes not *much* necessary to the support of life; since three parts

parts in four of them, if it were, would not know how to obtain that much.

Poverty is the mother of health.

The pleasures of the Mighty are obtain'd by the tears of the Poor.

The man who is us'd to Poverty, and can enjoy it, not aiming to live better to-morrow than he does to-day, and did yesterday, is above temptation, unless it comes cloathed to him in the guise of truth and trust, *Lovel.*

Were it not for the Poor, and the Middling, *Lovelace* says, the world would deserve to be destroyed.

Common or bred beggars should be left to the public provision.

In the general scale of beings, the lowest is as useful, and as much a link in the great chain, as the highest.

Power. Independence.

Every one, more or less, loves Power.

Yet those, who most wish for it, are seldom the fittest to be trusted with it.

An honest man will not wish to have it in his Power to do hurt.

Power is too apt to make men both wanton and wicked.

If our Power to do good is circumscribed, we shall have the less to answer for.

People who have money, or Power, never want assistants, be their views ever so wicked.

Who that has it in his Power to gratify a predominant passion, be it what it will, denies himself the gratification of it? *Lovel.*

Both Sexes too much love to have each other in their Power.

Even women of sense, says *Colonel Morden*, on *Miss Howe's* behaviour to *Mr. Hickman*, are not to be trusted with too much Power.

[See *Controul*. Prosperity.

Praise. Dispraise. Applause. Blame.

Praise being the reward for good deeds, and Dispraise the punishment for bad, they ought not to be confounded in the application.

An ingenuous mind will hasten to entitle itself to the graces for which it is commended, if already it has them not.

How soothing a thing is Praise from the mouths of those we love!

Would every one give Praise and Dispraise only where due, shame, if not principle, would mend the world.

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It is a degree of affectation to decline joining in the due Praise of our own children, because they are our own.

Those who are accustomed to Praise, will not be proud of it.

A person too fond of Praise is apt to be misled by it.

Those are generally most proud of Praise, who least deserve it.

Praise reproaches, when applied to the undeserving.

Praise will beget an emulation in a generous mind to deserve, or to continue to deserve it.

Those who praise with warmth the laudable actions of another, where they themselves are not benefited, may be supposed to have a spirit like that which they applaud.

Persons who find themselves heard with applause, ought to take care that they do not, by engrossing the conversation, lose the benefit of other peoples sentiments; and that they suffer not themselves to be praised into loquaciousness.

[See Censure. Generosity. Goodness. Merit. Virtue.]

Prejudice. Prepossession. Antipathy.

Early-begun Antipathies are not easily eradicated.

Those we dislike can do nothing to please us.

An extraordinary Antipathy in a young Lady to a particular person, is generally owing to an extraordinary prepossession in favour of another.

An eye favourable to a Lover, will not see his faults thro' a magnifying glass.

Prepossession in a Lover's favour will make a Lady impute to ill-will and prejudice all that can be said against him.

Old prejudices [*tho' once seemingly removed*] easily recur.

To those we love not, *says Lovelace, speaking of Mr. Hickman,* we can hardly allow the merit they should be granted.

Prejudices in *disfavour* generally fix deeper than Prejudices in *favour*.

Whenever we approve, we can find an hundred reasons to justify our approbation; and whenever we dislike, we can find a thousand to justify our dislike. [See Love. Lover.]

Pride.

Pride, in people of birth and fortune, is not only mean, but needless.

Distinction and quality may be prided in, by those to whom it is a *new* thing.

The contempt a proud great person brings on himself, is a counterbalance for his greatness.

It is sometimes easier to lay a proud man under obligation, than to get him to acknowledge it.

Pride

Pride ever must, and ever will, provoke contempt.

There may be such an haughtiness in submission, as may entirely invalidate the submission.

A Person who distinguishes not, may think it the mark of a great spirit to humour his Pride, even at the expence of his politeness.

It is to be feared there are more good and laudable actions owing to Pride, than to Virtue.

Pride and meanness are as nearly allied to each other, as the poets tell us wit and madness are.

Nothing more effectually brings down a proud spirit, than a sense of lying under pecuniary obligations.

Pride, when it is native, will shew itself sometimes in the midst of mortifications.

Pride frequently eats up a man's prudence.

Pride is an infallible sign of weakness, or something wrong, either in the heart or head, or in both.

It is possible for a person to be proud, in supposing she has no Pride.

We ought not to value ourselves on talents we give not to ourselves.

How contemptible is that Pride which stands upon diminutive observances, and gives up the most important duties!

Some women have from Pride, what others [*more laudably*] have from principle. The Lord help the Sex, *says Lovelace*, if they had not Pride!

Pride or Arrogance invites mortification.

Haughty spirits, when they are convinced that they have carried their resentments too high, frequently want but a good excuse to condescend.

Pride in man or woman is an extreme, that hardly fails, sooner or later, to bring forth its mortifying contrary.

Persons of accidental or shadowy merit may be proud; but in-born worth must be always as much above conceit as arrogance.

There is but one pride pardonable; that of being above doing a base or dishonourable action.

[See Humility. Insolence. Little Spirits.

Procurefs. Profligate Woman.

PEOPLE at vile houses, by producing sometimes to their wicked clients, wretches of pretended quality, cause people of degree to be thought more profligate than they are.

Even a *Lovelace* refused to continue a commerce with profligate women, tho' they were first ruin'd by himself.

Men in bad company can think and say things that they cannot say or think in better, *Lovel.*

Persons

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Persons may be led into crimes by the infection of bad company, which once they would have abhorred.

A profligate woman is more terrible to her own Sex, than even a bad man.

If a married man, says *Lovelace*, gives himself up to the company of wicked women, they will never let him rest, till he either suspect or hate his wife.

What can with-hold a jealous and already ruin'd woman?

Little knows the public what villainies are committed in the houses of abandoned women, upon innocent creatures drawn into their snares.

O *Lovelace*, says *Belford*, describing the profligate creatures at *Sinclair's* in their morning *dishabille*, what company do we Rakes keep! and for such company, what society renounce, or endeavour to make like these!

What woman, nice in her person, and of purity in her mind and manners, did she know what miry wallowers the generality of men of our class are themselves, and *trough* and *fly* with, but would detest the thoughts of associating with such filthy sensualists, whose favourite taste carries them to mingle with the dregs of stews, brothels, and common-sewers! *Belf.*

An high phrensy must be the only happiness that woman, in her last hours, can know, who has acted the diabolical part of a Procurefs.

[See Advice to Women. Guilt. Libertine. Lover, &c.]

Prosperity. Success. Riches.

Prosperity is the parent of impatience.

Those who want the fewest earthly blessings, most regret that they want any.

Riches are valuable, in that they put it in our power to confer favours on the deserving.

Success in unjustifiable devices often sets bad people above keeping decent measures.

In great Prosperity, as well as in great Calamity, we ought to look into ourselves, and fear.

Success has blown up, and undone many a man.

Who is there that Wealth does not mislead?

Prosperity sets up merit as a mark for envy to shoot its shafts at.

The greatly Prosperous bear controul and disappointments with difficulty.

Great acquirements are great snares.

Those are generally most proud of Riches or Grandeur, who were not born to either.

Success

Success in projects is every-thing. Those schemes will appear foolish, even to the contriver of them, which are frustrated, and render'd abortive.

Prosperity and independence are much to be coveted, as they give force to the counsels of a friendly heart.

People may be too rich to be either considerate or contented.

A life of Prosperity is dangerous, in that it affords not the trials which are necessary to wean a person from a world that such will find too alluring.

Providence.

What have we to do, but to chuse what is right, to be steady in the pursuit of it, and leave the issue to Providence?

It is more just to arraign ourselves, or our friends, than Providence.

The ways of Providence are unsearchable.

Various are the means made use of by Providence to bring sinners to a sense of their duty.

Some are drawn by love, others are driven by terrors, to that divine refuge.

[See Insolence. Pride.]

Prudence. Wisdom. Discretion.

THE trials of the Prudent are generally proportioned to their Prudence.

Prudent persons will not put themselves in the power of a servant's tongue.

Prudence will oblige a woman to forbear complaining, or making an appeal, against her husband.

Deeds, not words, will be the only evidence to a prudent person of a good intention.

A prudent woman, who is address'd by a man of suspected virtue, tho' hopeful of the best, will always, in doubtful points, be fearful of the worst.

We are often fatally convinced of the vanity of mere human Prudence.

A prudent and good Person, who has been a little misled, will do all in her power to recover, as soon as possible, her lost path.

To avoid the supposed disgrace of retractation, a prudent person will be backward to give her opinion in company of persons noted for their superior talents.

A wise woman, despising the imputation of prudery on one hand, and coquetry on the other, will form her conduct according to what her own heart tells her of the *fit* and *unfit*, and look

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look upon the opinion of the world as matter only of secondary consideration.

Prudent persons will not need to be convinced, by their misfortunes, of the truth of what common experience daily demonstrates.

Difficult situations are the tests of Prudence and Virtue.

It is an happy art to know when one has said enough.

Prudent persons will always leave their hearers wishing them to say more, rather than give them cause to shew, by their inattention and uneasiness, that they have said too much.

[See Advice to Women. Goodness. Generosity. Merit. Virtue.

Purity.

Ladies who simmer or smile, when they should resent the culpable freedom of speech in a bold man, render questionable the Purity of their hearts.

Purity of manners is the distinguishing characteristic of women.

Words are the body and dress of thought.

A pure mind ought not to wish a connexion with one impure.

[See Goodness. Religion. Virtue.

Rapes.

THE Violation of a woman is a crime that a man can never atone for; especially when it is the occasion of destroying good habits, and corrupting the whole heart.

The *smallest* concession made by a woman, resenting an Outrage actually made upon her honour, is as much to the purpose of the Violator as the *greatest*.

The woman who, from Modesty, declines prosecuting a brutal Ravisher, and has his life in her hands, is answerable for all the mischiefs he may do in future.

Will it not be surmised, that such a woman is apprehensive that some weakness will appear against herself, if she brought the man to a trial for his life?

[See Mrs. Howe's *Further arguments on this head*, Vol. vi. p. 81, 82. And also Dr. Leuwen's, Vol. vii. p. 45, & seq. And *Clarissa's Answers*, Vol. vi. p. 85. and Vol. vii. p. 49, & seq.

Indignities cannot be properly pardoned till we have it in our power to punish them.

Injuries that are not resented, or honourably complained of, will not be believed properly to affect us.

No truth is immodest, that is to be utter'd in the vindicated cause of innocence and chastity.

Little, very little difference is there between a suppressed evidence and a false one.

[See Libertine.

Reflections

Reflections on Women.

Designed principally to incite Caution, and inspire Prudence, &c. by letting them know what Libertines and free Speakers say and think of the Sex.

FOR women to do and to love what they should not, is, according to old Antony Harlowe, meat, drink, and vesture to them. The usefulness and expensiveness of modern women multiply Bachelors.

There is a tragedy-pride in the hearts of young women, that will make them risque every-thing to excite pity, *James Harlowe*.

Young creatures are often fond of a lover-like distress, *Ja. Harl.*

Women-cowards love men-of spirit, and delight in subjects of false heroism, *Miss Howe*.

Women, according to *Miss Howe* [some only she must mean] are mere babies in matrimony; perverse fools, when too much indulged and humour'd; creeping slaves, when treated with harshness.

Women love to trade in surprizes.

The man who can be sure of his wife's complaisance, tho' he has not her love, will be more happy than nine parts in ten of his married acquaintance, says *Solmes*.

If love and fear must be separated in matrimony, the man who makes himself feared, fares best, *Solmes*.

Women always prefer blustering men: They only wish to direct the bluster, and make it roar when and at whom they please, *Miss Howe*.

Women, where they favour, will make the slightest, and even but a *funsy'd* merit, excuse the most glaring vice.

Women who have the rougher manners of men, may be said to have the souls of men, and the bodies of women.

Women love to engage in knight-errantry themselves, as well as to encourage it in men.

A Rake, says *Lovelace*, has no reason to be an hypocrite, when he has found his views better answered by his being known to be a Rake.

How greedily do the Sex swallow praise! *Lovel.*

Lovelace calls upon the Female Sex to account for the preference given by many modest women, as they are accounted, to a Rake, when the most impudent of Rakes, says he, love modesty in a woman.

It concerns every woman, instructively says *Lovelace*, to prove by her actions, that this preference is not owing to a likeness in nature.

There is, *Lovelace* says, such a perverseness in the Sex, that when they ask your advice, they do it only to know your opinion, that they may oppose it.

Women, says *Lovelace*, love to be called cruel, even when they are kindest.

The best of the Sex, says *Lovelace*, wish to have the credit of reforming a Rake; and so draw themselves in with a very little of our help.

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Rakes and Libertines are the men, *Miss Howe* says, that women do not naturally dislike.

Opposition and contradiction give vigour to female spirits of a warm and romantic turn.

Women love Rakes, *says Lovelace*, because Rakes know how to direct their uncertain wills, and to manage them.

Nothing on earth is so perverse as a woman, when she is set upon carrying a point, and has a meek man, or one who loves his peace, to deal with, *Lovel.*

Had I found that a character for virtue had been generally necessary to recommend me to the Sex, I would, *says Lovelace*, have had a greater regard to my morals than I have had.

When you would have a woman report a piece of intelligence, *says Lovelace*, you must enjoin her to keep it as a secret.

Women love to have their Sex, and their favours, appear of importance to men, *Lovel.*

Most of the fair Romancers have, in their early womanhood, chosen Love-names, *says Lovelace*.

Many a sweet dear, *adds he*, has answered me a Letter, for the sake of owning a name which her godmother never gave her.

An innocent woman, *Lovelace* says, who has been little in the world, knows not what strange stories every woman living, who has had the least independence of will, could tell her.

The whole Sex love plotting, and plotters too, *says Lovelace*.

Women like not novices, *Lovel.*

They are pleased with a love of the Sex that is founded in the knowledge of it—Reason good—[*He proceeds to give the reasons in the same style, very little to the credit of the Sex*]

Women are the greatest triflers in the creation, *rudely* *says Lovelace*, yet fancy themselves the most important beings in it!

These tender doves, *says Lovelace*, speaking of young Ladies, know not, till put to it, what they can bear, especially when engag'd in love-affairs.

The Sex love busy scenes, *Lovel.*

A woman will create a storm, rather than be without one, *Lovel.*

Most unhappy is the Woman, who is obliged to live in tumults, which she neither raised, nor can controul.

Women are used to cry without grief, and to laugh without reason, *Lovel.*

Any woman, *says Lovelace*, could I make good; because I could make her fear me, as well as love me.

All women are born to intrigue, and practise it more or less, *Lovel.*

In love-affairs women are naturally expert, and much more quick-witted, than men, *Lovel.*

Friendship in women, when a man comes in between the pair of friends, is given up, like their music, and other maidenly amusements, *Lovel.*

The mother who would wish her daughter to have one man, would sometimes better succeed, if she proposed another, *Lovel.*

It is a common fault of the Sex, according to *Lovelace*, to aim at being young too long.

Secrets of love, and secrets of intrigue, *Lovelace* says, are the strongest cements of womens friendships.

All women, says *Lovelace*, are cowards at heart: They are only violent where they may.

Women, says *Lovelace*, love those best (whether men, women, or children) who give them most pain.

Girls who are never out of temper but *with* reason, when that is given them, hardly ever pardon, or afford another opportunity of offending, *Lovel.*

Vestals, says *Lovelace*, have been often warmed by their own fires.

Revenge and obstinacy will make the best of women do very unaccountable things, *Lovel.*

Women, rather than not put out both the eyes of a man they are mortally offended with, will put out one of their own, *Lovel.*

Vile men owe much of their vileness even to women of character, who hardly ever scruple to accompany and converse with them, tho' they have been guilty of ever so much baseness to others.

Women being generally modest and bashful themselves, are too apt to consider that quality in the men, which is their own principal grace, as a defect; and *finely* do they judge, when they think of supplying that defect by chusing a man that cannot be ashamed!

Ladies, *Lovelace* hints, often give denials, only to be persuaded to comply, in order to reconcile themselves to themselves.

No woman is homely in her own opinion.

[See Advice to Women. Courtship. Love. Libertine. Marriage. Men and Women.

Reformation. Conviction. Conversion.

A Man can hardly be expected to reform, who resolves not to quit the evil company he has been accustomed to delight in.

Pretences to instantaneous Convictions are to be suspected.

Conviction is half way to amendment.

To reform by an enemy's malevolence, is the noblest revenge in the world.

Very few convictions arise from vehement debates.

The first step to Reformation is to subdue sudden gusts of passion, and to be patient under disappointment.

The most abandon'd of Libertines generally mean one day to reform. [Should they not therefore, even as Libertines, resolve against atrocious guilt, were it but to make their future compunction less pungent?

Reformation cannot be a sudden work.

There is more hope of the Reformation of a man of sense, than of a fool.

[But this is a delusive hope, and has been the cause of great mischief;

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chief; for who thinks not the man she loves a man of sense? The observations that follow are more the truth, and deserves to be well considered.

A man who errs with his eyes open, and against conviction, is the worse for what he knows.

The man of parts and abilities, who engages in a baseness, knowing it to be so, is less likely to be reclaimed, than one who errs from want of knowledge, or due conviction.

Women think, that the reclaiming of a man from bad habits, as *Lovelace himself observes*, is a much easier task than in the nature of things it can be.

[For Mr. Belford's scheme of Reformation, see Vol. vii. p. 332—333.]

Little hope can there be of reclaiming a man, who is vile from premeditation.

To what a bad choice is many a worthy woman betray'd, by that false and inconsiderate notion, raised and propagated no doubt by the author of all delusion, *That a reformed Rake makes the best Husband!* Belf.

Little do innocents think what a total revolution of manners, what a change of fixed habits, nay, what a conquest of a bad nature, and what a portion of divine grace, is required to make a profligate man a good husband, a worthy father, and a true friend, from PRINCIPLE.

It is an high degree of presumption for a woman to suppose her own virtue so secure, as that she may marry a profligate in hopes to reclaim him.

The sincerity of that man's Reformation is hardly to be doubted, who can patiently bear being reminded of his past follies, and when he can occasionally express an abhorrence of them.

[See Goodness. Religion. Repentance.]

Religion. Piety. Devotion. Sabbath.

A Good man will not easily be put out of countenance [by scoffers], when the cause of Virtue and Religion is to be vindicated.

There are men who think themselves too wise to be religious.

There is something beautifully solemn in Devotion, says even *Lovelace*.

The Sabbath, says *he*, is a most excellent institution to keep the heart right.

It is a fine sight, adds *he*, to see multitudes of well-appearing people all joining in one reverent act! an exercise how worthy of a rational being!

If, as religion teaches us, we shall be judged, in a great measure, by our benevolent or evil actions to one another, what must be the condemnation of those who have wilfully perpetrated acts of the most atrocious violence upon their innocent fellow-creatures?

Libertines are generally for making a Religion to their practices; a wickedness which nevertheless *Lovelace* disclaims.

Religion

Religion will teach us to bear inevitable evils with patience.

Altho' I wish not for life, *says Clarissa*, yet would I not, like a poor coward, desert my post, when I can maintain it, and when it is my duty to maintain it.

I will do every-thing I can, *continues she*, to preserve my life, till God, in mercy to me, shall be pleased to call for it.

Religious considerations, timely enforced, will prevent the heart from being seized with violent and fatal grief.

Disappointments may bring on an indifference to this life; but a truly pious resignation to death requires a better and deeper root.

Enthusiasts often depreciate the Scriptures they mean to extol, by abused and indiscriminate applications.

Even a Lovelace disclaims, as ill-manners, jesting upon Religion, or religious men.

A person of innate piety cannot think of shortening her own life (whatever her calamities may be) even by neglect, much less by violence.

Our best prayer in affliction, in doubtful or critical situations, is, That God's will may be done, and that we may be resigned to it.

Religion is the only refuge of an heart labouring under heavy and unmerited calamities.

Religion enjoins us not only to forgive injuries, but to return good for evil; and Clarissa blesses God for enabling her to obey its dictates.

Persons of Piety cannot permit resentment, passion, or anger, to appear, or have place, in the last disposition of their secular affairs.

God will have no rivals in the hearts which he sanctifies.

Persons of Education and Piety will distinguish themselves as such, even in their anger.

It is a great mistake to imagine, that Piety is not intirely consistent with good-nature and good-manners.

Religion, if it has taken proper hold of the heart, is, *says Lovelace*, the most cheerful countenance-maker in the world.

Sourness and moroseness indicate but a noviceship in Piety or Goodness, *Lovel.* [See Goodness, Virtue.

Remorse.

THE troubles of the injured are generally at an end, when the injury is committed; but when the punishment of the injurer will be over, who can tell! *Lovel.*

How often, *says Lovelace*, do we end in occasions for the deepest Remorse, what we began in wantonness!

The Remorse that is brought on merely by disappointment cannot be lasting.

Nothing, *says Lovelace*, but the excruciating pangs which the condemned soul feels at its entrance into the eternity of the torments we are taught to fear, can exceed what I now feel, and have felt for this week past.

What a dreadful thing is after-reflection upon a perverse and unnatural conduct!

Heavy must be the reflections of those, who, on the loss of a worthy friend, have acts of unmerited unkindness to that friend to reproach themselves with.

Repentance. Contrition.

WHat is it that men propose, who put off Repentance and Amendment, but to live to *sense*, as long as sense can relish, and to reform when they can sin no longer?

That Contrition for a guilt, under which the guilty, till detected, was easy, is generally to be ascribed to the detection, and not to a due sense of the heinousness of the guilt.

Repentance, I have a notion, *says Lovelace*, should be set about while a man is in good health and spirits.

What is a man fit for [*not a new work, surely!*] when he is not himself, nor master of his faculties? *Lovel.*

Hence, as I apprehend, it is, that a death-bed repentance is supposed to be such a precarious and ineffectual thing, *Lovel.*

As to myself, *proceeds he*, I hope I have a great deal of time before me, since I intend *one day* to be a reformed man.

Lovelace lived not to repent!

I have very serious reflections now-and-then; yet am I afraid of what I was once told, that a man cannot repent when he will--- Not to hold it, I suppose is meant---I have repented by fits and starts a thousand times, *Lovel.*

Laugh at me, if thou wilt, *says Belford*, but never, never more will I take the liberties I have done; but whenever I am tempted, think of Belton's dying agonies, and what my own may be.

The most hopeful time for Repentance is when the health is sound, when the intellects are untouched, and while it is in a person's power to make some reparation to the injured or misled.

Reparation should always follow Repentance.

That Repentance, which precedes the suffering that follows a wrong step, must generally be well-grounded and happy.

Repentance, to such as have lived only carelessly, and in the omission of their regular duties, is not so easy a task, nor so much in their power, as some imagine.

No false colouring, no glosses, does a truly penitent man aim at.

[*See Remorse. Religion.*]

Reprehension. Reproof. Correction.

THE Reproof that favours more of the cautioning friend, than of the satirizing observer, always calls for gratitude.

Reproofs, to be efficacious, should be mild, gentle, and unrepublishing.

How much more eligible is it to be corrected by a real friend, than, by continuing either blind or wilful, to expose one's self to the censure of an envious and perhaps malignant world!

The correction that is unseasonably given, is more likely to harden, or make an hypocrite, than to reclaim.

A bad man reprehends a bad man with a very ill grace.

Persons reprehending others should take care that, altho' they may not be guilty of the faults they condemn, they are not guilty of others as great.

The benevolence of our purpose should be very apparently seen in all our Reprehensions.

[See Censure.

Reputation.

THE man who is careless of his Reputation, must be so either from an abandon'd nature, or from a consciousness that he deserves not the world's good opinion.

It is just that a man should bear to be evil-spoken of who sets no value upon his Reputation.

The man who has been always chary of his Reputation, has an excellent security to give to a woman for his good behaviour to her.

[See Men and Women.

Resentment.

PERSONS who have carried their resentments too high, are not easily brought to retract or forgive.

If an injury be not wilfully done, or avow'd to be so, there can be no room for lasting Resentment.

The man who would resent as the highest indignity the imputation of a wilful falsehood, ought surely to be above the guilt of one.

The presence even of a disliked person takes off the edge of Resentments, which absence frequently whets and makes keen.

Women who, when treated with indecency, have nothing to reproach themselves with, may properly resent.

Resentment and revenge ought ever to be separated.

That Resentment which is express'd with calmness, and without passion, is most likely to last.

Passion refuses the aid of expression sometimes, where the Resentment *prima facie* declares expression to be needless.

[See Anger. Passion. Revenge.

Respect. Reverence.

PERSONS who deserve Respect will meet with it, without needing to require it.

Persons who would exact Respect by an haughty behaviour, give a proof that they mistrust their own merit; and seem to confess that they *know* their actions will not attract it.

Familiarity destroys Reverence; but not with the prudent, the grateful, and the generous.

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Persons in years expect the Reverence due to their years; yet many of them (having not merit) are ashamed of the years which can only intitle them to Reverence.

A studied Respectfulness or complaisance, is always to be suspected. Even a wicked man will revere a woman that will withstand his lewd attempts.

It shall ever be a rule with me, says *Miss Howe*, that he that does not regard a woman with some degree of Reverence, will look upon her, and sometimes treat her, with contempt.

[See Advice to Women. Courtship. Love. Men and Women.

Revenge.

Revenge grafted upon disappointed Love, is generally the most violent of all our passions.

The highest Revenge a low female spirit can take, is to prevent her rival's having the man she loves, and procuring her to be obliged to marry the man she hates.

Even the ties of relationship, in such a case, lose all their force.

Revenge will not wipe off guilt.

What Revenge can be more effectual and more noble, than a generous and well distinguished forgiveness? [See Resentment.

Satire.

TRUE Satire must be founded in good-nature, and directed by a right heart.

When Satire is personal, and aims to expose rather than to amend the subject of it; how, tho' it were to be *just*, could it be useful?

Friendly Satire may be compared to a fine lancet, which gently breathes a vein for health-sake; the malevolent Satire to a broad sword, which lets into the gashes it makes, the air of public ridicule.

[See Anger. Passion. Resentment.

Secrets. Curiosity.

Nothing flies faster than a whisper'd scandal.

Listeners are generally conscious of demerit.

It becomes not a modest man to pry into those secrets which a modest man cannot reveal.

People who mean well, need not affect Secrets.

Few people who are fond of prying into the Secrets of others, are fit to be trusted.

Over-curious people will whisper a Secret about, till it become public, in the pride of shewing either their consequence or sagacity.

Health and spirits (*but not discretion or decency*) allow busy people to look out of themselves into the affairs of others.

Secrets to the prejudice of the innocent ought not to be kept.

There

There may be occasions, where a breach of confidence is more excusable than to keep the Secret, *Lovel.*

I believe I should have kill'd thee at the time if I could, says *Lovelace to Belford*, hadst thou betray'd me to my Fair-one! But I am sure now that I would have thank'd thee for preventing my baseness to her, and thought thee more a father and a friend than my real father and best friend. [See Observations General.

Self. Self-interest. Selfishness.

WHAT is the narrow Selfishness that reigns in us, but relationship remember'd against relationship forgot?

Self-Interest and Ambition too often cut asunder the bonds of relationally love.

It is in the power of the slightest accident to blow up and destroy the long-reaching views of the Selfish.

A man's own interest or convenience is a poor plea, if there be no better, on which to found expectations of favour from another.

The address which is persisted in against the undoubted inclination of the beloved object, is too selfish to be encouraged.

What a low selfish creature must that child be, who is to be rein'd-in only by the hope of what a parent can, or will, do for her!

The selfish heart never wants an excuse for not doing the good it has no inclination to do.

It is very low and selfish to form our judgments of the general merits of others, as they are kind or reserved to ourselves.

There must be great Selfishness and meanness in the love of a man, who can wish a young creature to sacrifice her duty and conscience to oblige him.

The man who has no other plea for a woman's favour but that of his loving her, builds only on a compliment made to her Self-love by his own Selfishness.

To serve one's self, and punish a villain at the same time, is serving both public and private, *Lovel.*

Self-love will most probably give those who advise with us on their most intimate concerns, an interest in our hearts whether they deserve it or not.

Self is a grand-misleader.

That man, or even that body of men, who prefer their private interest to the public, are sorry members of society.

Self is an odious devil, that reconciles to some people the most cruel and dishonest actions. [See Covetousness. Partiality.

Sensuality.

THE less of soul there is in man or woman, the more sensual are they.

Love gratified is love satisfied, and love satisfied is indifference begun, *Self.*

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This deified passion in its greatest altitude is not fitted to stand the day.

Shall such a sneaking passion as sensual love be permitted to debase the noblest!

[See Love. Lovers.

Sickness. Infirmities.

Great allowances ought to be made for the petulance of persons labouring under ill-health.

When peoples minds are weakened by a sense of their own infirmities, they will be moved on the slightest occasions.

A sick person, tho' hopeless of recovery, should try every means that is properly prescribed to her for the satisfaction of her friends, both present and absent.

Sickness palls every appetite, and makes us loath what we once lov'd.

When sickness comes, free livers look round them, and upon one another, like frightened birds at the sight of a kite just ready to pounce upon them.

Sickness enervates the mind as well as the body.

A long tedious sickness, *says Lovelace*, will make a bugbear of anything to a languishing heart.

An active mind, tho' clouded by bodily illness, cannot be idle.

Travelling is undoubtedly the best physic for all those disorders which owe their rise to grief or disappointment.

[See Adversity. Health. Physic. Repentance. Vapours.

Suspicion. Doubt. Jealousy.

A Person who labours hard to clear herself of a fault she is not charged with, renders herself suspectable.

Persons who have been dipt in love themselves, are the readiest to suspect others.

Suspicion, Watchfulness, Scolding, *Miss Howe says*, will not prevent a daughter's writing, or doing any thing she has a mind to do.

When we doubt of a person's sincerity, we should observe whether his aspect and his words agree.

Where Doubts of any person are removed, a mind not ungenerous will endeavour to make the suspected person double amends.

Jealousy in woman is not to be concealed from woman, if both are present, and in love with the same man.

Constitutional Jealousy preys not on the health.

Jealousy in a woman accounts for a thousand seemingly unaccountable actions, *Lovel*.

[See Apprehension. Love. Parents and Children.

Tears.

Tears.

Beauty in Tears, is beauty heighten'd, *Lovel.*
Anatomists, says the hard-hearted *Lovelace*, will allow that women have more watry heads than men.

Nothing dries sooner than Tears, *Lovel.*

The man is to be honour'd who can weep for the distresses of others ; and can such an one be insensible to his own ?

Tears ease the overcharged heart, which, but for that kindly and natural relief, would burst.

Tears are the prerogative of a man.

It cannot be a weakness, to be touch'd at great and concerning events, in which our humanity is concern'd.

[See Beauty. Cruelty. Eyes. Heart.

Theory.

Knowledge by Theory, is a vague uncertain light, which as often misleads the doubting mind as puts it right.

The knowledge that is obtained by Theory without experience, generally fails the person who trusts to it.

Theory and practice must be the same with a truly worthy person.

Thoughtfulness. Sensibility.

A Thoughtful mind is not a blessing to be coveted, unless it has such an happy vivacity join'd with it as may enable a person to enjoy the present, without being over-anxious about the future.

A thoughtful woman, who has given her lover an undue power over her, will be apt to behold him with fear, and look upon herself with contempt.

The difference which such a one will find in the looks and behaviour of her lover, will very soon convince her of her error.

The finer Sensibilities make not happy.

Some people are as sensible of a scratch from a pin, as others are from a push of a sword.

[See Heart.

Tyranny.

IT is an high act of Tyranny, to insist upon obedience to an unreasonable command.

Tyranny in all shapes is odious ; but *Fathers* and *Mothers* who are Tyrants can have no bowels.

The woman who beforehand behaves to a man with Tyranny, will make a poor figure in a man's eyes afterwards, *Mrs. Howe.*

Call Tyranny an ungenerous pleasure, if thou wilt, says *Lovelace* : Softer hearts than mine have known it. Women to a woman know it, and shew it too, whenever they are trusted with power.

[See Husband and Wife. Parents and Children. Reflections on Women.

Vanity. Conceit. Affectation.

A Vain man will be apt to confute to his advantage any *particularity* shewn him by a Lady, mean by it what she will.

The person who is vain of *exterior* advantages, gives cause to doubt his *interior*.

The outside of a vain man generally runs away with him.

Some persons are not able to forego the ostentation of sagacity, tho' they sacrifice to it the tenderness due to friendship and charity.

Men who have a Conceit of their own volubility, love to find ears to exert their talents upon.

Men of parts may, perhaps, think they have a privilege to be vain; yet they have the least occasion of any to be so, since the world is ready to find them out and extol them.

The man who is disposed immoderately to exalt himself, must despise every-body else in proportion.

The man who in conversation takes, *knowingly*, the wrong side of an argument, shews Vanity in the high-compliment he pays to his own abilities.

Men vain of their learning and acquirements, parading with one another before the other Sex, may probably have women present, who, tho' sitting in smiling silence, may rather despise than admire them.

The man who wants to be thought wiser, or better, or abler, than he is, does but provoke a scrutiny into his pretensions, which seldom ends to his advantage.

He that exalts himself insults his neighbours, who are then provoked to question even the merit, which otherwise might have been allow'd to be his due.

A too great consciousness of superiority often brings on contempt.

Old bachelors, when they like a woman, frequently think they have nothing to do but to *persuade themselves* to marry.

Affectation will make a woman seem not to understand indecent freedoms of speech in men; but modesty, if the freedoms are gross, will make her resent them.

It is generally the conscious overfulness of Vanity or Conceit that makes the vain man most upon his guard to conceal his Vanity, *Lovelace*.

Opinionative women are in danger, when they meet with a man who will magnify their wisdom in order to take advantage of their folly, *Lovelace*.

Self-sufficiency makes a weak person the fittest of all others for the artful and designing to work upon.

An open-mouth'd Affectation to shew white teeth, *Lovelace* considers as an invitation to amorous familiarity.

The darkest and most contemptible ignorance, is that of not knowing one's self; and that all we have, and all we excel in, is the gift of God.

[See Heart. Human Nature. Men and Women.

Vapours.

Vapours.

Vapourish people are perpetual subjects for physicians to work upon, *Lovel.*
 Low-spirited people are the physical tribe's milch-cows; *Lovel.*
 Vapourish people draw out tearful bills of indictment against themselves, *Lovel.*

If persons of low spirits have not real unhappiness, they can make it even from the overflowsings of their good fortune.

The mind will at any time run away with the body.

The mind that busies itself to make the worst of every disagreeable occurrence, will never want woe.

The distempers we make to ourselves, and which it is in our power to lessen, ought to be our punishment if we do not lessen them.

[See Health. Physic.

Veracity. Truth.

THOSE persons have profited little by a long course of heavy afflictions, who will purchase their relief from them at the expence of their Veracity.

It is presumed, that no man ever ruined a woman but at the expence of his Veracity.

A departure from truth was hardly ever known to be a single departure.

Were I to live a thousand years, says *Clarissa*, I would always suspect the Veracity of a swearer.

How glorious is it for a child to be able to say with *Clarissa*, that she never, to the best of her knowledge, told her mother a wilful untruth!

I never lyed to man, says *Lovelace*, and hardly ever said Truth to Woman: The first is what all free livers cannot say; the second, what every Rake can.

[See Advice to Women. Courtship. Love. Lover. Vows.

Violent Spirits.

Vehement and obstinate Spirits, by tiring out opposition, will make themselves of importance.

People who allow nothing, will be granted nothing.

Those who aim to carry too many points, will not be able to carry any.

We are too apt to make allowances for such tempers as early indulgence has made uncontrollable.

If a boisterous Spirit, when it is under obligation, is to be allowed for, what, were the tables to be turn'd, would it not expect?

Too great allowances made for an impetuous Spirit, are neither happy for the person, nor for those who have to deal with him.

Providence often makes hostile Spirits their own punishers.

While.

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While a gentle Spirit will suffer from a base world, a violent one keeps imposition at distance.

Imposing Spirits and forward Spirits have a great advantage over courteous ones.

Violent Spirits provoked, will quarrel with the first they meet.

Violent Spirits want some great sickness or heavy misfortune to befall them, to bring them to a knowledge of themselves.

The man who is violent in his resentments, when he thinks himself right, would oftener be so, but for that violence.

He is guilty of great injustice, who is more apt to give contradiction than able to bear it.

Impetuosity of temper generally brings on abasement.

[See Anger. Insolence. Passion. Pride. Prosperity. Resentment. Revenge.

Virtue. Virtuous. Principle.

WHAT a mind must that be, which, tho' not virtuous itself, admires not virtue in another!

No woman can be lovely that is not virtuous.

If persons pretending to Principle bear not their testimony against unprincipled actions, what check can they have?

In a general corruption a stand must be made by somebody, or Virtue will be lost: And shall it not be I, will a worthy mind ask, who shall make this stand?

Provocations and temptations are the test of Virtue.

Honours next to divine are due to a woman whose Virtue is superior to trial or temptation.

Lively women seldom know the worth of a virtuous man.

Sound Principles, and a good heart, are the only bases on which the hopes of an happy future, with respect to both worlds, can be built.

The Virtue of a woman tried, and approved, procures for her not only general respect, but an higher degree of love when proved, even from the tempter.

A virtuous woman will conquer her affection for a man who is capable of insulting her modesty.

What virtuous woman can submit to make that man her choice, whose actions were and ought to be her abhorrence?

[See Generosity. Goodness. Innocence. Merit. Magnanimity. Modesty. Prudence. Purity.

Vivacity.

PERSONS of active spirits, and a pleasurable turn, seldom take pains to improve themselves.

Lively talents are oftener snares than advantages.

That is an happy Vivacity which enables a person to enjoy the present, without being anxious about the future.

Persons

Persons of Vivacity do not always content themselves with saying what they think *may* be said; but, to shew their penetration or sagacity, will indulge themselves in saying all that *can* be said on a subject.

It is difficult for persons of lively dispositions so to behave, as to avoid censure.

It is impossible to share the delights which very lively spirits give, without partaking of the inconveniencies that will attend their volatility.

Vows. Curses. Oaths. Promises. Protestations.

A Promise ought not to preclude better consideration.

What must be that man who would be angry at a woman, whom he hopes one day to call his wife, for dispensing with a rash Promise when she is convinced it was rash?

The Vows of a maiden may be dispensed with by her Father when he hears them. Numb. xxx. 3, 4, 5.

In like manner the Vows of a wife may be dispensed with by her Husband.

Could the Curser punish as he speaks, he would be a fiend.

The Almighty gives not his assent to rash and inhuman Curses.

To pray for those that curse us, is to perform a duty, and thereby to turn a Curse into a blessing.

The man that is very ready to promise, is seldom equally ready to perform.

It is a shame for grown persons to have frequent need to make promises of amendment.

The most immaculate Virtue is not safe with a man who has no regard to his own honour, and makes a jest of the most solemn Vows and Protestations.

One continued string of Oaths, Vows, and Protestations, varied only by time and place, fill the mouth of a libertine.

Men, who gain their dishonourable ends by perjuries, no less profane and defy heaven, than deceive and injure their fellow-creatures.

The man who binds his Promises by Oaths, indirectly confesses that his word is not to be taken.

Is it likely, that he who makes free with his God, will scruple anything that may serve his turn with his fellow-creatures?

The assertions of a libertine, who is not allow'd to swear to what he avers, will lose their principal force, *Lowell*.

Those men who are most ready to resent the Lye given them by a man, least scruple generally to break the most solemn Oath to a woman.

[See Advice to Women. Courtship. Libertine. Love. Lover. Veracity.

Widow.

IT is ill trusting to the discretion of a Widow, whose fortune is in her own hands.

That Widow is far engaged, who will quarrel with her child for treating with freedom the man who courts herself.

A

300 SENTIMENTS, &c. *extracted from*

A Widow's refusal of a lover is seldom so explicit as to exclude hope.

The Widow who wants nothing but superfluities, is easily attracted by those gewgaws that are rare to be met with.

Widows should be particularly careful, with whom they trust themselves at public entertainments and parties of pleasure.

To be a Widow in the first twelve months is, *Loveless says*, one of the greatest felicities that can befall a fine woman.

[See Reflections on Women.

Wills. Testators. Executors, &c.

NO one, that can avoid it, should involve an Executor in a Law-suit.

It ought to be a Testator's study, to make his Executors work as light as possible.

Survivors cannot more charitably bestow their time, than in a faithful performance of Executorthip.

This last act ought not to be the last in composition or making, but should be the result of cool deliberation; and is more frequently than justly said, of a sound mind and memory; which too seldom are to be met with but in sound health.

When a Testator gives his reasons in his last Testament for what he wills, all cavils about words are obviated; the obliged are assured; and those enjoy the benefit for whom the benefit was intended.

I have for some time past, *says Clarissa*, employ'd myself in putting down heads of my last Testament, which, as reasons offer'd, I have alter'd and added to; so that I never was absolutely destitute of a Will, had I been taken off ever so suddenly.

The first reading of a Will, where a person dies worth any-thing considerable, generally affords a true test of the relations love to the deceased.

Of all last Wills, those of monarchs are generally least regarded.

What but a fear of death (a fear, unworthy of a creature who knows that he must one day as surely die as he was born) can hinder any one from making his last Will while he is in health?

Persons, in making their last Wills, should consider the pleasure as well as the ease of their Executors, and not put a generous man upon doing what would give him pain.

Wit. Talents. Conversation.

THERE is no glory in being proud of Talents, for the abuse of which a man is answerable, and in the right use of which he can have no merit, *Lowell*.

Men who make a jest of sacred or divine institutions, would often forbear, if they did not think their licentiousness *Wit*.

Wit with gay men is one thing, with modest women another.

That cannot be Wit, that puts a modest woman out of countenance.

That

There is not so much Wit in wickedness, as Rakes are apt to imagine.

The Wit of Libertines consists mostly in saying bold and shocking things, with such courage as shall make the modest blush, the impudent laugh, and the ignorant stare.

Men who affect to be thought witty, are apt to treat the most serious subjects with levity.

Free-livers are apt to mistake wickedness for Wit.

All the little nibblers in Wit, whose writings will not stand the test of criticism, make it a common cause to run down critics.

Many things in conversation occasion a roar of applause, when the heart is open, and men are resolved to be merry, which will neither bear repeating nor thinking on afterwards.

Common things in the mouth of a man we admire, and whose Wit has pass'd upon us for sterling, become, in a gay hour, uncommon.

[See Imagination.

Writers.

THE inflaming descriptions of Poets and Romance-writers often put a youthful mind upon the scent for an object to exert its fancy upon.

In other words---Often create beauty, and place it where nobody else can find it.

Romance-writers never forget to give their Heroine a Cleanthe, a Violetta, a Clelia, or some such pretty-named confidante, an old nurse at least, to help them out at a dead lift.

Unnatural similes, drawn by poetical lovers to illustrate beauty, rather depreciate than exalt it.

A person may not be a bad critic, tho' not himself a very excellent Writer.

Our poets, *Mr. Belford* says, hardly know how to create a distress without horror, murder, and suicide; and think they must shock your souls to bring tears from your eyes.

Female words, tho' of uncertain derivation, have generally very significant meanings.

Early familiar Letter-writing is one of the greatest openers and improvers of the mind that man or woman can be employed in.

It is to be lamented that many eminent Writers, who are capable of exalting virtue, and of putting vice out of countenance, throw away their time upon subjects merely speculative, disinteresting, and unedifying.

The ingenious authors of pieces of a light or indecent turn, which have a tendency to corrupt the morals of youth, to convey polluted images, or to wound religion, are dishonest to their own talents, and ungrateful to the God who gave them those talents.

Youth.

Little inducement has an headstrong Youth to correct a temper which gives him consequence at home.

Young persons should be careful in giving advice to a young friend, in cases where passion and prudence are concerned.

Young

Young persons, whose minds are not engaged by acts of kindness and condescension, will be put upon contrivances.

Youth is the time of life for imagination or fancy to work in: A Writer therefore, who would wish to please a judicious eye, will lay by his works written at that time, till experience shall direct the fire to glow rather than blaze out.

Youth not qualified to judge for itself, is often above advice.

Young folks are sometimes very cunning in finding out contrivances to cheat themselves.

It is a most improving exercise, as well with regard to style as to morals, to accustom ourselves early to write down every-thing of moment that befalls us.

There is not so much bravery in youthful choler as young men imagine.

In company where there are strangers, it is right for young gentlemen, who would wish to be thought well of, to hear every one speak before they allow themselves to talk.

[See Duty. Education. Learning. Wit. Writers.

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